

# The Folk-lore journal

Folklore Society  
(Great Britain)

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# CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Abercromby (Hon. J.). The Beliefs and Religious Super- stitutions of the Mordvins - - - - -	65-135
<u>Annual Reports - - - - -</u>	<u>1-21, 356-375</u>
<u>Babcock (W. H.). The London Ballads - - - - -</u>	<u>27-35</u>
Burne (Miss C. S.). Derbyshire and Staffordshire Sayings	291-295
Congress of Folklorists at Paris - - - - -	275-276
Clodd (E.). Notes on African Folklore &c. - - - - -	22-25
——— The Philosophy of Rumpelstiltskin - - - - -	135-163
Frazer (J. G.). Notes on Harvest Customs - - - - -	47-53
——— A South African Red Riding Hood - - - - -	167-168
<u>Gomme (G. L.). Coorg Folklore - - - - -</u>	<u>295-306</u>
<u>G. (A. S.). Wexford Folklore - - - - -</u>	<u>38-40</u>
<u>Gregor (Rev. W.). Some Folklore of Trees, Animals, and</u> <u>River-fishing from the N.E. of Scotland - - - - -</u>	<u>41-44</u>
——— John Glaick, the Brave Tailor - - - - -	163-165
——— The Clever Apprentice - - - - -	166-167
——— Bread - - - - -	195-198
——— Kelpie Stories - - - - -	199-201
——— The Witch - - - - -	277-286
——— Devil Stories - - - - -	287-290

	PAGE
Guthrie (Ellen E.). Superstitions of the Scottish Fishermen	44-47
Kinahan (G. H.). Some Irish Proverbs - - - -	35-38
Members, List of - - - - -	377-386
Morris (Rev. Dr. R.). Death's Messengers - - -	179-191
Moule (H. J.). Batcombe Cross - - - - -	25-27
Notes and Queries - - - - 53-63, 174-178, 265, 313-322	
Notices and News - - - - - 63-64, 266-273, 322-330	
Ordish (T. F.). Morris Dance at Revesby - - -	331-355
St. John (R. F. St. Andrew). Indo-Burmese Folklore	306-313
Sayce (Rev. Professor A. H.). Cairene Folklore - -	191-195
Tabulation of Folktales, 169-173 ; Appendix, 1-122	
Udal (J. S.). Dorsetshire Children's Games, &c -	202-264

## ANNUAL REPORT OF THE COUNCIL.

THURSDAY, 6TH DECEMBER, 1888.

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AT the time of the last Annual Report the Council were seriously concerned as to their inability to carry out the work of the Society owing to insufficiency of funds, and they then deemed it their duty to take vigorous steps to secure a longer roll of members. They are pleased to report that considerable improvement in this respect has taken place since the last Report, the number of removals by death or resignation amounting to 25, while the new members for the same period amount to 44. Among the serious losses which the Society has had from death are Sir Henry Maine, Mr. Cotter Morison, Mr. Gifford Palgrave, and Mr. Proctor. The Council regret that the numerous duties of the Earl of Strafford compelled his Lordship to resign the office of President, but they are glad to be able to record that his Lordship still takes an interest in the Society's work, and has consented to become one of the Vice-Presidents. In filling the vacancy thus caused the Council consider the Society most fortunate in the acceptance of the office by Mr. Andrew Lang.

The Society having secured a better position with regard to its members, a position largely due to the energy of Mr. Foster, the Council think that they may now properly attempt to carry out what they deem necessary for the more scientific treatment of Folk-Lore, and if supported in their work they are prepared to push it on with vigour.

VOL. 7.—PART I.

B

Since the establishment of the Society in 1878 the study of Folk-Lore has taken an almost entirely new departure, and although Folk-Lorists are not yet agreed as to the precise results which may be expected from a more scientific classification of it, there is no question about its importance as one of the elements in the history of Man. The question, therefore, in the opinion of the Council, is, how best to advance the study so that the materials for future generalizations may be arranged in more methodical form than heretofore. The work of the Society has been necessarily up to the present time almost entirely that of "collecting and printing the fast-fading relics of popular antiquities." Of the publications of the Society, all except three (Professor Comparetti's *Book of Sindibad*, Mr. William George Black's *Folk-Medicine*, and Mr. Nutt's *Legend of the Holy Grail*) are works of collection. When to these publications is added the large number of books which have been published in the ordinary channels—largely due, it is certain, to the stimulus given to the subject by the activity of the Society—it will be abundantly clear that the work of collecting seems to be sufficiently advanced, and the mass of material so enormous, that the first decade of the Society's existence may well be marked by a new stage in its career, and the Council feel that, while there is still very much to be done in the collection of English Folk-Lore, the time has come when they should seriously commence the work of sifting and examining the great body of already-collected Folk-Lore.

For this purpose three important sections of work must be undertaken: (1) Bibliography of Folk-Lore; (2) Handbook for Collectors; (3) A systematic arrangement of existing collections. The basis of this work in each section must necessarily be the Folk-Lore of the country undertaking it, and if the Society uses its prestige, as the first-established of the Folk-Lore Societies, to set the work in operation, the Council feel sure



that the societies of other countries will follow on the same lines very shortly. It will be one of the first duties of the Society to put itself in official communication with foreign societies, so that a combined effort may be made to establish an uniform method by which the scientific results of comparative Folk-Lore may best be attained.

The Council desire to place before the members some idea as to the methods of procedure in the future with a view of enlisting all the help that is available.

(1) The Bibliography of Folk-Lore was begun by the Director some few years ago, and a considerable number of titles are now in MS. A specimen of the plan pursued is given in Appendix I.

(2) The Handbook of Folk-Lore has been in preparation for the past two years, and its present stage is recorded in Appendix II. It is designed for the use of collectors in all parts of the world; but, as there is so much Folk-Lore yet uncollected in Britain, the Council hope that its publication will greatly assist members and friends living in the country to gather in much of the Folk-Lore which must perish unrecorded if not noted at once.

(3) The examination and sifting of existing collections of Folk-Lore has been only partly begun by the tabulation of Folk-Tales (see Appendix III). The incidents in Folk-Tales, Customs, and Superstitions need attention on the same lines, and the Director has prepared a scheme by which he thinks this object may be attained. This scheme has been approved by the Council, and is given in Appendix IV. The idea common to the three sections is to arrange each item of Folk-Lore under some definite and recognised title, to set forth its native variants, its foreign parallels, its geographical distribution in its native country, and in foreign lands. Gradually all that has been collected will be rearranged in this order, and all new facts coming to the Society will be printed in the new form. The

Members will receive periodically prints of what is thus set forth, which will also be forwarded to foreign Societies and students for annotation and addition. If English Folk-Lore is thus systematically arranged, it is believed it will yield results of considerable importance to the unwritten history of races which have occupied Britain in common with other parts of the western world. The Council are not without hope that other countries will adopt the same or similar plans, so that the Folk-Lore thus codified may be upon as extended a basis as possible.

To accomplish this work the Council appeal to each Member for service in time or money. The tabulation of Folk-Tales is a work in especial need of help, and the Committee charged with its superintendence will be glad to supply volunteers with a list of books awaiting tabulation from which to choose. Members who desire to help in the analysis of customs and superstitions will also receive all necessary information, together with forms for their use in the work.

If every member would also exert himself to the utmost in circulating among his friends this Report of the Council, and other documents bearing on the subject as they are issued, and also make the Society more generally known in the more remote parts of the country, very much might be accomplished.

The collection of *Magyar Folk-Tales*, by Messrs. Jones and Kropf, will be issued early in the new year; and the Council have in hand a volume of the *Denham Tracts*, edited by Mr. Hardy; and an *Exempla of Jacques de Vitry*, edited by Professor J. F. Crane.

(Signed)      ANDREW LANG, *President*.  
                    G. L. GOMME, *Director*.

## APPENDIX.

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### I.—BIBLIOGRAPHY OF FOLK-LORE.

[See *Folk-Lore Record*, vol. v. and *Folk-Lore Journal*, vols. i. ii.]

**Carrington (F.A.)** On certain Wiltshire Customs: The Wootton Bassett Cucking Stool—Mummers—Harvest Home—The Wooset—Dog-rappers. *Wilts. Arch. Soc.*, vol. i. pp. 68-90.

**[Dickinson (W.)]** *Cumbriana*, or fragments of Cumbrian Life, by the compiler of the Glossary of Cumberland words and phrases. London and Whitehaven, 1875. 8vo. pp. x. 295.

Contains *inter alia*: Courting—Superstitions—Charm to stop bleeding—The seer—Fortune telling—Card Players—The last Fairy—Needfire—Cattle Charms—The Phantom Bell—Jwony and the Fairy—Irish soil applied for destruction of vermin—Bees—Boggles of Whitehaven—Witches—Illustration of Cumberland Words—Anecdotes of the Farm—On the Tenure of Land in Cumberland.

**E., B.** A new Dictionary of the terms ancient and modern of the canting crew in its several tribes of Gypsies, Beggars, Thieves, Cheats, &c., with an addition of some proverbs, phrases, figurative speeches, &c. London. Printed for W. Hawes, at the Rose in Ludgate Street . . . . . [n. d.] 8vo. [not paged, vi. 176.]

— A new Dictionary of the terms ancient and modern of the canting crew in its several tribes of Gypsies, Beggars, Thieves, Cheats, &c., with an addition of some proverbs, phrases, figurative speeches, &c. Philadelphia, 1813. 12mo. pp. vii. 92.

[First American edition abridged from the London edition. The proverbs are interspersed with the meanings of the various words.]

**[Earwaker (J. P.)]** An account of the Extraordinary Ceremony of Cursing by Bell, Book, and Candle, which took place in the parish church of Leigh, co. Lancaster, on Sunday, December 4th, 1474. Reprinted from Local Gleanings in the *Manchester Courier*. For private circulation. Manchester, 1878. 8vo. pp. 16.

**East Lothian (The)** Literary and Statistical Journal. Haddington, 1831. 8vo. pp. iv. 386.

Folk-Lore Articles or Notes:—Traditionary Tales, i. The Lonely Grave, pp. 14-23; ii. Christian of the Cleek or the Man Trapper, pp. 173-177; iii. The Last of the Witches, 282-291; Popular Rhymes, 33-38.

**Eastman (Mrs. Mary).** *Dahcotah; or Life and Legends of the Sioux around Fort Snelling*, with preface by Mrs. C. M. Kirkland, illustrated from drawings by Captain Eastman. New York, 1849. 8vo. pp. xxxi. 268.

CONTENTS: Dedication --Preface--Introduction -- Story List:--Checkered Cloud the Medicine Woman; Red-Earth; The Virgin's Feast; The Dahcotah Convert; Wabashaw; The Dahcotah Bride; The Orator of the Sioux; The Track Maker; Sullen Face; The Spies; The Maiden's Rock or Wenona's Leap; The Wanderer; The Wife; Another of the Giant Gods of the Dahcotahs; Storms in Life and Nature or Unktahe and the Thunder Bird; The Dance of the Giant; To Dance Around.

**Elliot (Sir Henry M.)** *Memoirs of the History, Folk-Lore, and Distribution of the Races of the North-Western Provinces of India*; being an amplified edition of the original Supplemental Glossary of Indian Terms. Edited, revised, and re-arranged by John Beames. London, 1869. 8vo. 2 vols. pp. xx. 369; 369.

CONTENTS: Part i. Castes; ii. Customs, Rites, and Superstitions; iii. Revenue and Official Terms; iv. Terms illustrative of Rural Life. Index.

**Eloquent (The) Master of Languages**, that is, a short but fundamental direction to the four principal languages to witt, French, English, Italian, High Dutch . . . . . To which are added the Rodomontades of the invincible Spanish Captain Rodomond. Hamburg, 1693. 8vo.

[Twenty leaves of English Proverbs: the Italian Proverbs occur at pp. 70--75 of the Italian Grammar; they are translated into French and German: the English Proverbs are translated into German and French.]

**Emerson (Ellen Russell).** *Indian Myths; or Legends, Traditions, and Symbols of the Aborigines of America*, compared with those of other countries, including Hindostan, Egypt, Persia, Assyria, and China. London [1884]. 8vo. pp. xviii. 677.

CONTENTS: Cap. i. The Breath Master, God of Air. ii. The Four Spirits of the Winds. iii. Birds. iv. Concerning the Serpent. v. Star Worship. vi. The Sun. vii. The Earth and the Moon. viii. Concerning the Origin of Man. ix. Concerning the Origin of Evil and its Personification. x. Legends of the Dead and Burial Rites. xi. Stories of Transmigration and Transformation. xii. Ceremonials, Rites and Symbols. xiii. Language Pictography, Symbol and Song. xiv. Manabozho. xv. Of Animals. xvi. Deities of Indian Rite and Story. xvii. Miscellaneous Legends. xviii. General considerations. xix. The Ancestral Cavern. xx. Yo-wah, the Great Spirit.

**Erasmus (Desiderius).** *Proverbes and Adagies*, gathered out of the Chiliades of Erasmus, by Rycharde Taverner, with new additions as well of Latyn Proverbes as of Englishe. Imprinted at London by Wylliam Powell, 1550. Sm. 8vo. ff. lxxix [black letter].

**Evans (Arthur B.)** *Leicestershire Words, Phrases, and Proverbs*. London, 1848. Sm. 8vo. pp. xvii. 116.

**Evershed (Samuel).** *Legend of the Dragon-slayer of Lymminster*. *Suss. Arch. Coll.* xviii. 180-183.

## II.—HAND-BOOK OF FOLK-LORE.

**Minute of Council, 12 January, 1887.** “That Mr. Gomme be requested to print his MS. of the proposed Hand-book of Folk-Lore, and that proofs of the several sections be sent to the Members of the Council for correction, addition, or revision.”

The following are the sections into which it is proposed to divide the Hand-book. A note is appended after each section indicating the progress made with the work, and the names of Members who are assisting with the various sections :—

1. What Folk-Lore is [PRINTED].
2. Superstitions connected with great Natural Objects [PRINTED].
3. Superstitions connected with Trees and Plants [REVISE].
4. Superstitions connected with Animals. [PROOF].
5. Goblindom. [Mr. Gomme.]
6. Witchcraft. [Rev. Dr. Morris and Mr. Clodd.]
7. Leechcraft. [Mr. Black.]
8. Magic and Divination. [Mr. Abercromby.]
9. Beliefs relating to future life. [Mr. Clodd.]
10. Minor Superstitions. [Mr. Gomme.]
11. Festival Customs. [Mr. Gomme.]
12. Ceremonial Customs. [Mr. Gomme.]
13. Games. [Mr. Udal.]
14. Local Customs. [Mr. Brabrook.]
15. Nursery Tales or Märchen, [Mr. Hartland.]
16. Hero Tales. [Mr. Hartland.]
17. Creation, Deluge, Fire, and Doom Myths. [Mr. Hartland.]
18. Drolls, Fables, and Apologues. [Mr. Hartland.]
19. Place Legends and Traditions. [Mr. Gomme.]
20. Ballads and Songs. [Mr. Ordish.]
21. Jingles, Nursery Rhymes, Riddles, &c. [Mr. Udal.]
22. Proverbs. [Mr. Gomme.]
23. Nicknames, Place Rhymes, &c. [Mr. Gomme.]
24. Literary Sources of Folk-Lore. [Mr. Kirby.]
25. How Folk-Lore is to be collected. [Miss Burne.]
26. Library work for the Folk-Lorist. [Mr. Kirby.]
27. Classification of Folk-Lore.
28. Comparative Folk-Lore.
29. The Science of Folk-Lore.

## III. TABULATION OF FOLK-TALES.

[No. .]

Title of Story.—How the great Tuairisgeul was put to death.

## Alphabetical List of Incidents.

**Dramatis personæ.**—Hero: Son of King of Ireland.—Wizard who games against him.—Heroine: Woman, companion of wizard, won by hero.—Steed of wizard, won by hero.—Three brothers of heroine, Black, White, and Brown Squire.—Grooms of the three squires.—Young man, owner of the old grey man.—Old grey man who directs hero.—Captain and captain's wife and children.—Big hand that carries off the captain's children.—Stepmother of old grey man.—Great Tuairisgeul.

**Abstract of Story.**—(1) Threefold gaming of hero against wizard who comes out of a shower from the west, wins (a) heroine, described at once as beautiful (b) wizard's own steed, loses third time.—(2) Mutual bespelling of hero and wizard, hero to find out how Great Tuairisgeul was put to death, wizard to remain on hill until hero returns.—(3) Departure of hero (steed tries the hero first by shaking him off) three times on quest, advice of heroine that he seek her three brothers. (4) At each brothers' house he asks stable room for his horse, is denied, kicks denying groom, is referred to the master of the house, who sends him on to his brother. (5) Third brother

Bespelling, mutual, of hero and opponent (2).  
 Cauldron, person to be thrown into (9).  
 Children carried off supernaturally (8).  
 Contrary, advice to be interpreted by (5).  
 Gaming, threefold, of hero and opponent (1).  
 Hand, monstrous, foiled (8).  
 Lot casting for cannibalism (7).  
 Midwives' false accusation (8).  
 Obstacle overcome by advice of third brother (3).  
 Purchase of apparently insignificant object or person (5).  
 Questing hero referred to three brothers (3, 4).  
 Stepmother persecutes stepchildren (7).  
 Transformation into wolves (7).

**Where published.**—*Scottish Celtic Review* (Glasgow 1881) Gaelic Text, i. pp. 63-70. English Version, i. pp. 70-77. Notes (by Alfred Nutt), ii. pp. 137-141.

### Nature of collection, whether :—

1. *Original or translation.*—Gaelic and English. (See above.)
2. *If by word of mouth state narrator's name.*—J. Campbell, Hianish, Isle of Tiree.
3. *Other particulars.*—"Taken down some years since; given exactly as it came to hand; tale at one time well known."

**Special points noted by the Editor of the above.**—Tale consists of two portions: Framework and inc. 1-6, belong to "Task" group; inc. 7 and 8 (recital of old man) to "Calumniated Wife" or "Gallert" group. For inc. 1 cf. Campbell No. i.; inc. 2, Campbell xlii.; inc. 3, East of the Sun and West of the Moon, Luzel Veillées Bretonnes Nos. 1 and 4, and Perseus; inc. 5, loch-crossing cf. Campbell li., advice to take insignificant object cf. Campbell xlii., Grimm lxviii. Wolf p. 134, for contrary advice cf. Pwyll, Ralston p. 238; inc. 7, cf. Fate of the children of Lir, for ravaging of hen roosts cf. Campbell xli, Grimm 66, Asbj. and Moe 31, for lot-casting cf. Folk-Lore Record, iii. 2, p. 253; inc. 8, cf. Mabynogi of Pwyll, St. George; inc. 9, cf. Grimm iii. p. 98, Folk-Lore Record iii. 2, p. 214. According to a variant the wizard is the son of the Great Tuairisgeul; during the recital of the story he rises out of the ground; but hero, by heroine's direction, cuts off his head before he is entirely clear.

### Remarks by the Tabulator.—Nil.

(Signed) ALFRED NUTT.

advises him how he may pass a loch: he is to take seven bottles of wine, half way through the loch to rub three bottles to the steed with the hair and against the hair; when across, the other four bottles—and come to a young man to whom he is to offer his steed in exchange solely (weight in silver, gold, and half kingdom being offered first) for an old grey man; when he has the latter he is to do the contrary of what he asks. (6) Hero and old grey man start off together, and latter tells his story: (7) how he was bespelled by a witch named Trouble-the-house, at the instigation of his stepmother, and turned into a wolf with his two brothers; how they in revenge ravaged her hen-roosts; how they were hunted into a cave, and drew lots which should eat the others; how the lot fell on him first, but being the elder he slew his brethren; (8) how he surviving was rescued by a ship; how the captain's wife bore a child, and a big fist carried it off; how he was accused, the midwives smearing him with blood, but spared by the captain; how the third time he bit off the hand, and following up the blood-marks in the snow came to a cave where he found "him," and the three children; how he killed him; how the midwives who accused him were burnt in punishment; how he was unspelled by his step-brothers whom he bit *ad hoc*, and in that way was the Great Tuairisgeul put to death. (9) The old grey man begs to be thrown into the cauldron, but the hero, getting back his steed by shaking the bridle which he had kept, returns to heroine, finds wizard dead, and marries heroine.

*Instructions for filling up the form for Tabulation of Tales.*

Each tale is to be tabulated upon the forms supplied and upon the same plan as the specimen here printed, and it is particularly requested (1) that the writing may be as plain as possible; (2) that only one tale be abstracted on each form; (3) that every tale from the collection being tabulated is required however often it may occur under different names.

1. *Title of Story* is the name of the story as given in the collection being tabulated.
2. *Dramatis personæ* to contain the names of all persons, human or not, mentioned in the story; if no specific names occur in the story the characters, such as King, Queen, &c., to be given.
3. *Abstract of Story* to contain a summary of the events which carry on the plot of the story, each stage in the progress of the story being denoted by a number.
4. *Alphabetical List of Incidents* to give under an appropriate descriptive title the incidents which occur throughout the story, each incident being set out on a separate line, and arranged alphabetically under the catchword.
5. *Where published* to consist of the title of the book or collection, author's name, date, and place of publication, number of story in the collection, pagination.
6. *Nature of Collection* to state whether original or translation, whether collected by author from peasantry or others, the name, occupation, and place of abode of the original narrator, and other useful information of this description.
7. *Special Points noted by Editor of the above.* Anything noted in the preface or footnotes by the Editor of the collection.
8. *Remarks by the Tabulator* to contain references to any variants and notes known to the tabulator apart from those given by the editor, and any suggestions which occur to the tabulator.



## IV.—ANALYSIS OF CUSTOMS AND SUPERSTITIONS.

[No. 1.]

**Title.**

Ever-burning fire in the homestead.

**Type Forms.**

(1) The Braighfer must have an ever-living fire.—O'Curry's *Manners and Customs of Ancient Irish*, i. cccxviii. iii. 486.

(2) At Kildare, in Leinster, the fire of St. Bridget is reported never to go out. The nuns and holy women tend and feed it, adding fuel, with such watchful and diligent care that from the time of the Virgin it has continued burning through a long course of years . . . . Twenty nuns are engaged. Each of them has the care of the fire for a single night in turn, and on the evening before the twentieth night the last nun having heaped wood upon the fire, says—"Bridget, take charge of your own fire, for this night belongs to you." She then leaves the fire, and in the morning it is found that the fire has not gone out and that the usual quantity of fuel has been used.—Giraldus Cambrensis, *Topography of Ireland*, cap. xxxiv. xxxv.

(3) "Not a family in the whole island of natives but keeps a fire constantly burning; no one daring to depend upon his neighbours' vigilance in a thing which he imagines is of so much consequence; and every one firmly believing if it should ever happen that no fires were to be found throughout the island the most terrible revolutions and mischief would immediately ensue."—Waldron's *Isle of Man* [1791], fol. 101.

(4) At Burghead, in Morayshire, on the evening of the last day of December (old style), the youths of the village assemble about dusk and obtain two empty barrels (by force if necessary). They then repair to a particular spot on the sea-shore to commence operations. A stout pole is firmly fixed in one

of the barrels, and supports are nailed round the outside. Tar is then put into the barrel and set on fire; the other barrel being broken up, stave after stave is thrown in until it is quite full. The "Clavie," as it is called, burning fiercely, is shouldered and borne away at a rapid pace. As soon as the bearer gives signs of exhaustion another takes his place, and should any of those who are honoured to carry the blazing load meet, with an accident, the misfortune incites no pity even among his near relatives. In making the circuit of the village they confine themselves to its old boundaries, and also (formerly) visited the fishing-boats. The "Clavie" is finally carried to a small artificial eminence near the point of the promontory where a circular heap of stones is hastily piled up, in the hollow centre of which the "Clavie" is placed still burning. This eminence is called the "Durie." After being allowed to burn for a few minutes, the "Clavie" is most unceremoniously hurled from its place, and the smoking embers scattered among the assembled crowd, by whom they are eagerly caught at, and fragments carried home and carefully preserved as charms against witchcraft. With them the fire on the cottage hearth is at once kindled. It is considered lucky to keep this flame all the rest of the year.—*Notes and Queries*, 2nd ser. ix. 38, 106, 169, 269; *Book of Days*, ii. 789-791.

No stranger may join the band of workers, but as an on-looker. The sons of the original inhabitants only handle the primitive tools that make the Clavie. Unwritten but unvarying laws regulate all their actions. Every article required is borrowed, nothing bought. As darkness comes on a band of coopers and sailors makes its way to a particular spot overlooking the bay to the west of the village. The band, till a few years ago, was headed by an old man who superintended the building of the Clavie. Now he has resigned the post, and a young man of another family is the recognised chief. A tar barrel is sawn in two, and the bottom half is retained. A long nail is specially made by the village smith, and with it the bottom half of the

barrel is firmly nailed to a pole. The staves of another barrel are nailed to the lower rim of the half-barrel, and their lower edges to the pole some distance down. Sufficient space is left between two of the staves for a man's head to be thrust in, for the Clavie is carried round the village on the head and shoulders. The pole, or "spoke," as it is called, to which the half-barrel has been thus nailed, is set up, and there stands the empty Clavie. As each additional performance is completed, the workers stop and give three cheers, the crowd of children and onlookers usually joining. "Three cheers for that," rings out again and again, and as the sounds rise, a strange feeling of excitement gets abroad. When the last stave is nailed on, the greater part of the work is over. The round stone used for a hammer is thrown aside, and the work of filling the Clavie with sticks and tar begins. When all is ready, one of the band is sent for a burning peat, which is always supplied from the same house. This is applied to the tar, and soon the Clavie is ablaze, and the cheers literally become howls of excited glee. The first to put his head under this mass of flames is usually some one of their number who has recently been married. The first "lift" of the Clavie is an honour, and is bought in the orthodox fashion—a round of whiskey to the workers. And now the strange procession hurries along the streets. He who carries the tar-dripping and flaming Clavie does not walk; he runs, and the motley crowd surges around him and behind him, cheering and shouting. On they hurry, along the same streets where similar processions have gone year after year. At certain houses, and at certain street-corners, a halt is made, and a brand is whipped out of the Clavie, and hurled on its flaming errand of good-luck among the crowd. He who seizes the brand shall be the favourite of Fortune during the months of the coming new year. Near the head of the promontory is the Doorie Hill, the only remaining "Baillie." To this mound the Clavie is finally carried. A stone altar stands on the summit of the Doorie, into a hole in the centre of which the spoke of the Clavie is inserted. In this

position it is visible from all parts of the village. Another barrel of tar is emptied into the fire, and the great flames leap up into the black night and roll down the sides of the altar and of the hill. The daring ones of the band jump on the altar and stir up the flaming mass, or hit the sides of the barrel. The spoke of the Clavie is rescued from the flames and sold, while the charred sticks are eagerly snatched up by the villagers and set up in the ingle neuk, to be bringers of good luck and averters of evil in the coming year.—*The Evening Dispatch*, (Edinburgh), Wednesday, January 16th, 1889.

(5) At Callander, in Perthshire, on All Saints' Eve they set up bonfires in every village. When the materials of the fires were consumed the ashes were carefully collected in the form of a circle. Near the circumference of this a stone was put for every person of the several families interested in the bonfires, and whatever stone was moved out of its place or was injured before next morning the person represented by that stone was devoted or fey, and it was supposed would die within twelve months from that date.—*Statistical Account of Scotland*, xi. pp. 621, 622.

(6) The same rite prevailed in North Wales, when white stones marked for each individual were put into the great fire called Coel-coeth.—Ellis, *Brand's Popular Antiquities*, vol. i. pp. 389, 390.

### Variants.

(7) "It is unlucky to give out a light to any one on the morning of the new year."—Dyer's *Popular Customs*, 506.

(8) The same on May-day.—Wilde's *Irish Popular Superstitions*, 55.

### Geographical Distribution.

OF TYPE FORMS. Ireland, Kildare, Burghead (Morayshire), Callander (Perthshire), Isle of Man, North Wales.

OF VARIANTS. Lancashire, Ireland.

**Chronological Details** (*to show when custom was first noted.*)

7th Century. Irish Law tract of this date attributes the custom to the class of Bruighfer (1).

12th Century. Giraldus Cambrensis records his notice of St. Bridget's fires.

1791. Manx example recorded.

1794. Callander example recorded.

*Modern Survivals.* Burghead (1889), Lancashire, Ireland.

**Whether attached to Locality or Persons.**

Locality.

**Parallels in Civilised Countries.**

(9) "In the Black Mountains it is usual to set aside a part of the log to burn on the last day of the Christmas feast; there, too, a part of the burnt log is placed in a cranny of the house as a charm against evil spirits; and the house-father when he stirs the fire on Christmas morning uses a burnt end of the log itself to rake together the embers."—*Macmillan's Magazine*, March, 1881, p. 206.

(10) "When a Russian family moves from one house to another, the fire is raked out of the old stove into a jar, and solemnly conveyed to the new one, the words 'Welcome grandfather to the new home,' being uttered when it arrives."—*Ralston Songs of the Russian People*, 120.

**Parallels in Savage or Barbarous Tribes.**

(11) When the Ovalherero return to the old werft (after having left it in consequence of a death having occurred there) the holy fire of the werft where they have been living is extinguished, and as a rule they take no brand of the holy fire with them to the old werft whither they return, but holy fire must now be obtained from the omukuru (dead ancestors).—*South African Folk-Lore Journal*, i. 61.

**Index of Special Points.**

- Boundaries (4).
- Bridget's (St.), holy fire (2).
- Circular heap of unmortared stones built (4) (5), (6).
- Injury not considered a misfortune (4).
- Misfortune if fire goes out (3).
- Mound, artificial, used for ceremony (4).
- Stone hammer used for constructing the Clavie (4).
- Strangers not admitted to ceremony (4).
- Village fire used for kindling house-fire (4).
- Witchcraft, embers as a preservative against (4), (9).

**Results of the Analysis.** [This will be filled up when the Analysis is complete.]

(Signed) \_\_\_\_\_

## V.—TREASURER'S ACCOUNT OF RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURE for the year ending 31st December, 1887.

RECEIPTS.		PAYMENTS.	
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
To Balance at Bank ... ..	... £254 5 0	By Printing Account ... ..	... 283 13 5
„ Receipts on account of Subscriptions ... ..	... 204 4 5	„ Walker and Boutall... ..	... 1 6 0
„ Sale of Books, &c. ... ..	... 9 5 9	„ Advertising ... ..	... 0 13 0
„ Compounders ... ..	... 21 0 0	„ Stationery ... ..	...
		„ Postage and Petty Cash ... ..	... 27 3 2
		„ Sundries ... ..	...
		„ Balance at Bank ... ..	... 175 19 7
	<u>£488 15 2</u>		<u>£488 15 2</u>

(Signed) EDWARD CLODD, Treasurer.  
J. J. FOSTER, Hon. Secretary.(Signed) G. L. APPERSON }  
W. F. KIRBY } Auditors.

PROCEEDINGS AT THE ANNUAL MEETING HELD AT  
-22, ALBEMARLE STREET, PICCADILLY, ON THURS-  
-DAY EVENING, DECEMBER 6TH, 1888.

ANDREW LANG, ESQ., THE PRESIDENT, IN THE CHAIR.

The Report of the Council was read by the Secretary, MR. FOSTER.

MR. NUTT in moving the adoption of the Report drew attention to the gratifying fact that the attendance was larger than at any meeting since the inaugural meeting of the Society ten years before. He trusted that the acceptance of the presidentship by one of the most eminent of Folk-Lorists would stir up the Members of the Society to carry out the programme of work laid down in the Report. Hitherto there had been far too much apathy on the part of the general body of Members. All the work had been done by comparatively few Members, but it was impossible for these, although they would work in the future as in the past, to carry through such a gigantic task as the re-classification and co-ordination of Folk-Lore. If every Member who had leisure would help, although only to the extent of an hour or two a week, the programme of the Report could be carried out in a year or two, and the results would be of the utmost importance, not only to their own, but to every science that investigated man's history in the past.

MR. GOMME seconded the adoption of the Report.

The motion was agreed to *nem. con.*

The Treasurer's Report was then read by MR. FOSTER, and adopted *nem. con.*

MR. CLODD (Treasurer) then moved the election of the President, Vice-Presidents, and Council for the ensuing year. He said: I am sure we shall all congratulate ourselves, as Members of the Society, on Mr. Lang's acceptance of the Presidential chair. The Council felt, when the Earl of Strafford signified his desire to retire from that chair, that no more efficient successor could fill it than our esteemed



friend Mr. Andrew Lang. No one has done more to make Folk-Lore serious, and no one has done more to make it scientific than has Mr. Lang. He has removed it from a mere provincial base and made it cosmopolitan, bringing felicity of illustration and learning from all fields to bear upon it, and to show that it interprets what is really the thought of man concerning his surroundings. I am personally most gratified that Mr. Lang has signified his willingness to accept this chair, and I am sure that we, as Members, shall be stimulated by his example, and rally round him, and give him all the active support we can, working on the lines indicated by him. Now, if you will give the Director as much of your time as you can, and give me, as Treasurer, as much of your money as you can, we will take care that both shall be well and efficiently spent. It is my duty now to propose that the gentlemen named in the following list be the new Council for the ensuing year:—

HON. JOHN ABERCROMBY.  
THE EARL BEAUCHAMP, F.S.A.  
EDWARD BRABROOK, F.S.A.  
LOYS BRUEYRE.  
MISS C. S. BURNE.  
EDWARD CLODD.  
J. G. FRAZER, M.A.  
G. L. GOMME, F.S.A.  
S. HARTLAND, F.S.A.  
A. GRANGER HUTT, F.S.A.  
W. F. KIRBY.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, Bt., F.R.S.  
REV. DR. RICHARD MORRIS.  
ALFRED NUTT.  
T. F. ORDISH.  
LT.-GEN. PITT-RIVERS, D.C.L., F.R.S.,  
F.S.A., ETC.  
PROFESSOR A. H. SAYCE, M.A.  
CAPTAIN R. C. TEMPLE.  
J. S. UDAL.  
HENRY B. WHEATLEY, F.S.A.

MR. HAMILTON seconded the motion, which was carried *nem. con.*

Upon the conclusion of the Address, Mr. GOMME said, that before we leave it would be a proper and appropriate thing to do to pass a very hearty vote of thanks to our new President for his admirable Address, and to ask him to correct and allow to be printed the report of it, which has been taken down, I am afraid I must confess, without his sanction. I shall not venture to say one word on the subjects which have been put before you except this—that, of course, the Report does not contemplate the stopping of collection, and on page 3 it indicates that the new collections will be simply put into a new

form. That is a very important thing, and I think that perhaps we may strengthen that before the issue of the Report. I beg to propose that a very hearty vote of thanks be given to our President for his Address.

DR. GASTER seconded the vote of thanks to the Chairman, and said: I do not wish to enter into the theory whether fairy-tales are of modern or late origin. Last year I had the pleasure of expressing my views, and I hear there has been a long discussion on the subject; but I think that nothing has yet been forthcoming to demolish entirely what I said at the time. I looked forward with much anxiety and great eagerness to see how my theory would have been refuted, but I cannot see that it has been in any way refuted, nor am I shaken in my conviction. There is one point I wish to touch upon, that is the theory that the tales of savages come from the Folk-Lore of Europe and of modern nations. If we had any of the fairy tales, or any of the superstitions of the savages of olden times—at least a thousand years ago—which were collected at that time, you might be able to reduce the same to proof, but we have not.

The vote of thanks to the President, coupled with a request that he would allow his Address to be printed in the Society's Journal, was then agreed to.

THE PRESIDENT said he was much obliged to the Society for its kindness in passing this vote, and he should certainly be glad to look over the Address before it is put in print. [This will appear in the next number of the *Journal*.]

The proceedings then terminated.

The following letter arrived too late to be read at the meeting:

"Dear Mr. Gomme,—Much to my regret, I am suddenly prevented from coming to the meeting to day. I should have liked, after the reading of the Annual Report, to throw out a hint as to how the valuable remnants of Folk-Tales in this country could be quickly saved from being lost; of which they now are in rapidly increasing danger.

"It has been the custom, for several years past, in some parts of Germany, for schoolmasters to ask children, on regular days, to stand up if they knew of any tales heard at home, and to re-tell them. This has been done at the intelligent suggestion of the authorities in educational matters, in connection with men learned in Folk-Lore. A great many versions of tales have thus been obtained. Their comparison often brings out remarkable results in the way of understanding the real drift of a tale, or its reference to the ancient Nature-worship of our forefathers. Classification, also, is thus rendered more easy.

"I believe important tales are more largely current, even now, in out-of-the-way places of this country, than some may think. At least, I judge so from personal experience, having been fortunately enabled, after repeated inquiries, to rescue many of them from oblivion—such as tales of the mystic Shetlandic Waterhorse, called Nuggle ; Finn Stories ; Night-Mare Incantations ; apparently Odinic Spell-Songs ; Cat, Fish, Nix, and Mermaid Tales ; sea-names of persons and things, and so forth. The essays were published in the *Contemporary Review*, the *Nineteenth Century*, and the *Gentleman's Magazine* since 1879.

"Quite recently I had the luck to get a Grimm's Tale in a Shetland version, which you were good enough to publish in the *Archaeological Review*. I am now in possession of what seems to me a very remarkable 'Aessipattle' or Cinderella story from Western Scotland. In its beginning it is unlike many stories of this kind ; and it has partly contact with the German, partly with a Carelian (Finnish) version.

"In short, I am convinced a great deal might be done to get at the still existing hoard of tale-treasures in England.

"I do not know whether the Council of the Society have endeavoured by a systematic procedure to obtain such access ; and I should have wished, had I been able to come to-day, to develop the suggestion in question more fully. I think what has been done in Germany should be tried here. I would thank you for reading this letter to the meeting, after the Annual Report has been read, so that the proposal may perhaps be discussed in connection with it ; and I remain, yours sincerely, KARL BLIND."

## NOTES ON AFRICAN FOLK-LORE, &c.

LEGEND OF THE KÈ ISLANDERS (IN THE BANDA SEA, S.W. OF NEW GUINEA), AS TO THE FIRST PEOPLING OF THE EARTH.

[Obtained by Capt. G. Langen, who lived three years in the Kè Islands; and communicated by H. W. Bates, Esq., F.R.S.]

**T**HREE brothers named Hian, Tongül, and Parpara, and two sisters named Bikeel and Meslaang, once lived above the earth. One day Parpara went fishing in the clouds with his eldest brother's fish-hook, which he lost. Angry at this, Hian ordered him to find it and bring it back. Then Parpara took a boat and dived into the clouds in search after the hook.

After long and fruitless toil he met the fish Kiliboban, who asked him what he wanted. Parpara told him, and the fish promised to help him. Soon afterwards, Kiliboban met the fish Kerken, who was well-nigh choked with coughing. Kiloboban asked what ailed him; and when he suffered him to look down his throat, he saw the missing hook and drew it out. Then he gave it to Parpara, who returned it to his brother. Hian was surprised at this, and Parpara sought how to revenge himself upon him.

On a certain day, as Hian lay asleep in his house, Parpara hung a bamboo filled with the precious arrack, or palm wine in the heaven, over the bed in such a manner that it might be upset as soon as Hian awoke. And when this happened, Parpara ordered Hian to refill the bamboo; and he, ashamed of what he had done, set to work and dug a hole through the heaven, but did not find any palm wine. After standing in deep thought a long long time before the hole, one of the brothers said, "It would be to our gain to know what lies below us; so we will let down our dog by a rope." This being done, they pulled up the dog again, and saw that his feet were smeared with sand;

which made them decide to go down and see for themselves. But no other dwellers in the heavens could be persuaded to follow them, until one day the woman Meslaang took courage, and was let down by the rope. As she neared the earth her brothers, looking up saw her *pudenda*, the sight of which caused them disgust and shame; and they thereupon gave a signal to those in the heaven to pull up the rope, which was done.

The place where Hian, Tongül, Parpara, and Bikeel arrived on the earth in company with their four dogs, Kopul, Wakar, Singum, and Patâras, is named Wriat, a place on Trent Key; and it is still held sacred by the natives of the Kè Islands.

This is an inferior variant of the well-known family of Polynesian myths, which account for the bursting of the first settlers through the sky to reach the earth. "When white men made their appearance, it was thought that they and the vessel which brought them had in some way broken through the heavens; and, to this day, white men are called Papalangi, or Heaven-bursters." Turner's *Samoa*, p. 199.

#### NOTE ON THE HARE IN AFRICAN FOLK-LORE.

In Mr. James's recently-issued account of his explorations in Somali-land, under the title of *The Unknown Horn of Africa*, the only incident of value to Folk-Lorists is the following:—

"Just before reaching Burao, we had an example of Somali superstition. A hare was started from its form and ran ahead of us. Being on the march, we were implored not to shoot it while it ran in the direction in which we were bound—it would bring bad luck to the whole expedition. If it doubled and headed towards us, then we might shoot without danger" (p. 63).

For works on cognate superstitions it may be convenient to refer to Mr. Black's useful paper on the Hare in Folk-Lore, *F.L.J.* I. 84-90; also, *F.L.R.* I. 56; II. 200; IV. 98; V. 48; *F.L.J.* II. 258; IV. 27; V. 263; Aubrey, pp. 26, 109; Elton's *Origins of Eng. Hist.* pp. 254,

297, 407 f.f.; Dennys' *Folk-Lore of China*, p. 64; Dyer's *Eng. Folk-Lore*, pp. 117, 198; Napier's *Folk-Lore*, p. 117; Lang's *Myth, Ritual, &c.*, II. 350-355; *Custom and Myth*, p. 168; Bleek's *Reynard the Fox*, p. 69; Henderson, p. 204; Gregson, p. 129; Kelly's *Curiosities of Indo-European Tradition*, pp. 234-237. Etc., etc.

#### FRIDAY SUPERSTITION.

A lodging-house keeper in Macclesfield had quite recently taken a girl from the workhouse as servant. She caught her cutting her finger-nails one Friday; and, snatching the scissors from her, shouted, "Is that what I had you from the workhouse for; to cut your nails on a Friday, and bring bad luck to this house?"

#### HOW THE LIZARDS WERE ONCE LITTLE MEN.

Mr. L. L. Frost, of Susanville, Lassen County, California, tells us how, when he requested an Indian to gather and bring in all the arrow-points he could find, the Indian declared them to be "no good," that they had been made by the lizards. Whereupon Mr. Frost drew from him the following lizard story:—

"There was a time when the lizards were little men, and the arrow-points which are now found were shot by them at the grizzly bears. The bears could talk then, and would eat the little men whenever they could catch them. The arrows of the little men were so small that they would not kill the bears when shot into them, and only served to enrage them. At last there was a smart little fellow who lived with his grandmother. One day he was making a bow and his grandmother asked him what he was going to do with it. He replied, that he was going to kill a bear. His grandmother told him the bear had killed all his family, and so she refused her consent for him to go hunting, and kept him prisoner in the *campooda*. But the boy knew of a valley near by to which the bears came every evening to feed. He had finished his bow and gathered up his arrows, and when one day his grandmother went for water he stole away to this valley, and,

climbing a tree, waited for events. Pretty soon a number of bears came into the valley, and the little fellow whistled. At this the big boss bear which had killed so many of the little men, and of which all were afraid, came under the tree, and, sitting himself on his haunches, looked up and asked the little fellow what he was doing up there. To which the little fellow replied, that he was going to kill him, the big boss bear. This reply tickled the bear so that he began to laugh, and making a great guffaw, opened his mouth so wide that the little fellow could see far down his throat, when quick as lightning he drew his bow and shot one of his arrows with one of these little points on it down the open throat of the bear and into his vitals, whereupon his laugh turned into a roar as he fell down, rolled over, and died. All the rest of the bears took to their heels and scampered up the valley and over the mountains. The little fellow went home and related what he had done, but his grandmother refused to believe him. But the next day the whole settlement gathered to hear the story, and all hands going to the valley, found the dead bear. This made the little fellow a great hero. Ever since that time the bears have hid away in the brush, and are afraid of men. Thus they have lost their power of speech."

The Indian could not tell how the little men became transformed into lizards.—From the *American Naturalist*, May, 1888, p. 477.

EDWARD CLODD.

## BATCOMBE CROSS.



N Batcombe Down, Dorset, is a stone about three feet high, evidently part of a cross, and called Cross Hand Stone. Why should a cross be set up, away there on the down? Well, this "be tüale a twold o't." Back in the middle ages, one dark, wild winter night, Batcombe priest was sent for to take the viaticum to a dying man, two or three miles off.

Taking pyx and service-book, he sallied out with a brave heart on his dark, lonely way over Batcombe Down, and safely reached the sick man's house. But on getting in, and producing what was needed for his ministration—where was the pyx? It was lost. He had dropped it on the way, and its fall on the turf of Batcombe Down—in the howling wind, too!—had not been heard. Back he toiled into the darkness and the storm on his almost hopeless quest. Hopeless? The easiest search ever made. Up on Batcombe Down there was a pillar of fire, reaching from heaven to earth, and steadily shining in the storm. What could this be? He struggled on faster and faster, with strange, half-formed hopes. He came near to the spot over which stood the calm beam in the gale. He saw numbers of cattle of various kinds gathered in a circle—kneeling—kneeling round the pyx.

Well, this seems to me to be the medieval legend, rendering a reason for Batcombe Cross being set up there, away on the down, where, though time-worn, it yet remains. But (me judice) in the last century a rider was added, as follows :—

The priest was much astounded at what he saw, but not so much so but that he observed among the live-stock a black horse, kneeling, indeed, like the rest, but only on one knee. The priest said to this lukewarm beast, "Why don't you kneel on both knees, like the rest?" "Wouldn't kneel at all if I could help it." "Who, then, are you?" "The devil." "Why do you take the form of a horse?" "So that men may steal me, and get hung, and I get hold of them. Got three or four already."

I am indebted to the Rev. C. R. Baskett for this legend. He also tells me of a pinnacle belonging, indeed, to Batcombe Church tower, but which can by no means be made to stand in its place thereon "since conjuror Mintern's horse kicked it off." Two vain attempts to erect the pinnacle have been made of late years.

H. J. MOULE.

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## THE LONDON BALLADS.

**T**HEY come from that prosperous but out-of-the-way county of Virginia, in the corner between the Potomac and the Blue Ridge. Plain people of the conservative overseer and small-tenant class have transmitted them from mother to daughter, through the years and lives that have passed since the first settlement, as in England before it. Of course they do not think of writing them down, and know nothing of the books in which the relics of balladry are treasured.

One evening as we approached, in the dusk, our home near Washington, a ballad, then heard for the first time, came chanted to us out of the open windows. The new nurse girl, white, and from up the river, was singing the smaller children to sleep. When the song of many words ended, another was taken up, and after it another. Plainly the services of the collector were called for, and most members of the family enlisted, as opportunity offered. Unfortunately the pace of the music kept ahead of the reporters; and when she undertook to recite the lines deliberately, something was sure to be omitted or confused. Memory depended in part on the swing and excitement of her habitual mode of utterance. But a fair approach to completeness, in some cases, was made by repetition and comparison; and the results in full were read to the young woman's mother, who made some notable additions, and declared the ballads to be substantially correct. She could not explain anything which is not obvious, nor, indeed, tell us anything of them but what I have said in the beginning.

"Wilson" is, perhaps, the most important of the series: a near relative of "Lady Isabel and the Elf Knight," whatever names may seem to say. That cycle, so carefully studied and preserved by Professor Childs, cannot afford to leave this stray member wandering

unrecorded over Virginia foot hills. It lives in the air and the ear alone, as indeed it always has from that far time when some crude singer first gave it to our ancestry. With all its imperfections, we ought to be glad to make its acquaintance in type, for we shall never greet an older friend among living things.

## WILSON.

Wilson, sitting in his room one day,  
With his true love on his knee,  
Just as happy as happy could be, be, be,  
Just as happy as happy could be.

"Do you want for fee?" said she,  
"Or do you want for gold?  
Or do you want a handsome ladye,  
More handsomer than me?"

"I do want for fee," said he,  
"And I do want for gold;  
But I don't want a handsomer ladye,  
More handsomer than thee."

"Go get some of your father's fee,  
And some of your father's gold,  
And two of the finest horses he has,  
And married we will be, be, be,  
And married we will be."

She mounted on the milk-white steed,  
And he the iron grey;  
And when they got to the broad waterside,  
It was six hours and a-half till day.

"Get down, get down, my pretty fair maid,  
Get down, get down!" said he;  
"For its nine of the king's daughters I've drowned here,  
And the tenth one you shall be, be, be,  
And the tenth one you shall be."

"Take off, take off that costly silk,  
For it is a costly thing,  
It cost your father too much bright gold  
To drown your fair body in, in, in,  
To drown your fair body in."

" In stooping down to cut the cords round,  
Sing, ' Turn your back on me ; ' "

And with all the strength this lady had  
She pushed him right into the sea, sea, sea,  
She pushed him right into the sea.

" Help me out, my pretty fair miss,  
O help me out," said he ;

" And we'll go down to the Catholic church,  
And married we will be, be, be,  
And married we will be."

" Lie there, lie there, you false-hearted man,  
Lie there, lie there ! " said she,

" For its nine of the king's daughters you've drowned here,  
But the tenth one's drowned thee, thee, thee,  
But the tenth one's drowned thee."

She mounted on the milk-white steed,  
And led the iron grey ;  
And when she got to her own father's house,  
It was three hours and a-half till day, day, day,  
It was three hours and a-half till day.

While she was walking in the room,  
Which caused the parrot to wake,  
Said he, " What's the matter, my pretty fair miss,  
That you're up so long before day, day, day,  
That you're up so long before day ? "

" Hush up ! hush up ! my pretty little parrot,  
Don't tell no tales on me ;  
Your cage shall be lined with sweet may gold,  
And the doors of ivory."

While they were talking all of this,  
Which caused the old man to wake,  
Said, " What's the matter, my pretty little parrot,  
That you chatter so long before day, day, day,  
That you chatter so long before day ? "

" The cat she sprung against my cage,  
And surely frightened me,  
And I called for the pretty fair miss  
To drive the cat away, way, way,  
To drive the cat away."

The next in order has suffered dismally, and seems to have been of more recent origin, yet not recent enough to have left the press gang behind. Some of the terms also belong as obviously to old ballad convention as anything in the street games of children. But it is a ballad with only one rhyme in it.

#### POOR WILLIAM TAYLOR.

Poor William Taylor is a youthful lovyer,  
Full of pride and full of fear ;  
He expected to get married  
To a lady blithe and gay.

Her lily-white hands, her lovelie fingers,  
Were all begobbed with pitch and tar ;  
And then there came a mighty scrimmage,  
And she were one among the rest.

The silver buttons flew off her waistcoat,  
And there appeared her lily-white breast.  
Up bespeak this noble captain,  
“ Say, fair lady, what brought you here? ”

“ A seeking of my own true lovyer,  
That was pressed in the other year.”

“ If his name be William Taylor,  
That was pressed in the other year,

“ He's married to another lady,  
Living in the *Iragreens*.  
If you want your William Taylor,  
Come rise you up full early, by the break of day.”

She rise full early, by the break of day,  
There she spied her William Taylor,  
With his lady by the hand ;  
She called for a brace of pistols,  
A brace of pistols at her command.

There she shot poor William Taylor,  
With his lady by her hand.  
Come, all ye young men, take warning,  
How to slight poor ladies kind.

Here's wringing of hands.  
And bitter crying,  
All on the salt-water sea.  
Must I live on bread and water  
Until I see my true love again ?

The next has no title but its first line.

COME ALONG, COME ALONG, MY PRETTY LITTLE MISS.

"Come along, come along, my pretty little miss,  
Come along, come along," said he;  
"And seat yourself by me."

"Neither will I come, and neither sit down,  
For I have not a moment's time ;  
For I heard that you had a new sweetheart,  
And your heart is no more mine."

"It never was, and it never shall be,  
And it never was any such a thing;  
For yonder she stands, in her own father's garden,  
The garden of the vine,  
Mourning for her own true love,  
Just like I've mourned for mine."

I laid my head in a little closet door,  
To hear what my true love had to say,  
So that I might know a little of his mind  
Before he went away.

I laid my head on the side of his bed,  
My arms across his breast ;  
I made him believe, for the fall of the year,  
The sun rose in the west.

"I'm going away, I'm coming back again,  
If it is ten thousand miles;  
It's who will shoe your pretty little feet,  
And who will glove your hand,  
And who will kiss your red, rosy lips,  
While I'm in a foreign land?"

"My father will shoe my pretty little feet,  
My mother glove my hand,  
My babe will kiss my red, rosy lips,  
While you're in a foreign land."

## IN JERSEY TOWN.

In Jersey town, where I do dwell,  
A butcher boy I love so well,  
He's courted me my heart away,  
And now with me he will not stay.

There is a name in this same town,  
Where my true love goes and sets himself down;  
He'll take a strange girl on his knee,  
And tell to her what he won't to me.

O grief, O grief, I'll tell you why,  
Because she's got more gold than I:  
Her gold will melt, her soul will fly,  
In need of time she'll be poor as I.

She went upstairs to make her bed,  
And not one word to her mother said.  
Her mother, she came up the stair,  
Cries, "What's the matter, my daughter, dear?"

"Mother, mother, you do not know  
The grief and wound my heart is in.  
Go, bring a chair, and set me down,  
A pen and ink to write it down."  
On every line she dropped a tear,  
In calling home her Willie, dear.

When her father he came home,  
Says, "Where's my dearest daughter gone?"  
Up the stairs he broke the door,  
And there he found her on a rope.  
He took his knife, and he cut her down,  
And in her bosom these lines were found.

Go dig her grave both deep and wide,  
A marble stone at both head and foot,  
A turtle dove all on her breast,  
To show she hung herself for love.

## FALSE GIRL.

Fare you well, false girl,  
I must leave you in sorrow and in pain:  
My heart aches and cannot grieve you  
When you bear a stranger's name.

I am forsaken for another,  
All on with golden store,  
Fare you well, mother and father,  
I am despised because I am poor.

We have lived and loved in childhood,  
And vowed we would never part;  
Spent many hours in the wild woods,  
Where she nearly broke my heart.

Then came a wealthy stranger,  
All from a foreign shore;  
And soon he gained her from me,  
Because I am poor.

When wed, the bells were ringing,  
And the carriages they passed by  
The lads; and last she smiled,  
With a tear beneath her eye.

Fare you well, false girl of the ocean,  
We will part us for evermore;  
And loving with devotion,  
And scorned because I am poor.

Never more will I behold her,  
Nor hear her sweet voice again;  
I am going to 'list for a soldier,  
To die on the battle plain.

My sorrow shall never distress her,  
Nor happiness in store;  
But while I live I will bless her,  
I am scorned because I am poor.

## THE BROWN GIRL.

"O mother, O mother, come read this to me,  
And regulate all as one,  
Whether I shall wed fair Ellinter or no,  
Or fetch you the brown girl home."

"Fair Ellinter she has houses and wealth,  
The brown girl she has none;  
But before I am charged with that blessing,  
Go fetch me the brown girl home."

He dressed himself in skylight green,  
His groomsmen all in red;  
And every town as he rode through,  
They took him to be some king.

He rode and he rode until he came to fair Ellinter's door,  
He knocked so loud at the ring,  
There was none so ready as fair Ellinter herself  
To rise and let him in.

"O what is the news, Lord Thomas," she said;  
"O what is the news to thee?"  
"I've come to invite you to my wedding,  
And that is bad news to thee."

"God forbid, Lord Thomas!" she said,  
"That any such thing should be;  
For I should have been the bride myself,  
And you should the bridegroom be."

"O mother, O mother, come read this to me,  
And regulate all as one,  
Whether I shall go to Lord Thomas' wed,  
Or stay with you at home."

"Here you have one thousand friends,  
Where there you would but one;  
So I will invite you, with my blessing,  
To stay with me at home."

But she dressed herself in skylight red,  
Her waiting-maids all in green,  
And every town as she rode through  
They took her to be some queen.

She rode and she rode till she came to Lord Thomas's door;  
She knocked so loud at the ring,  
There was none so ready as Lord Thomas himself  
To rise and let her in.

He took her by her lily-white hand,  
He led her across the hall,  
Sing, "Here are five and twenty gay maids,  
She is the flower of you all."

He took her by her lily-white hand,  
He led her across the hall,  
He sat her down in a big arm chair,  
And kissed her before them all.



The wedding was gotten,  
 The table was set;  
 The first to sit down  
 Was Lord Thomas himself,  
 His bride, fair Ellinter, by his side.

"Is this your bride, Lord Thomas?" she said;  
 "If this is your bride, Lord Thomas,  
 She looks most wonderfully dark,  
 When you could have gotten a fairer  
 As ever the sun shone on."

"O don't you despise her, Lord Thomas," said she;  
 "O don't you despise her to me."

"Yes, I like the end of your little finger  
 Better than her whole body."

The brown girl, having a little penknife,  
 And being both keen and sharp,  
 Right between the long and short ribs,  
 She pierced poor Ellinter's heart.

"O what is the matter, fair Ellinter?" said he,  
 "That you look so very dark,  
 When your cheeks used to have been so red and rosy  
 As ever the sun shined on."

"Are you blind, or don't you see,  
 My heart blood come trickling down to my knee?"

W. H. BABCOCK.

## SOME IRISH PROVERBS.

[From a paper by Mr. J. D. White, in the *Kilkenny Moderator*.]

THE PRIEST CHRISTENS HIS OWN CHILD FIRST.



POOR man's wife had seven children at a birth, and as he had no means to rear them he was carrying them to the river to drown them, when he was met by an angel, who had assumed the shape of a little man, who asked what he had in his coat. "Puppies," replied the man, "which I am going

to drown." "Oh," says the old man, "I want a dog, give me one." The man, after a time, had to tell the truth; when the little man said he must get them christened first. He brought him to a priest, and told him to choose one and send the six others to different priests, when the priest said, "Oh, I must christen my own child first." Of course the seven children became seven bishops, and were buried together in Freanstown, co. Kilkenny.

*Fight like Kilkenny cats, that ate one another except their tails.*—The story goes that in the troubled times when the Hessians were quartered in Kilkenny, they used to amuse themselves by tying two cats' tails together, and throwing them over a line to fight. Their officer heard of this, and ordered that there should be no more cat-fights. Still, on a certain day there were two cats on the line when the officer was heard coming, and one of the troopers cut them down, leaving only the tails on the line. The officer asked "where are the cats?" when one of the troopers explained that they fought so furious that they had eaten one another up except their tails.

*"Kill a Hessian for yourself."*—The Hessians wore large riding-boots, greatly prized by the Irish insurgents, whose prizes they were if they killed a Hessian. An insurgent brought in a pair, and a comrade wanted to get them; his reply was, "If you want boots kill a Hessian for yourself."

*As musical as the cow that ate the piper.*—Binny Bryan was a famous piper. On his round one day he found a dead Hessian, and tried to pull off his boots, but pulled off his legs along with them. Boots and legs he carried to a byre, where he slept that night. In the morning he managed to get the legs out of the boots; and when the people who owned the byre came to milk their cow, they found no piper but only a pair of legs, and naturally supposed the cow had eaten the piper and his pipes. Another common saying derived from this cow is: *She has a cruel taste for music*, like the cow that ate the piper.

*Tallagh talk, or Tallaghhill talk.*—A term to indicate a braggart or braggadocio talk. Formerly beggars were whipped out of Dublin as far as Tallagh Hill; when there, and out of the jurisdiction, they

used to abuse the mayor, aldermen, and magistrates of Dublin, and say what they would not do to them.

*Gorey.*—Shouted after a person who leaves a door open. There was an attack made on Gorey by the insurgents, who carried off all the doors. A person who leaves a door open is supposed to have been born in Gorey, or in a place without a door.

Munster for learning,  
Connaught for breeding,  
Leinster for feeding,  
And Ulster for thieving.

In old times all the civilised world flocked to the great schools in Munster for learning. All the best families in Ireland were sent to "Hell or Connaught." Leinster having so much English blood has the English love for eating; while the Scotch settler and native Irish in Ulster were always robbing one another—one lifting their neighbours' goods by the laws they enacted themselves, and the other lifting by stealth. The word "lift" is so engrafted on their minds, that even at the present day they never buy or otherwise get anything, they always "lift it."

*Bad cess to you.*—In old times the soldiers were *cessed*, or billeted, on the inhabitants; there were *good cesses*, or soldiers that pulled well with the people, and *bad cesses* those whose presence in a house was a curse and not a blessing.

*Pay the reckoning on the nail.*—From an old custom in Limerick. Exchange of bargains were made at a pillar, and the earnest-money was laid on a copper coin nailed in the top of it.

*Fire away! Flanagan.*—A captain of a place besieged by Cromwell, or one of his generals, sent to say if they did not go at once he would fire on them. The general wrote on the back of his letter when sending it back, *Fire away! Flanagan.*

Nearly obsolete terms are the following:—

*Codesfue.*—The shank of a leg of mutton, but got to mean "what is the price?" as a buyer would take the leg by the shank and say "Codesfue."

*Boxty Rasp, or Buck Cake.*—A cake made from the rasping of

potatoes ; considered a great treat for children. This was very common before the potatoe failure in 1848, but now is rarely, if ever, heard of.

*Shelling, or Shell bread.*—Formerly a bag of the first corn reaped was sent to the mill to be ground, and the bread made from it was eaten with cider, a drink common in Ireland before the apple failure in 1848.

*Sthoka.*—An uninvited guest—one who is always in the way. A *sthoka voriga* is a market-stack, that is, a stack of turf, or the like, in a market-place, that is always being replenished as fast as part of it is sold. So a ne'er-do-well, who was always inviting himself, and always in the way, got to be called a "Sthoka."

*Law laithen.*—A very common law, formerly ; "those took who had power, and those kept who could."

*Spur Saileen.*—A nail driven into the heel of a shoe with the point outward, when a person was going to take a horse journey.

*Cosheelagh, or Cosherigh.*—Waste or fallow land ; the latter word literally means owing tribute to the king—probably derived from land when in fallow not having to pay taxes.

G. H. KINAHAN.

## WEXFORD FOLK-LORE.



THE following legends have been culled from George Griffith's *Chronicles of the County Wexford*.

*Shagh Eneen Eee, or the Seven Daughters of Hugh.*—

These seven girls were born at one birth at the well of Ballybrennan, which has miraculous powers, and, according to the legend, "wherein young languishing infants being bathed, have undeniably, by the Divine clemency, been miraculously restored to perfect health and strength."

*Magpies.*—The first English settlement was in the baronies of

Forth and Bargy, or south-east Wexford; the inhabitants of which have many of their customs and language at the present day similar to those in East Anglia. The first magpies that came to Ireland, a flock of twelve, landed here, from whence they spread over Ireland. An old saying, but now nearly obsolete, is "Ireland will never be rid of the English while the magpie remains." That is, the English and the magpies both, when they first came, landed in the same part of Ireland, and one cannot be got rid of except both go.

*Burials near Enniscorthy.*—Three families—Traceys, Doyles, and Daly—until recent years buried their dead peculiarly. The graves were dug six feet deep, and long enough to suit the corpse. At each end was built a stone wall, about two feet high, this space being lined with sods over seven feet long, procured from the meadows of the Slany. The body was brought in a coffin, out of which it was taken and lowered into its green receptacle; after which, from wall to wall, were placed planks, the latter being covered by another long sod, the green side downwards; the grave was then filled up, the coffin being left in the graveyard. The last interment of this kind was of the body of John Doyle of Craan; since which the members of these different families have been buried in coffins. "No tradition of the origin of the custom now survives."

[It may here be mentioned, that in graveyards on the coast of Kerry, the corpse seem to have been enveloped in sea-shells. At Ballinskelligs there is an ancient burial-ground now being gradually removed by the sea; and from what can be seen, it would appear as if the corpse never had a coffin, but had been laid in a bed of shells and then covered by the same. In an ancient graveyard at Mr. Kilbee's, co. Kildare, the corpse seems to have been enveloped in teeth, seemingly of sheep, goats, and cattle.]

*Sacred Wells.*—Of the innumerable sacred wells, among the most famous are the pool of Siloah in Jerusalem, the fountains of Aganippe and Castalia, and of the Maya country in Yucatan. In the deserts of the orient, almost every well or fountain is considered a special gift of God to deliver humanity and the animal creation; the Greeks and Romans thought that nymphs and male

genii presided over them, and coins of money or beads were thrown into their waters as a sacrifice. In hot countries an abundant well is considered doubly beneficial, especially when it has healing properties. A sacred well of the Zuñis is figured in one of Lieut. Whipple's volumes on the Pacific Railroad Expedition (vol. iii., Port Thord, opposite page 44).

The buffalo-hunting Indians of the western prairies have been for long ages acquainted with a curious well near Salomon river,\* in the western part of Kansas. It is situated on the top of a hill, about a quarter-mile from the above river, and has a nearly circular form with about thirty feet diameter. The Pa'ni Indians call it Kitch-Wa'lushti, the Omahas Ni-Waxube, both names signifying "sacred water." This deep pool is considered to be bottomless, and to harbour an aquatic monster which engulfs all the objects thrown into the water, and never sends them up again. The Indians offer to it beads, arrows, kerchiefs, earrings, even blankets, and all of this sinks straight down. Visiting Indians never drink the water of this pool, but, to allay their thirst, go to the neighbouring Salomon creek. When a large number of people stands around the pool, the water, which is perfectly limpid, begins to rise. Sometimes, before putting clay or paint on their faces, the Indians impregnate these substances with the water of the well. Before buffalo-hunting became a thing of the past, large hunting-parties of natives often gathered about this pool or pond-source, and the following incident was circulating among them: Two Pánis once returned home with their horses. Having dismounted in the vicinity of the "sacred water," one Páni stepped on a turtle of the large species frequently found there (about three feet long); it stuck to him; he could not disengage himself from its shell; and when the turtle ran with its charge into the pool, the Indian was drowned. His companion, however, escaped to tell the tale.

A. S. G.

\* Salomon river runs in a south-eastern direction, and joins Kansas, or Kaw, river at Abile-ne, Kansas.

## SOME FOLK-LORE ON TREES, ANIMALS, AND RIVER-FISHING, FROM THE NORTH-EAST OF SCOTLAND.



ADVIE lies on the River Spey, and formed the eastern portion of the parish of Cromdale till lately, when it was disjoined, and formed into a parish *quoad sacra*. The following superstitions from the district have been furnished me by Mr. M. Macpherson, M.A., a native, to whom they have been familiar from boyhood. The others have been gleaned by myself.

### BIRD-CHERRY.

The wood of the "hackberry" or bird-cherry (*Prunus padus*) is not used as a staff or for any other purpose, as it is looked on as the witch's tree.—(Advie.)

### ROWAN TREE.

The rowan tree is used, as in many other places, as a preventive of witchcraft. It is the common belief that adders avoid the tree.—(Advie.)

### THE ASPEN.

A curse is believed to rest on the aspen. The cross was made of the wood of this tree, and ever since its leaves are in constant motion in consequence of the curse. In parts of Banffshire it goes by the name of "quackin' aish," *i. e.* quaking or trembling ash.

### THE HOLLY.

Pieces of holly along with rowan were placed inside over the door of the stable to prevent the entrance of the nightmare. My informant has cut the tree for this purpose.—(Strathdon.)

## THE BIRCH.

There used to be hung up in every stable a crooked stick, on which to hang the harness. Its name in Gaelic was "Obair-latha," *i. e.* a day's work. It must be a natural growth, and had to be searched for by a woman. If she found one of the proper shape during the first day's search, she came to the marriage bed a maiden. A stable was not considered lucky, if it had not such a natural-grown hook. It was commonly of birch, but it was not essential that it should be of that tree.—(Advie.)

## THE HEDGEHOG.

It is very unlucky to meet a hedgehog on the road, particularly after nightfall.

Mr. Macpherson says: "This I discovered to be the case in the summer of 1886. I was returning home about midnight, and, when on the bridge crossing the Tulchan Burn at Straan, met a hedgehog. Next day, I, in jest, asked some of the older people if there was any superstition connected with such a meeting. They told me it was unlucky, and seemed to predict some calamity to myself. Two nights after a girl was drowned in the Spey, not far from the scene of my meeting the hedgehog." The hedgehog and the drowning of the girl were connected, and no amount of arguing could drive the idea from the minds of the people. The girl went in place of the one that met the animal.—(Advie.)

## THE TOAD.

It is considered very unlucky for a toad to enter a house.

An old man, named C—— N——, who died at Dalvey about twelve years ago, one day found a toad in his house. He immediately cast it out. It however returned. Again it was removed. It made its appearance the third time. The old man seized it with the tongs, threw it on the fire, with the words: "God! my lad, I'll mack ye ye winna (will not) come in again," and burned it to ashes.—(Advie.)



THE ADDER.

The adder's skin is believed to have curative properties. If rubbed over the wound made by an adder, no fatality follows.—(Advie.)

THE HEN.

A hen crowing is a sure omen of the death of one of the household. The saying is:—

A whistling maid an a crawling hen  
Is neither fit for God nor men.—(Advie.)

CORNCRAIK.

If the corneraik is frequently heard, it is regarded as the sign of a "sappy," i. e. a rainy, year.—(Advie.)

WILD GOOSE.

When the wild geese are seen making their way towards the North for breeding purposes, it is looked upon as a sign that frost has passed out of the air.—(Advie.)

When they were flying high it was regarded as a token of fair settled weather.—(Keith.)

THE CUCKOO.

It is unlucky to hear the cuckoo for the first time during the season before partaking of food. It is indicative of misfortune of some kind or other during the year.—(Advie.)

THE SMALL TORTOISE-SHELL BUTTERFLY.—(*Papilio urticae*. Linn.)

This butterfly goes by the name of "cut-throat" in Pitsligo, and surrounding district. It gets this name, because it is believed that it cuts human throats. The fisher boys of Pittulie used to chase it to kill it because of its murderous propensities. (Told by one who has done so.)—(Pittulie.)

FISHING SUPERSTITIONS.

If a bird fly across the line there will be luck.

It is considered lucky for the fisher to wet his feet.

Trout-fishers after baiting the hook spit on the worm. This act brings luck.

If the "black swallows" (*Hirundo Apus*. Linn.) are out, there will be no luck.

It is unlucky to tread on the line.

It is unlucky for the fisher to meet one with "red" hair.—(Advie).

WALTER GREGOR.

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## SUPERSTITIONS OF THE SCOTTISH FISHERMEN.



IN "The Pirate" Sir Walter Scott introduces us to the old Norse belief—a belief still held, we are told, by some of our northern fishing communities—that whoever saves a drowning man must reckon on him ever after as an enemy. This has often been remarked by fishermen as a strangely-mysterious fact. Also, that when the crew of some boat or vessel have perished with but the exception of one individual, the relatives of the deceased invariably regard that one with a deep, irrepressible hatred. In both cases these feelings, engendered of hostility and dislike, are said not simply to arise from grief, envy, or a burdensome gratitude, but in some "occult and supernatural cause." The following singular occurrence strikingly illustrates the case in point. About the beginning of last century a Cromarty boat was wrecked on the wild shores of Eathie. All the crew perished with the exception of one fisherman, who, sad to relate, was so persecuted on account of his good fortune by the relatives of the drowned men, who even threatened his life, that he was obliged, sorely against his inclination, to leave his native Cromarty and seek refuge at Nairn. Not many years afterwards he had the misfortune to be wrecked a second time, and again he chanced to be the sole survivor. As on the former occasion, he was subjected to such persistent persecution on the part,

of the friends of the deceased that he was compelled to quit Nairn, for what harbour of refuge is not recorded.

There is a church in Fladda dedicated to St. Columba. It has an altar in the west end, and on it a blue stone of round form, which is always moist. It was an ordinary custom when any of the fishermen were detained in the island by contrary winds to wash this blue stone with water, in the hope of procuring a favouring breeze. This practice was said never to fail, especially if a stranger washed the stone.

Until within recent years no Cockenzie fisherman would have ventured out to sea had either a pig or a lame man crossed his path on his way to the beach. Not only so, but had a stranger met him of a morning and been the first to greet him with "*a gude mornin*" he would have regarded the interruption as an evil omen, and remained at home that day at least.

Another curious and superstitious custom used to prevail amongst fishermen. If, when at sea, especially when going out or coming into port, any one was heard to take the name of God in vain the first to hear the expression immediately called out "*Cauld airn,*" when each of the boat's crew would instantly grasp fast the first piece of iron which came within his reach, and hold it for a time between his hands. This was done by way of counteracting the ill-luck which otherwise would have continued to follow the boat for the remainder of the day.

The ancient bell which formerly rung the good people of St. Manance to church, being suspended from a tree in the church-yard, was, strange to say, removed every year from that position during the herring season, the fishermen entertaining the superstitious belief that the fish were scared away from the coast by its noise !

Before striking their tents at Lammas, and bidding farewell for a while to the active, perilous occupations of the summer, the Orkney fishermen, who had been accustomed to associate during the season, met and partook of a parting cup, when the usual toast was, "*Lord, open Thou the mouth of the grey fish and hold Thy hand above the corn !*" This meeting was known by the name of the "*Fishers' Foy.*"

From time immemorial the fishermen and seamen of Burghhead, in Duffus parish, Elginshire, on Yule Night, o. s., met at the west end of the town, carrying an old barrel and other combustible materials, of which the following additional note may be recorded—

This barrel having been sawn in two, the lower half is nailed into a long spoke of firewood, which serves for a handle. *This nail must not be struck by a hammer, but driven in by a stone.* The half-barrel is then filled with dry wood saturated with tar, and built up like a pyramid, leaving only a hollow to receive a burning peat, *for no lucifer-match must be applied.* Should the bearer stumble or fall the consequences would be unlucky to the town and to himself. The Clavie is thrown down the western side of the hill, and a desperate scramble ensues for the burning brands, possession of which is accounted to bring good luck, and the embers are carried home and carefully preserved till the following year as a safeguard against all manner of evil. In bygone times it was thought necessary that one man should carry it right round the town, so the strongest was selected for the purpose. It was also customary to carry the Clavie round every ship in the harbour, a part of the ceremony which has lately been discontinued. In 1875, however, the Clavie was duly carried to one vessel just ready for sea. Handfuls of grain were thrown upon her deck, and amid a shower of fire-water she received the suggestive name of “Doorie.” The modern part of the town is not included in the circuit. According to a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, ser. I. vol. v. p. 5, the following superstitious observances formerly existed among the fishermen of Preston Pans :

If on their way to their boats they met a pig they at once turned back, and deferred their embarkation. The event was an omen that boded ill to their fishing.

It was a custom also of theirs to set out on the Sunday for the fishing grounds. A clergyman of the town was said to pray against their Sabbath-breaking, and to prevent any injury which might result from his prayers, the fishermen made a small image of rags and burned it on the tops of their chimneys.

In the year 1885 some of the fishermen of Buckie, owing to the herring fishing being very backward, dressed a cooper in a flannel

shirt with burs stuck all over it; and in this condition he was carried in procession through the town in a hand-barrow. This was done to bring better luck to the fishing.

There were formerly fishermen in Forfarshire, who, on a hare crossing their path while on their way to their boats, would not put to sea that day.

In some parts of Scotland, when a horseshoe that has been found is nailed to the mast of a fishing-boat, it is supposed to ensure the boat's safety in a storm.

A practice common among the Cromarty fishermen of the last age was termed "soothing the waves." When beating up in stormy weather along a lee shore, it was customary for one of the men to take his place on the weather gunwale, and there continue waving his hand in a direction opposite to the sweep of the sea, in the belief that this species of appeal to it would induce it to lessen its force. It was also (perhaps still is) customary with fishermen and seafaring men, when the sails were drooping against the mast, and the vessel lagging in her course, earnestly to invoke the wind in a shrill trembling whistle, with their faces turned in the direction whence they expect the breeze, pausing when a slight increase of air made itself felt, and renewing their solicitations yet more earnestly when it had died away.

ELLEN E. GUTHRIE.

## NOTES ON HARVEST CUSTOMS.

**I**N the following notes, where my information was derived from correspondence, I have thought it best, for the sake of accuracy, to give the writer's own words.

With regard to harvest customs in Ayrshire, I have received the following note from my sister. It is dated—

"Lanfine, Ayrshire, Oct. 4th, 1888.

"Caldwell says that in her part of the country (South Ayrshire), the last sheaf-cutting is called 'cutting the hare or hair,' she does not

know which spelling is meant. In speaking of witches she says they often turn themselves into *hares*, so that perhaps it should be *hare*, as it might be a witch was in the last sheaf.\*

"Last week here a field of corn was cut, and all the maids went up to see it done. The machine could not cut it, as the corn was much laid. Caldwell knew how to shear with the hook, so she showed the others the way to do it. They left the last sheaf standing in the middle of the field, and when all the rest was cut they went to it and *plaited* it as it stood. Then all the men in turn tried to cut it. Each went up to it in turn, then stepped backwards a good long way, and *threw* the hook at the sheaf. The hook has to be held flat by the back of the blade, *not* by the handle. No one succeeded in cutting it, so one of the maids ran in and cut it down at one blow. She held its head. The men were not very well pleased at this proceeding; however, she carried it home in triumph, and *hung it up over the door*. The first one coming in after that was supposed to have the same name as her future husband. The sheaf is now all destroyed, as the servants began to play pranks with it, and it was torn to bits."

The Rev. W. Cunningham, rector of Great St. Mary's, Cambridge, tells me that to the best of his memory, the custom of plaiting the last handful of standing corn, and cutting it by throwing sickles at it, was observed in his youth in Dumfriesshire; but the introduction of scythes for cutting the corn had gone some way towards abolishing the latter part of the custom. Thus in the Ayrshire observance, already reported, the throwing the sickles would seem to be the revival of an old custom, for in Ayrshire also the scythe appears to have ousted the sickle.

\* The analogy of the German *Hase* which is applied to the last sheaf in some parts of Germany (see W. Mannhardt, *Die Korndämonen*, p. 3) makes it almost certain that the Ayrshire name is *hare*. Animal names for the last sheaf, though common in Germany, are not common in this country. In Hertfordshire and Shropshire the last sheaf was called the Mare; Brand, *Popular Antiquities*, ii. p. 24 (Bohn's ed.). In Devon and Cornwall it was called the Crow (crow); J. H. Dixon and R. Bell, *Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England*, p. 159. [J. G. F.]

The following is from a letter of Mr. Robert Matheson, addressed to a friend, the Rev. J. S. Black, of 6, Oxford Terrace, Edinburgh, who gives me leave to publish it. The letter is dated 4, Caledonia Crescent, Edinburgh, November 12, 1888.

"I have been waiting for some information as to the present clyack \* ceremonies before writing you; but it will be better to write now the little that I know and have learned about clyack thirty to forty years ago, and I shall write again if I learn anything new.

"At Corwichen, which is a small farm of fifty to sixty acres, no great style of feasting was possible; but a 'clyack-kebbuck' was always produced and cut for the first time—at dinner, if clyack was got in the forenoon, and at supper, when otherwise. We called the last corn cut the 'clyack-shaif,' but it was much smaller than an ordinary sheaf; and it was given to a favourite horse. It was made into a rude female figure, and got a drink of ale; but I can distinctly recollect of this being done only once, and I will make enquiries. I learn from two acquaintances that in the neighbourhood of Roslin, and in the neighbourhood of Stonehaven, the last handful (or hand-fuls) of corn cut got the name of 'the bride,' and she was placed over the 'bress' or chimney-piece; she had a ribbon tied below her numerous ears, and another round her waist.

"Under *Kern*, in Jamieson (*Dictionary of the Scottish Language*), there is some interesting information; and in the poem called Har'st-Rig, where a kern is described, it is said in reference to the year Aughty-Twa:—

'Oh that year was a year forlorn!  
Lang was the har'st and little corn!  
And, sad mischance! the maid was shorn  
After sunset!  
As rank a witch as e'er was born—  
They'll ne'er forget!'

"And there is the note as to the 'mischance': 'This is esteemed

\* Clyack is the name given to the last sheaf in the north-east of Scotland. See Mr. Gregor, *Folk-Lore of the North-East of Scotland*, p. 181 sq.; id. in *Revue des traditions populaires*, October, 1888. [J. G. F.]

exceedingly unlucky, and carefully guarded against.' The scene of the poem is in the vicinity of Edinburgh. Clyack-shaif, kirk-cut, kirk-dollie, kirk-baby, maiden, and bride, are names given to the last handful (or handfuls)."

The Rev. E. B. Birks, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, tells me that at Orwell, in Kent, within living memory, it was the custom to throw water on the last waggon returning from the harvest-field; water was also carried in the waggon, and the people in the waggon threw water on those they met. The waggon was called *hawkey*.\*

The Rev. J. J. C. Yarborough, of Chislehurst, Kent, informs me that in a part of Yorkshire, it is still the custom for the clergyman to cut the first corn. Mr. Yarborough thinks that the first corn so cut is used to make the communion bread, but of this he is not sure. He tells me also that as the reaping-machine goes round and round the corn-field, the wild animals (hares, rabbits, &c) retreat into the standing corn in the middle of the field, and when the last patch is to be cut down the reapers stand round it with sticks, ready to knock down and kill the animals when they dart out of the corn. A friend tells me that the same thing happens when the reaping is done by hand; but the machine by its whirring noise seems to daze and stupify the creatures more than does the simple reaping by hand. This fact suggests an explanation of the reason why the spirit of the corn is so often supposed (as Mannhardt has shown) to be incarnate in animal form in the last corn cut.

My friend, Mr. H. E. Cameron, of Newton Leys, by Ashbourne, Derbyshire, writes me: "As a boy, I remember † the last bit of corn cut was taken home, and neatly tied up with a ribbon, and then stuck up on the wall above the kitchen fire-place, and there it often remained till the 'maiden' of the following year took its place. There was no ceremony about it, beyond often a struggle, as to who would

\* So I spelt the word from Mr. Birks's pronunciation; he did not know the proper spelling. It is plainly the same word as *Hawkie*, *Hockey*, *Horkey* in Brand and Hone. [J. G. F.]

† Mr. Cameron's recollections refer not to Derbyshire, but to Invernesshire, and particularly, I believe, to Glen Moriston. [J. G. F.]



get, or cut, the last sheaf to select the 'maiden' from. . . . . A friend from Wigtonshire was here some weeks ago, when I was away from home, and he told my wife, the only custom in that district was throwing water on the man that led the last load home, but this has been done away with, as the horses often got frightened. He did not know the origin of the custom, nor could he give any reason why the water was thrown."

Mr. Cameron also enclosed a letter from Mr. Horace Warner, of which the following is an extract. The letter is dated, 44, Highbury Park, N., Nov. 11th, 1888.

"You asked me to describe the scene of 'Harvest Home' we witnessed in the country in Norfolk, and so I will do it to the best of my ability. The sun was setting behind the old wind-mill as we crossed the field of stubble, when from a little group came a woman, who with a low curtsey asked us for 'largess(e),' the old English word for money, which is still used in parts of the country. We thence passed on to the road, where in the distance we heard merry shouts and cheering, which gradually approached, and round the corner of the road came a fine team of horses mounted by two lads dressed in the costume of women, and on the top of the corn were a merry lot. The waggon stopped, gave us three cheers, which we returned, and then on went the joyous men to the village green, where, as the children came out of the village school, they stopped, and many of the children were hoisted on to the top to join in the shouts."

In Fifeshire, the custom of the 'maiden' seems still to be regularly kept up; for in a recent case which came before the sheriff, the date of one of the events was fixed by the day on which the 'maiden' was cut, as if the cutting the 'maiden' was a matter of popular notoriety. This was told me by Mr. Sheriff Mackay, before whom the case was tried.

I learn on good authority that the custom of the harvest 'maiden' is practiced at the end of the maize harvest in America. The ears form the 'maiden's' head and the husks her dress. A similar custom used to be observed in cutting the sugar-canes in Louisiana, as we learn from the *Journal of American Folk-Lore*. As this journal may

not be in the hands of some English readers of these notes if may be worth while to transcribe the passage :—

“Another custom which was quite interesting was the cutting of the last cane for grinding. When the hands had reached the last rows standing, the foreman (*commandeur*) chose the tallest cane, and the best labourer (*le meilleur couteau*) came to the cane chosen, which was the only one in the field left uncut. Then the whole gang congregated around the spot, with the overseer and foreman, and the latter, taking a blue ribbon, tied it to the cane, and brandishing his knife in the air, sang to the cane as if it were a person, and danced around it several times before cutting it. When this was done, all the labourers, men, women, and children, mounted in the empty carts, carrying the last cane in triumph, waving coloured handkerchiefs in the air, and singing as loud as they could. The procession went to the house of the master, who gave a drink to every negro, and the day ended with a ball, amid general rejoicing.”—“Customs and Superstitions in Louisiana,” by Alcée Fortier, *The American Journal of Folk-Lore*, vol. I. No. ii., pp. 137 *sq.*

The Rev. J. S. Black tells me that in the counties of Fife and Kinross it is the custom for the reapers to seize and “dump” any person who happens to pass by the harvest fields. The person is seized by his (or her) ankles and armpits, lifted up, and the lower part of his person brought into violent contact with the ground. This is called “dumping” or “benjie.” Mr. G. A. Aitken, a friend and agriculturist whom Mr. Black consulted on the subject, writes: “The only correction I can make is that it is usually administered to people *visiting* the harvest fields, not to those passing by. It is occasionally practised, in frolic, by the harvesters among themselves, but the custom is fast dying out in this quarter. ‘Head-money’ is usually demanded, and if that is\* custom is ‘the fashion of the field.’ How far it extends to Perth and Forfar I don’t know.” Mr. Black, however, has no doubt that passers by, as well as visitors to the field, are

\* So Mr. Aitken writes. Some words seem to have dropped out, the meaning apparently being that if head-money is refused by the victim he is dumped.

[J. G. F.]

liable to be "dumped." He adds that the dumping was not (as some one had suggested) the exclusive function of the women reapers; and that the custom of interposing a sheaf between the sufferer and the ground seems, where it exists, to be only a modern refinement. "Dumping" was also practised in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, for Mrs. Nicholson, of Eden Lodge, Morningside, Edinburgh, remembers that as a girl at Bonaly, Collinton, not many years ago, she was warned not to go into the harvest fields, as one of the servants had been "dumped."

J. G. FRAZER.

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## NOTES AND QUERIES.

**Sutherlandshire Folk-Lore.**—Isabella Ross, of Sutherlandshire, a servant in our family, told the following to my mother:—

"On entering a house everyone is expected to bless it by saying, 'Peace to this house.' When she was at home last summer for her holiday, she was put out of a house because she had forgotten to bless it.

"It is very lucky to meet a horse and cart, or a man.

"A first-foot on New Year's Day must be a man; a woman would not be allowed to come into the house. The 12th of January is their New Year's Day, they never wish a good new-year to anyone before that.

"If people are going on some important errand, and the errand fails, they say that the first person they met must have been unlucky. If anyone leaves (forgets) a coat, umbrella, or anything behind them, they would rather stand and cry for a week than go back. (This was told with great energy and in these very words.)

"The harvest customs seem to be much the same as those at Balquhiddy (see *Folk-Lore Journal*, vol. vi. p. 268 *seq.*) They hang up the 'maiden' generally over the mantel-piece (chimney-piece) till

the next harvest. They have always a kirn, whipped cream, with often a ring in it, and sometimes meal sprinkled over it. The girls must all be dressed in lilac prints, they all dance, and at twelve o'clock they eat potatoes and herrings.

"Now about Brownies. Isabella Ross's mother was a servant in a castle (so she called it) near Ullapool, where a Brownie always came, generally about the gloaming, and walked about the house; she saw him very often. If there was a party, or more work to do than usual, he helped but never spoke. He was peculiar looking, short and broad. When anyone wanted to get rid of him, they had to weave and make a coat and bonnet, and give them to him with some Gaelic words. He took them, and then in Gaelic spoke and said, 'Good-bye, good-bye, you will never see me more.'

"At the time of digging the new potatoes everyone must taste them; if not, the spirits in them take offence and the potatoes would not keep.

"At Hallow e'en they sweep round the peat stack; if they did not do that, the peats would be 'like butter on a hot stone.' If a girl sweeps, she expects to see her intended husband, who takes the broom from her and finishes.

"The first time they see the new moon they must turn one of their garments outside in and expect a present before the moon wanes."

J. G. FRAZER.

**Unlawful Cures.**—The following newspaper cutting is worth preserving. I have found it among a bundle of old Lincolnshire newspapers which came accidentally into my hands a year or two ago:—

"Nothing could be more absurd than the notions regarding some of these supposed cures: a ring made of the hinge of a coffin had the power of relieving cramps, which were also mitigated by having a rusty old sword hung up by the bedside. Nails driven in an oak tree prevented the tooth-ache. A halter that had served in hanging a criminal was an infallible remedy for a head ache when tied round the head; this affection was equally cured by the moss growing upon a human skull, dried and pulverised, and taken as cephalic snuff. A

dead man's hand could dissipate tumours of the glands, by stroking the part nine times; but the hand of a man who had been cut down from the gallows was the most efficacious. To cure warts, one had nothing to do but to steal a piece of beef from the butcher, with which the warts were to be rubbed, then interring it in any filth, and as it rotted the warts would wither and fall. The chips of a gallows on which several had been hanged, when worn in a bag round the neck, would cure the ague. A stone with a hole in it, suspended at the head of a bed, would effectually stop the night-mare; hence it was called a hag-stone, as it prevents the troublesome witches from sitting upon the sleeper's stomach. The same amulet, tied to the key of a stable door, deterred witches from riding horses over the country.—*Boston, Lincoln, Louth, and Spalding Herald*, 7th February, 1837."

EDWARD PEACOCK.

**Scandinavian Folk-Lore.**—The following passages from L. Lloyd's *Scandinavian Adventures*, 1854, are worth reproducing in the *Folk-Lore Journal* :—

"In parts of Scandinavia the curious notion prevails, that though bears, if unmolested, generally flee at the sight of man, they will always attack pregnant women."—(i. 256).

"Another singular notion also prevalent in parts of Scandinavia is, that when the bear has received his death-wound, he, rather than fall into the hands of his pursuers, will commit self-destruction."—(i. 257).

"The superstitious notions entertained in Scandinavia regarding the wolf are multitudinous. In certain districts, during a portion of the spring, the peasants do not venture to call him by his usual designation of Varg, as in that case he will carry away their cattle the following summer, but substitute in its stead that of Ulf, Grahans, &c. To meet a wolf at certain hours, or under certain circumstances, is looked upon as a bad omen; and the appearance of those beasts in numbers, to forbode war or other great calamity. Old hags, moreover, reputed to deal in the black art, who dwell alone in the recesses of the forest, are believed to be in league with, and to harbour wolves;

and, in consequence, they go by the hated name of *Varg-Mödrar* or wolf-mothers.”—(i. 475).

“The singular notion is entertained by some, that when the lynx shifts his hunting-ground, the migration, if so it can be called, always takes place either at the end of the last quarter of the old moon or at the commencement of the new; and that, should he return again to the same district, it is never within less time than a month.”—(ii. 3).

“The hare, as soon as killed, is disembowelled, and its head, with the exception of the ears, which remain attached to the skin, is severed from the body. The only reason I could ever hear alleged for this very strange custom, which is usually adopted throughout Sweden, is, that if a woman in a state of pregnancy was to see the head of the animal, her offspring would inevitably have a hare-lip.”—(ii. 97).

“It (the raven) has, they say, a certain white feather on its body, which, if a man can get possession of, he will be endowed with all wisdom; but that it is a matter of extreme difficulty to obtain this plume, as the bird, when wounded, and in its dying agonies, always exerts its last strength to pick it out and gulp it down, that its wisdom may perish along with it.”

“Another notion is, that in the body of this bird there is a so-called *Korp-sten*, or raven-stone, which is possessed of the remarkable property that the individual swallowing it will be invisible to mortal eyes.”—(ii. 330—331.)

“When our Saviour was crucified, a little bird came and perched upon the Cross, peered sorrowfully down upon the sufferer, and twitted *Hugsuala, svala, svala Honom*—that is console, console, console Him; and hence obtained the name of *Svala*. In consequence of the commiseration thus evinced by the swallow towards the Redeemer, Heaven ordained that blessings and prosperity should ever afterwards attend on those who protected it and its nest.

“It is furthermore said that, for a long time afterwards, it would often sit upon the Cross; but when this was taken down by the enemies of Christendom, and buried in the earth, it flew sorrowing away from the spot. When, however, at an after-period, the Cross

was recovered, it returned, and frequently made it its resting-place. For this cause, *Kors messa*, or Holyrood-day, was marked with a swallow on many *Run-stafva*, or Runic staves—the time tallying with the migration of that bird.”—(ii. 355).

“There is an equally-beautiful legend respecting the turtle-dove, as that touching the swallow. When our Saviour was crucified, it for awhile hovered around the fatal tree, and at length perched there; when looking mournfully down on the sufferer's blood, it sighed deeply, and gave utterance to its plaintive *kurrie, kurrie, kurrie* (Κύριε)—that is, Lord, Lord, Lord. Since that time it has never more been joyful, but has constantly winged its flight around the world, repeating its sorrowful cry.”—(ii. 361).

“They say that this bird (the Crested Lapwing) was a handmaiden of the Blessed Virgin, and whilst in servitude, purloined its mistress's silver scissors, and that, as a judgment, the transformation took place; moreover, that as a brand for the theft, its tail was forked in the manner of scissors, and that it was doomed for ever to fly from tussock to tussock, uttering its plaintive *tyvit, tyvit*—that is, I stole them! I stole them!”—(ii. 371).

“The stork is in Scandinavia looked upon with a kind of veneration. Many reasons are assigned for this; amongst the rest, as with the swallow and the turtle-dove, at the Crucifixion it flew over the Redeemer, crying in a sympathising tone, *stryk, stryk, stryk, Honom!* that is, strengthen, strengthen, strengthen Him. Hence it derived the name of stork, and it was in remembrance of the affectionate solicitude it evinced on this occasion, that the gift was bestowed on this bird of bringing peace and happiness to the roof where it was allowed undisturbed to rear its young.”—(ii. 390).

EDWARD PEACOCK.

**Aino Folk-lore.**—The issue of the Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan, which has just reached us, contains a paper of very great interest on the Folk-Lore of the Ainos, the strange aboriginal race inhabiting, in constantly decreasing numbers, the Island of Yezo. The author is the Rev. J. Batchelor, a missionary among this people, who has devoted special study to their language and legends. The

Ainos have no writing, but are very fond of telling and listening to tales in prose and verse. Those in verse are chanted in a sing-song monotone. The following is a literal translation of a legend of a famine:—"In explaining the subject from the beginning, and in setting it forth from the end, the tale runs thus: Now look, do you think that the great God, do you think that the true God was blind? In Ainoland there was a great famine, and the Ainos were dying from want of food; yet with what little rice-malt and with what little millet they had they made a cup of wine. Now, the great God had mercy, and, in order that our relatives might eat, produced both deer and fish. And the great God had mercy upon us, and, in truth, saw that in Ainoland there was a famine, and that the Ainos had nothing to eat. Then was that cup of wine emptied in six lacquer-ware vessels. In a very little while the scent of the wine filled the whole house. Therefore were all the gods led in, and the gods of places were brought from everywhere, and they were all well pleased with that delicious wine. Then the goddesses of the river and the goddesses of the mouths of rivers danced back and forth in the house. Upon this all the gods laughed with smiles upon their faces; and while they looked at the goddesses, they saw them pluck out two hairs from a deer, and, as it were, blow them over the tops of the mountains. Then appeared two herds of deer skipping upon the mountain tops, one of bucks and one of does. Then they plucked out two scales from a fish, and, as it were, blew them over the rivers, and the beds of the rivers were so crowded with fish that they scraped upon the stones, and the tops of the rivers were so full that the fish stood out like the porches of houses and were dried up by the sun. So the things called fish filled all the rivers to the brim. Then the Ainos went fishing, and caused their boats to dance upon the rivers. The young men now found fish and venison in rich abundance. Hence it is that Ainoland is so good. Hence it is that from ancient times till now there has been hunting. Hence it is that there are inheritors to this hunting."

**Folk-Tales.**—*Science* states that Dr. A. Ernst, has collected a few



popular tales, which are very interesting on account of their Tupi and Spanish affinities. The tales are entitled "Tio Tigre and Tio Conejo" ("Uncle Tiger and Uncle Rabbit"), and all of them have for their subject the superiority of cunning and craft over sheer force. "Uncle Tiger had a field of splendid water melons. He observed that somebody visited his field at night and stole the melons; therefore, he made a figure of a man of black wax and placed it in the field. At night Uncle Rabbit came, and saw the figure. "What are you doing there, you black man? Get away!" The figure did not reply. Then Uncle Rabbit went up to the black man and boxed his ears; but his right hand stuck to the wax. "Let go my hand, or I'll box your other ear," cried he. When he did so his left-hand also stuck to the wax. Then he knocked his head against the forehead of the figure; his head stuck to it. Then he worked with his hind legs to get away; they also stuck to the wax, and Uncle Rabbit was caught. Early in the morning Uncle Tiger came, and when he saw Uncle Rabbit, he cried, "Oho! have we got the thief? Now I'll eat you!" "Wait a moment," said Uncle Rabbit; "set me free, and I will show you a pit in which two large deer have been caught. You had better eat those." Uncle Tiger thought, "Two large deer are better than Uncle Rabbit," and he set him free. Uncle Rabbit led him to a deep pit, and said, "Stoop down and you will see the deer." When Uncle Tiger did so, Uncle Rabbit pushed him from behind, and Uncle Tiger fell into the pit. Uncle Rabbit, however, ran away as fast as his legs would carry him." Here is another story: "Uncle Rabbit was very sad because he was so small. He went to God and wanted to be made taller. God said, "I will do so, but first bring me a coral snake, a wasp swarm, and a calabash filled with women's tears." Uncle Rabbit started on his journey, and arrived in a forest where there were many snakes. Walking along there, he said, "I bet there is room for him, I bet there is room for him!" A coral snake heard him, and asked what his speech meant. He replied, "The wasps say that there is not room enough for you in this calabash, and I bet that you can get in there." "We will see at once who is right," said the snake, and he crawled into the calabash. When he

was in it, Uncle Rabbit at once put the stopper into the opening, and thus the snake was caught. Then he went on and said, "I bet there is room for them, I bet there is room for them." The wasps heard him and asked what his speech meant. "Oh!" said Uncle Rabbit, "the snake says there is not room enough for your swarm in this calabash, and I bet that all of you can get in there." "We will see at once who is right," said the wasps, and crawled into the calabash. When the whole swarm was in, Uncle Rabbit put the stopper into the opening, and thus the wasps were caught. He next went to a village, and when near the huts he began to cry and lament. Then all the women gathered, and asked the cause of his grief. "Oh!" said Uncle Rabbit, "why should I not cry and lament? The world is going to be destroyed to-day, and all of us will perish." When the women heard this they began to cry wofully, and Uncle Rabbit filled a calabash with their tears. Then he returned to God. When the latter saw the three calabashes, with the snake, the wasps, and the tears, He said, "Uncle Rabbit, you are more cunning than any one else. Why do you want to be taller? But, as you wish it, I will at least make your ears larger." Saying so, he pulled Uncle Rabbit's ears, and since that day they have remained long.

**Lancashire Folk-lore.**—The last issue of *The Folk-Lore Journal* contains a quotation from Stukeley's Diary, forwarded by me, regarding milking a cow into a sieve. The tale comes from Shropshire. I have now come across a Lancashire variant. In Mr. Joseph Gillow's recently-published *Haydock Papers* it is recorded that "On the moors around Whittingham, it is stated, there once lived an old dun cow, of enormous size. Though recognising no owner, it gave milk to all comers, and that in no stinted quantity. At last an old witch said she would take a pail which the dun cow could not fill. She produced a riddle; and, after a vain attempt to fill it, the beast died of vexation."—(P. 64.)

In the same work is another Lancashire witch story. "This hag resided in a wretched hut called Cuckoo Hall, situated in a solitary part of Wesham, adjoining a footpath leading from Kirkham to

Singleton . . . . . On one occasion she was met by a countryman driving a goose before her. The path was narrow, and the goose did not get out of the way; the lout struck the seeming bird with his stick, when lo! to his amazement, it was changed into a broken pitcher, with milk flowing on every side. It was thus the witch conveyed the stolen milk to her abode.”—(P. 41.)

EDWARD PEACOCK.

**The Devil's Stone.**—At Staple Fitzpaine, a few miles west of Taunton, in Somerset, there is by the roadside a big “Sarten,” known as “the Devil's Stone,” because, having come overnight with a lot of big stones on his back, wherewith to pelt the builders of a church which he heard was to be built, against his wish, in that then benighted place, he suddenly saw in the morning the beautiful tower of the finished church; and in his chagrin and amazement he was so taken aback that he dropped his budget of stones from his back; and this big one, in particular, from off his shoulder, remains on the spot to this day, as a strong (though dumb) witness of the fact!

F.

**Baldur Story.**—The following Indian legend may be compared with the story of Baldur:—

“*Taittiriya Brāhmana*, I. vii. 1. Indra promised the demon Namuci not to kill him by day nor by night, nor with what was wet or what was dry. He killed him in the morning twilight, by sprinkling over him the foam of the sea.”

DENHAM ROUSE.

**Siberian Folk-Lore.**—The following fragments of Folk-Lore occur in Mr. Henry Seeböhm's *Siberia in Asia*, 1882:—

“In the evening the man whom I had commissioned to shoot crows for me came from his village without any. I asked him why he had neglected my orders. He told me that it was unlucky to shoot a crow; that a gun which had once shot a crow would never shoot any other bird afterwards; and he assured me that he had once shot a crow, and had been obliged to throw his gun away.”—(P. 71.)

Mr. Seeböhm comments on the use of brass vessels, that in the East

they are supposed to "be incapable of conveying contagion. In Athens, Constantinople, or Smyrna, for example, the mouthpiece of your private nargilleh, or chibouque, will be made of amber, but in a public restaurant, if you call for a nargilleh, the mouthpiece of the one handed to you will be of brass; should you ask why it is not of amber, the answer will probably be given you that amber is dangerous, being capable of conveying infection."—(P. 262.)

EDWARD PEACOCK.

**Hereditary Powers of Curing Disease.** In honour of his friend Signor Salomone-Marino's wedding, Dr. Pitre has printed an edition of 25 copies of an interesting study on "the miraculous faculties belonging to some families of curing certain diseases." The kings of England and France had the power of curing scrofula; and, as everyone knows, Dr. Johnson was "touched" by Queen Anne. In Sicily, if you only know where to go, you may still be cured of almost any disease by persons who by inheritance, or by a lucky accident, have become possessed of the curative power. Wounds also, and the bites of animals, are particularly amenable to this kind of cure. Sometimes the cure is effected by the touch, sometimes by the saliva, sometimes by the saying of a charm or prayer. The *Settimu*, or seventh son, is regarded by the Sicilians as having the gift of healing: the same power is ascribed in North Italy to the *Settimino*, or seven-month child. The latter is held in much esteem in Lombardy; one of my husband's labourers paid a visit to the *Settimino* of Soncino, who cured him of a fever which had baffled all the doctors. Another peasant was "cured" of a mad-dog-bite.

Dr. Pitre tells me that he is now occupied with the superstitions relating to Friday—a large subject, which he is sure to treat with the thoroughness and the literary ability that have given him a world-wide reputation—the recompense of labours which for a long period resulted in nothing but trouble, expense, and discouragement of every kind to himself. Dr. Pitre has now reached the XVIII. volume of his "*Biblioteca delle tradizioni popolari Siciliane*," and probably there exists no such complete and comprehensive record of the tales, songs,

prejudices, and credulities of a particular region. Yet these eighteen volumes hardly give an idea of their author's extraordinarily-minute and intimate knowledge of the Sicilian people: to fully realise it, one must have walked with him in the streets of Palermo, and have heard from his lips the legend of every stone, the history of every idiom, the significance of every gesture. This has been my privilege; and I do not know that a Folk-Lorist could desire a greater.

E. MARTINENGO-CESARESCO.

## NOTICES AND NEWS.

*Originals and Analogues of some of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales.*

Parts IV. and V. By W. A. Clouston. Publisht for the Chaucer Society, by N. Trübner and Co. London, 1887.

*The Tale of Beryn, with a Prologue of the Merry Adventure of the Pardoner with a Tapster at Canterbury.* Re-edited from the Duke of Northumberland's unique M S., by F. J. Furnivall and W. G. Stone. With an English Abstract of the French original, and Asiatic Versions of the tale by W. A. Clouston. Publisht for the Chaucer Society, by N. Trübner and Co. London, 1887.

It was a happy thought of the Director of the Chaucer Society to obtain the assistance of Mr. Clouston in completing his valuable *Originals and Analogues*; and if any proof were needed by Folk-Lore students of Mr. Clouston's learning and untiring industry, it would be abundantly furnished by these publications. As in his previous works, here also, the wealth of examples which he has collected is chiefly found in facetious tales and apologues, such as were dear to the fabliaists from whom Chaucer and his imitators so largely drew, and to the translators and adaptors of the romance best known to us under the name of *The Seven Wise Men of Rome*. This side of the study of Folk-Tales has been hitherto comparatively neglected. The attention of students has been chiefly concentrated on Nursery and other Tales in which the marvellous is an essential element. Much, therefore, has

been done for the elucidation of the latter, while the former are still to a great extent an unknown region. Perhaps one reason for this is that the collections of Folk-Tales made in recent years have dealt mainly with Nursery Tales and Sagas, while he who would study Drolls and Fables must resort to more purely literary sources, some of them, like the old fabliaux, of a recondite nature. And this has contributed, more than almost any other single cause, to the controversy between the anthropological school and the disciples of Benfey on the origin and transmission of stories. Hence we welcome Mr. Clouston's writings. They are a storehouse of information which it is not easy to overprize.

The Chaucer Analogues before us include illustrations of the Franklin's tale, the Merchant's tale, the Man of Law's tale, the Pardoner's tale, the Manciple's tale, the Wife of Bath's tale, and the Clerk's tale. The enumeration of these will show the value of the work. Of course they are not all treated with the same fulness. Among those most fully dealt with we may mention the Franklin's tale, the Man of Law's tale, and the Wife of Bath's tale. Indeed, Mr. Clouston's collection may, with the stories brought together in the first part of the *Originals and Analogues*, be considered as a nearly exhaustive account of the wanderings and evolutions of the pathetic tale of Custance. And if we wanted an example of what might be done for the literary history of Folk-Tales, we do not think we could point to anything better than this, or the similar treatment of the Franklin's tale.

Both in the *Originals and Analogues*, and in the illustrations of *The Tale of Beryn*, the author has touched on some of the subjects of his *Popular Tales and Fictions*, reviewed in these pages a few months since. But in such cases he has greatly extended his researches; he has not merely repeated what he had already said, but has made substantial additions. It has been no part of his business in illustrating Chaucer to broach any theories. His work has been simply to lay facts before the reader; and he has left to others the task of drawing conclusions. All who are interested in Folk-Tales, whatever their opinions, will feel deeply indebted to him, and will look forward to his promised illustrations of the Squire's tale.

## THE BELIEFS AND RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES OF THE MORDVINS.\*



SO far as can be traced back historically, the Mordvins have always occupied the territory on both sides the Surà, between the Oka and the Volga, in the governments of Nizhni-Novgorod, Simbirsk, Pensa, Tambof, and Saràtof. Their number amounts to about half a million, but they are divided into two sections, called Ersà and Moksha. The former are the more numerous, and are chiefly found in the first two governments. The Mordvins are also found in considerable numbers in the governments of Kazàn, Samara, and Orenburg, but are believed to have extended themselves so far in more recent times. From a linguistic point of view they belong to the Finns, and of all the eastern members of the family they live furthest south, and are nearest to the Finns proper as regards language. The number of words they have in common is very considerable, apart from the similarity of grammatical structure. Such are—bow, arrow, boat, oar, bear, beaver, dog, calf, skin, marrow, honey, dough, pestle, mortar, tongs, house, weaving, twisting, span, ell, summer, autumn, cloud, son-in-law, daughter-in-law, &c. Well into the last century the Mordvins were still heathens, and the last public act of sacrifice on record took place as late as the year 1813.

The information about to be given was originally published by the

\* In transcribing foreign words I have used the following symbols:

*i* = the thick Russian *i*, sometimes transcribed by *ui*.

Zh = French *j*.

Sh = English *sh*.

Ch = English *ch*.

Kh = Scotch *ch*.

late Mr. Melnikof, a great authority on everything connected with the Mordvins, in the Moscow journal *Ruskii Vyastnik*, during the months of June, September, and October, 1867. A Finnish translation appeared in several numbers of the Literary Monthly Paper (*Kuukaus Lehti*) for 1873, 1874, and this I have translated as literally as possible, though with some curtailments, owing to the diffuseness of style.

#### MORDVIN BELIEFS.

So far as is known, the Mordvins never worshipped images or natural objects as such. It is true they paid honour to sacred trees and offered sacrifices at their roots, but they never made gods of them. Though they prayed to the sun and moon, they always regarded them as creations of God.

When they have offered up sheep, geese, &c. at the time for sowing the summer corn, they beseech God for fine weather and a productive year, and conclude with the following address to the sun.

"O exalted sun, that shineth over the whole realm, shine also over us and our crops."

At the new year, when prayers are made at night, they terminate their offerings and prayers by an invocation to the moon.

"O moon, that shineth over the whole realm, shine also over us."

The Mordvins believed in one supreme God, on whom the whole visible and invisible world depended. The Ersas and Teryukhans\* called him *Pas*, or *Cham Pas*, i.e., supreme God; by the Mokshas he was termed *Shkai*.

Their conception of him is this. He has no beginning nor end, and is alike invisible to men and to the minor deities. He dwells in the sky, but how no one exactly knows. He rules the earth, and all creation takes its origin from him, even the good and evil spirits. Though he is the creator and protector of the universe, he arranges

\* The Teryukhans differed in language and dress from the Ersas, and lived mainly in the district of Nizhni-Novgorod.



everything by means of ministerial gods and goddesses. *Cham Pas* loves what he has made, and from him all good issues. But, that men should not forget him, he allowed *Shaitan* to create evil beings, and placed them in morasses and deep waters. If a man does anything against *Cham Pas* he allows him to be tormented by an evil spirit; but, if he repents and prays, the evil being is restrained and ordered to abide in the water. But private prayers\* are insufficient to propitiate the exasperated supreme God: both a general and a family worship of the ministerial deities is imperative, and still more so a good life.

The usual Moksha prayer to the supreme God is short: "*Shkai! otsyu Shkai, verdu Shkai, vanimist*" ("O God, Lord God, the original God, have mercy upon us").

The Ersas and Teryukhans say:

"*Cham Pas, Vel Pas* (God of the village community), have mercy upon us."

In prayer the supreme God is always invoked first, but no special festival is held in his honour. (See note § 3.) Apart from him the Mordvins believe also in good and evil beings made by him. According to their conception, there is a vast number of these beings or spirits, who, like mankind, increase by procreation. In every place there is some invisible divinity, who rules that portion of nature assigned to him. Though all sections of the Mordvins believe this, the notions of the Ersas and Moksha regarding the minor gods and their participation in the government of the world is dissimilar.

The Ersas and Teryukhans know that, when *Cham Pas* had resolved to create the world, he first created a spirit, almost like himself, to aid him in forming and ruling it. This was *Shaitan*.

#### STORY OF THE CREATION.

A priest named Fedor Shaverski, of the village of Vechkamova, in the Bugurustan district of the government of Samara, noted down in 1853 the following account of the Creation:

\* See note § 4.

Once, when there was still nothing in the world but water, *Cham Pas* was drifting about on a stone on the open sea, reflecting how to create the visible world and how to rule it. Then he said: "I have no brother, no companion, with whom to take counsel in this undertaking."

While speaking thus, he spat, in his anger, into the sea and drifted on.

When he had floated for some distance he looked back and perceived his spittle had turned into a great hill, drifting in his wake. In order to destroy it he struck it with his sceptre. At the same moment *Shaitan* leapt out of it and said:

"Thou art grieved, Lord, because thou hast no brother or comrade with whom to consider and take counsel in the creation of the world. If thou wilt, I am ready to become thy brother."

*Cham Pas* was glad of this, and said:

"Good. But be my comrade, not my brother. Let us create the earth. What shall we make it of? There is nothing but water."

*Shaitan* was silent, for he did not know how the earth was to be created.

"Dive, comrade, into the sea," said *Cham Pas*, "there is sand at the bottom. Fetch a little, and of it we shall make the earth."

"I was just on the point of making the same remark," cried *Shaitan*, who did not want to show that he was less clever than *Cham Pas*, or less exalted. Moreover, he always called *Cham Pas* "brother," though he had only been taken as a comrade.

"Come, go to the bottom and fetch sand," said *Cham Pas*, "but take care, comrade, that in taking the sand thou mention my name." *Shaitan* dived to the bottom. But in his pride he would not mention the name of *Cham Pas*—only his own. Accordingly, he could not get even a single grain. A flame, too, rose from the bottom of the sea and burnt him all over. Scorched, he returned to the surface.

"Brother," said he, "I cannot get a single grain of sand, for a flame rises from the bottom which was like to burn me severely."

"Return, comrade, to the bottom of the sea, the flame will not touch thee if thou but mention my name."

*Shaitan* went a second time, but in his pride could not bring himself to pronounce the name of *Cham Pas*. Again the flames burnt him on all sides. Again he returned to the surface and appeared before *Cham Pas* without any sand.

"How did matters go, comrade, hast thou brought any sand?"

"No, brother, the flames burnt me again worse than before."

"Didst thou mention my name, comrade?" As there was no help for it *Shaitan* acknowledged that he had not mentioned the name of *Cham Pas*.

"What name didst thou mention, comrade?"

"My own, brother," replied *Shaitan*.

"Listen, comrade," said *Cham Pas*, "go a third time to the bottom of the sea and take some sand, making mention of my name. But mind, comrade, if thou mention not my name the flames will burn thee up completely, and nothing will be left of thee."

*Shaitan* started a third time, mentioned in his alarm the name of *Cham Pas*, and took without hindrance a mouthful of sand. On returning to the surface he gave some to *Cham Pas*, but retained a portion in his cheek. He thought to himself, "Let my brother create his earth, I shall create mine as well."

*Cham Pas* began throwing here and there upon the sea the sand, which grew till it became the dry land. But in the same ratio as the grains of sand on the sea grew larger, so did those in *Shaitan's* cheek. His head swelled up in consequence till it became like a great mountain. From the intolerable pain produced he howled out in a fearful voice.

"Why dost thou shout, comrade?" asked *Cham Pas*.

There was nothing for it but for *Shaitan* to confess

"I did not spit out all the sand from my mouth, brother, so an earth is growing inside my head and causes me unbearable agony."

*Cham Pas* struck him on the head with his sceptre and said:

"Spit out the sand, comrade, and be cured of thine agony."

*Shaitan* began spitting out the sand, but with such violence that the still unconsolidated earth quaked. From this shaking originated deep places, ravines, and valleys, but from the sand he spat out were

formed hills, peaks, and mountains. When relieved of his pain *Chan Pas* said to him:

"Thou canst not be my comrade, for thou art evil, while I am good. Be accursed and repair to the bottom of the sea, to the place of the dead, to the fire that burnt thee, because thou in thy pride wouldst not make mention of thy Creator's name. Abide there and suffer punishment for ever and ever."

#### VARIANT ABOUT SHAITAN.

The Mordvins of the Simbirsk and Pensa governments relate the following variant:—

*Shaitan* stepped up to his Creator and said:

"*Cham Pas*, thou art now old, it is time for thee to rest, but I am young. So do thou sit in thy place and sleep, and I alone shall rule the world we have created."

*Cham Pas* cursed *Shaitan*, who was so irritated that he turned himself for ever into an evil being and a hater of all good.

#### THE MINOR GODS AND GODDESSES.

The next creation of *Cham Pas*, after that of *Shaitan*, was *Ange Patyai*\* (mother goddess). She is the source of life, of begetting children, and of the fruitfulness of the earth. These two minor deities are equally powerful and are incessantly at war. *Ange Patyai* gave birth to four gods and four goddesses.

Her eldest son, *Nishki Pas*,† is god of the sky, the sun, of fire and light. He is the chief protector of bees. At his place in the sky there are many habitations, where the souls of good men live. As bees cluster round their queen, so the souls surround *Nishki Pas*, and hence he obtained his name of Beehive God. In the government of

\* *Patyai* in the dictionaries means uncle, aunt. *Ange* I cannot find, but perhaps it is the same as the Ostiak *angi*, mother.

† *Nishke* is an Ersá word given in the dictionary as "high, exalted, lord." The author has probably confused this word with *neshke*, a beehive.

Simbirsk he is also called *Shisa Pas* or *Shi Pas*, i.e., Sun God. As the first-born of *Ange Patyai* he is also termed *Iniche Pas*,\* i.e., Son or Child God, while she is termed *Nishkeiva*,† or the mother of *Nishki Pas*.

Her second son, *Sviet-Ver-nishki Velen Pas* (God of the world-forest-beehive community (village)), is ruler of the earth and looks after the human communities or villages (*vele*),‡ which he has established with the aid of his elder brother, the Beehive God.

Her third son, *Nasarom Pas*, is god of winter, night, and the moon. He receives into his kingdom of *Nasarom-nishki* § (the dark beehive) the souls of all the dead. Good souls he sends on to *Nishki Pas*, but drives off the bad ones to the realms of *Shaitan*.

Her fourth son, *Voltsi Pas*, is the supreme god of living creatures other than man. He protects hunters and fishers.

Her eldest daughter is *Nishkende Tevtyar*, who has a beehive on the earth where real bees live. She protects bee-keeping, a favourite occupation of the Mordvins from remote ages. She is also the goddess of destiny. When a child is born *Ange Patyai* leaves its fate to be settled by this daughter. She also has a son, *Purgine-Pas* || (the Thunder-child God) or *Melkaso* (*Vergi Muchki Melkaso*), which means "the thunder-child's spirit moving upon the earth." ¶

Her second daughter, *Norrova Aparuchi*, is goddess of agriculture. She has a son, *Mastir Pas* (Earth God), who dwells within the earth and gives it strength to produce all sorts of plants, especially grain and edible fruits.

Her third daughter is *Paksya Patyai* (field aunt), protectress of meadows, pastures, and gardens. She has a son, *Ved Pas* (Water

\* In *Ersa ine* means "great," *inentae* "greatest," which perhaps is the correct form of *iniche*. A son is in *Ersa tsyora*, a child *eed*, *Moksha ed*, *id*, *idnä*, *ednä*.

† *Nishke ava*.

‡ Also means a swarm of bees.

§ Not in the dictionaries.

|| In the dictionary *purgine* is given as the word for thunder.

¶ I much doubt if this translation can be relied upon.

God) or *Ved Mastir Pas* (god of water on the earth), who rules over seas, rivers, lakes, springs, and wells.

Her fourth daughter, *Verya Patyai* (forest aunt), is goddess of forests, groves, and trees. Her son *Varma Pas* (Wind God) is god of wind and weather.

These fourteen gods and goddesses are the chief divinities of the Mordvins. But besides them there are innumerable good beings or guardian spirits called by the Ersas and Teryukhans, *ozais*, by the Moksha, *ozks*.<sup>\*</sup> The Mordvins give however the same name to the festivals held in honour of any divinity.

#### THE ORIGIN OF GUARDIAN SPIRITS.

When *Ange Patyai* had given birth to her eight children she wished to fill the whole world as soon as possible with good divinities, so that not only every man, but every tree and herb should have a protector from the wiles of *Shaitan*. She communicated this desire to *Cham Pas*, who gave her a steel, while her son, *Nishki Pas*, gave a flint. With these she began to strike fire, and in the same ratio as sparks flew off did the good *ozais* beings make their appearance.

*Shaitan*, perceiving this, took up two flints from the ground, as he had no steel, and began striking fire. In the same proportion as sparks flew off evil spirits were born. Since that time *Ange Patyai* and *Shaitan* have continued striking fire and adding to the number of good and bad spirits in proportion as mankind, animals, and plants increase.

*Ange Patyai* first struck the sparks from which came the *Ange ozais* or guardian goddesses of children, that help at child-birth and protect the young from sickness and misfortune. Every child has one who watches over its health. From other sparks every dwelling has obtained its own *Karda syarko ozais*, who keeps the household and the domestic animals from all harm, whose office it is to maintain family peace and the general welfare of the home. It dwells in the middle

<sup>\*</sup> In the dictionaries the word is given *ozks*, *oziks*, with the meaning, prayer, devotion, offering.

of the court-yard in a hole under a stone which is called after it, *Karda syarko* (the stall nit). This divinity is assisted by *Yurma ozais* who protects the household goods; *Kyolyada ozais* (birch tree ozais), who protects the cattle, especially *Ange Patyai's* favourite animals, sheep, pigs, and hens. Subordinate to the last-mentioned spirit are *Angar ozais*, guardians of stallions, *Lishman ozais*, guardian of mares and foals, *Taunzyai* or *Taun ozais*, guardian of pigs, and *Rev ozais*, guardian of sheep.

From the sparks struck by the goddess there appeared in every farm a *Nishki ozais*, whose function is to guard the enclosures where the beehives stand, and who is subordinate to *Nishkende Teytyar*; also *Suartuma ozais*, subordinate to the goddess *Norrova Aparuchin* (goddess of agriculture), and who protects fields; *Past ozais*, who protects seed from worms (*past*), locusts, and other injurious insects, and *Keret ozais* (ploughshare ozais), the guardian of agricultural implements.

Other good spirits that also originate from the sparks are *Akshakal ozais* (white fish ozais), protector of fisheries, and under *Ved pas* (Water God): *Kyolu ozais*, or *Vechki Kyos Kyoldigo*, guardian of birch trees, who is under *Verya pas* (Forest God): *Tumo ozais* (oak ozais), guardian of the bark of elm and lime\* trees: *Pekshe ozais*, guardian of lime trees: *Piche ozais*, protector of pine trees: *Tot ran ozais*, guardian of timber: *Keren ozais* (bark ozais), protector of elms, &c. According to the ideas of the Ersas, guardian spirits are found everywhere. Each faithfully defends the creation of *Cham Pas* that was entrusted to him, and so fulfils the commands of *Ange Patyai*, the good mother of the gods and of all the world. From her instrumentality in bringing into the world these guardian spirits, she has received in places the name of *Bulaman ozais* (aged woman or midwife of the ozais), and in other places *Bulaman Patyai*, with reference to her assistance at child-birth and as being the chief protectress of midwives.

The evil spirits created by *Shaitan* bring disease on men and cattle,

\* Probably a mistake for oak (*tumo*).

bring colonies of worms and locusts upon the fields, kill bees, destroy beehives, cause the bad weather that injures the crops, lead one into the jaws of a bear, and induce men to commit evil actions. They also wage eternal warfare against the good divinities.

Lastly the Mordvins worship their ancestors (see note §15) under the name of *atyat* (fathers). The departed that dwell in the heavenly beehive enclosures of *Nishki Pas* continue to care for their relations, and assist their descendants in all useful and good works; keep them from harm, and warn them, if necessary, either by a dream or some other portent. Prayers and offerings are made to them both at home and at the places of burial.

#### MOKSHA GODS AND GODDESSES.

According to the conceptions of the Moksha, the supreme Creator of the world, *Shkai* (god; sky), who is without beginning, first created *Shaitan* as his assistant. But the latter began to oppose his maker, and was accordingly cast down from the highest abode above the sky. *Shkai* then created in his place a new divinity, *Soltan*, also termed *Soltan Keremet*,\* and *Mastir kirdi*, the ruler of the material world. All other Moksha divinities are goddesses.

*Asar ava*,† *i.e.*, the highest goddess, like the Ersä *Ange Patyai*, is goddess of life, child-birth, and fruitfulness. In everything she is on the same footing as *Soltan*, being likewise a creation of *Shkai*.

From this pair several goddesses were derived: *Yurma asa ava*, the goddess of household property; *Kud asar ava*, goddess of the house (*kud*) itself and the cattle belonging to it; *Banya asar ava*, goddess of the vapour bath (*banya*), a Russ. loan word; *Avin asar ava*, goddess of the drying barn (*avin*), Russ. loan word; *Paksya asar ava*, goddess of fields (*paksya*) and meadows; *Virya asar ava*, goddess of the forest

\* Both the Turkish Chuvases that live in the same governments as the Mordvins and the Votyaks to the north-east of the latter know a god or divinity named *Keremet*. See note §§ 2, 6, 8, 10, 12.

† *Asar ava*, literally, lord woman, *i.e.*, queen, lady.



(*virya*); *Ved asar ava*, goddess of rivers and lakes (*ved*, water). There are besides a great number of goddesses of inferior rank. Every house has its own "house lady" (*kud asar ava*), every meadow its "field lady."

The Moksha have the same belief as the Ersä regarding *Shaitan* and the evil spirits that obey him, viz., that they try by every means to harm mankind, but the good divinities war against them and remove the injury.

#### DUALISTIC IDEAS REGARDING THE CREATION.

All sections of the Mordvins hold the same notions respecting the creation of the world. The supreme God created the whole visible and invisible world. *Shaitan*, in his wickedness, tried in every way to frustrate each creation of *Cham Pas*, but the wisdom of the Creator always turned each act of malice into good. For instance, when the sky was created it was clean, bright, and blue.\* [*Shaitan* darkened its bright surface with clouds.] *Cham Pas* did not remove them, but put rain into them, commanding them to moisten the ground and make it fruitful. Smooth and gleaming were the surfaces of the rivers created by *Cham Pas*. *Shaitan* directed winds against them so that they ruffled into waves, but *Cham Pas* prepared a boat, made a stern seat and oars, sewed together a sail, and taught men navigation.

#### VARIANT STORY OF THE CREATION.

When *Cham Pas* wished to create the dry land, as water was already made, he perceived *Shaitan* swimming as a goose (see note, §16) upon the sea. *Cham Pas* ordered him to dive to the bottom and bring up a little earth. *Shaitan* dived, brought up some earth, but did not give it all to *Cham Pas*, for he retained some in his mouth. From

\* In the rough copy I have omitted a sentence by mistake, but its contents must have been similar to what I have supplied in brackets.

the earth the Creator formed the dry land quite smooth and flat. So *Shaitan* threw over it the earth he had kept back, and from it originated mountains, stones, and ravines. But *Cham Pas* remedied the evil by putting gold, silver, iron, and precious stones into the mountains. From the stones he taught men to make mill-stones, and he filled the ravines with water, from which rivers take their origin. The Creator had made the earth covered with beautiful trees, quite like a garden. So *Shaitan* raised a storm, and felled a number of them. *Cham Pas* turned the great open spaces thus caused into meadows and pasture ground, and also taught men agriculture and hay-making.

*Shaitan* wanted to destroy man as well as the other creations of *Cham Pas*. The latter had formed a man out of clay, but it was still without life. He went away for a moment to create a spirit elsewhere, and left a dog to watch over the body, to prevent *Shaitan* from destroying it. Now formerly the dog was a clean animal (see note, § 9), and had no hair at all on its skin (see note, § 24). So *Shaitan* caused such fearful cold that the dog was like to die. Then he made an offer to clothe it with hair, as a protection against the inclement weather, if he were allowed for a moment to get near the lifeless man. The dog assented. *Shaitan* spat all over the man, and from his spittle diseases were evolved. Then he began blowing his evil breath or spirit into the body. Upon this *Cham Pas* hurried to the spot, chased away *Shaitan*, and ordered the dog always to carry about his dirty hair. To remedy the mischief wrought by *Shaitan* he turned the body inside out, but the diseases caused by the spittle remained all the same. Then he blew his own good breath into the man and left him. For this reason man remained inclined to both good and evil. When man had thus been created, *Shaitan* said to *Cham Pas*, pointing to the man :

“ My breath is in him to a half and thine to a half. Let us divide all mankind ; let half be thine and half mine.”

*Cham Pas* drove *Shaitan* away, gave men understanding, and taught them to discern between good and evil, lest they should fall a prey to *Shaitan*. In his resentment the latter began to create first of all a whole quantity of evil spirits like himself, only less powerful ;

then different diseases, which are also evil spirits, and sent them among men.

#### VARIANT STORY OF THE CREATION OF MAN.

The Teryukhans and Ersä, in the governments of Nizhni-Novgorod and Simbirsk, have a rather different account of the creation of man. *Shaitan*, not *Cham Pas*, began to create man. For this purpose he gathered together clay, sand, and earth from 77 parts of the world, and with them he fashioned a human body. But he did not wish to make it nice looking. Sometimes it took the shape of a pig, sometimes of a dog or some other animal, though he was anxious to give it the shape of God. Ultimately he summoned a bat, and said :

“Fly away to the sky. A towel is hanging up near *Cham Pas*. When he goes into the bath-house he dries himself with it. Station thyself on one of the borders of the towel, there make thy nest, and bring forth thy young, so that the towel may become heavy and fall to the ground near me.”

The bat obeyed *Shaitan*, made its nest in the border of *Cham Pas*' towel, gave birth to young ones, which made the towel so heavy that it fell to the ground. *Shaitan* seized it at once, rubbed with it the man he had made, and gave him in this way the shape of God. Then he quickened man into life, but could not manage to get a living spirit into him. After trying in vain, he now wished to destroy what he had created ; but *Cham Pas* said :

“Go, hide thyself, accursed *Shaitan*, in thy fiery depths ; I shall create a man without thee.”

“But I shall stand on one side,” replied *Shaitan*, “when thou puttest a living spirit into him. It is I that made him, so something of the man should be given me as my share, for what thou desirest, brother *Cham Pas*, is insulting to me and no honour to thyself.”

After disputing for some time with *Shaitan*, *Cham Pas* got wearied.

“Listen, *Shaitan*,” he said, “let us make a man : the form and countenance are from my towel, and the spirit is mine, since I have blown it in, but let the body be thine.”

*Shaitan* still disputed, but had to assent, as *Cham Pas* was incomparably the stronger of the two. Accordingly, when a man dies his soul goes in the shape of God to the sky, but the soulless corpse loses its godlike form, rots, corrupts, and turns into earth, a prey to *Shaitan*.

*Cham Pas* punished the bat because it had obeyed *Shaitan*, had flown to the sky, and made its nest in the divine towel. He took away its wings, and replaced them by bare pinions like those of *Shaitan*, and moreover gave it the same kind of shoulders as his.

Men increased exceedingly after the creation of the world. Then *Cham Pas* divided them into nations, giving each its language and religious belief. Men have one and the same God, but they believe in different fashions. A Mordvin says, as each tree in the forest has its peculiar foliage and blossom, so each people has its religious belief and language. All beliefs are acceptable to God, because he gave them himself; it is a sin therefore to turn from one faith to another. Like the Marya and Chuvash peoples, the Mordvins imagine there are seventy-seven religions and as many languages in the world.

#### STORY OF THE THUNDER GOD.

The Mordvins believe that the gods can descend to a close union with man, with the exception of *Cham Pas*, who is too lofty for immediate intercourse with mankind. The lower divinities make marriages sometimes with beautiful girls, and carry them off to the sky. The following story is current among the Teryukhans.

Once upon a time there lived a girl called *Sirsha* (the Beauty). Suitors came to her from all parts, for she was beautiful and industrious, with legs as thick as the stump of a tree\*! There was no one that would not wish to marry her. Suddenly a violent thunder-

\* Thick legs are regarded as a sign of strength and beauty by some of the other adjacent Finnish peoples, and a strong wife is a godsend, as she has to do so much out-door work. The Mordvins always marry a woman older than themselves, for the purpose of getting an able-bodied wife.

clap crashed from the sky and upset everybody, leaving them like dead men. When the thunder passed away, a traveller from some distant and unknown land made his appearance in the village where *Shirsha* lived. He paid her his addresses, and her parents joyfully gave her up, though they did not know where the traveller was from. At the wedding-feast the strange bridegroom began to dance with the bowls, the spoons, the benches, and the cupboards, from time to time shouting most vigorously. When the moment arrived for him to lead his bride home, he roared like thunder, lightning flashed from his eyes and burnt up the room; the wedding guests fell to the ground as if dead; and when they came to themselves again, both the bride and bridegroom had vanished.

This bridegroom was *Purgine Pas*, the thunder-god, and he had flown away to the sky with his wife *Sirsha*. When thunder is rattling, the Mordvins think that the thunder-god is dancing in the sky with the bowls, spoons, benches, and cupboards, just as he danced at his wedding. On such occasions the Teryukhans leave their houses and go into the street, raise their hands up as they look towards the sky, and cry out :

“More briskly ! more briskly ! thou art one of ourselves.”

This story is told in the village of Siuha.

Children born from the union of the gods with Mordvin women lived on earth, and were till their death princes of the people, but after their decease they returned to their parents in the sky.

### THE FALL OF MAN.

Like the Chuvash, the Mordvins have a story of the fall of man. The following was written down in the village of Inilei (Veliki Vrag), in the district of Arsamas.

The first men lived in a state of happiness. They had plenty of cattle. There was no need to till the ground, as it gave of itself a thousand grains. In every tree there was a bee-hive. All men were rich, and had the same quantity of property. *Cham Pas* sent his

son, *Nishki Pas* (Beehive God), also called *Iniche Pas*, to govern mankind. He lived on the earth in the form of a man, and assisted the people in everything. If anyone became ill, *Nishki Pas* immediately cured him. If prayer was made to *Cham Pas* for rain or for dry weather the request was granted forthwith. Among men there was neither war nor strife, for *Nishki Pas* drove it all away by passing from village to village, and teaching men goodness. But *Shaitan* in his wickedness appeared to a certain old man, gave him a till-then-unknown plant, and said:

"Plant this shrub in the ground, and fence it round with long stakes, but don't say a word about it to *Nishki Pas*."

The old man obeyed, planted the shrub, and from it there grew up a hop garden. Then *Shaitan* again appeared to him, taught him how to make beer and mead, and how to prepare ardent spirits from corn. Hence arose drinking. Drunken men began to war against each other, and strife, contests, and bloody engagements came into existence. In vain *Nishki Pas* exhorted men to abandon drinking beer, mead, and ardent spirits. They would not listen to him; began, on the contrary, to mock and despise him, even to beat him, and drove him from village to village. In place of him they thought of electing a chief from among themselves, but only strife, disputes, and combats ensued, for each wanted to be chief, and none was content to obey another man. In vain *Nishki Pas* warned them. *Shaitan* appeared on the earth in human form, and said:

"Why do you endure *Nishki Pas* among you? He affirms that he is the son of God, but he lies. He is the same sort of man as everyone else, and not even a good one. He will not seek enjoyment, will not drink wine or spirits, nor keep several favourites. He only wishes to govern all mankind."

*Shaitan* incited men to seize *Nishki Pas*. Then they tortured him, and finally beat him to death. When they had taken his life, they saw that he was in truth the son of *Cham Pas*, for he whom they had killed rose up and ascended into the sky, saying to his murderers: "You did not wish to live in happiness with me, henceforth it will be the worse for you without me."

Scarcely had he spoken this, when the sun at once became seven times darker than before; the winter became seven times more severe; the earth began to require cultivation with hard work, and after all gave but a small return, sometimes none at all; added to which nearly all the cattle died. To maintain order among men, and to settle their disputes, *Cham Pas* then instituted kings or czars, princes and judges. He gave them power to imprison and flog men for their evil deeds, and for the worst kind of crimes to punish them with death. See Note, § 10, 12, 21.

#### SACRIFICIAL PLACES AND FEASTS.

It may be taken as certain, says Melnikof, that the Mordvins never had any temples. No remains of them are to be found; there is no mention of them in any chronicle or deed; and the people themselves have no recollection of them. But, wherever the Mordvins live, old places of sacrifice are pointed out in forests, on plains, or at places of burial. Baptized Mordvins often assemble, even nowadays, at these places to sacrifice to the gods of their forefathers. *Keremet* is the term applied to these places of burial in some places, especially in the governments of Simbirsk, Pensa, Samara, and Sarátov; and to some extent in that of Nizhni-Novgorod. Perhaps it has been borrowed from the Chuvash. In every Mordvin parish\* there were several *keremets*, each sacred to a special divinity. Each village had also its own place of sacrifice, used by its inhabitants alone. It was called, *Petsiona keremet*; or the villagers' place of sacrifice.

When the Mordvins were still heathens, the parish *keremet*, and sometimes the village one, was enclosed. They selected a small flat piece of ground from 140 to 210 feet square in the forest or in a grove, and surrounded it with a high fence. A gate (*ortá*, from Russ.

\* As regards the extent of a parish one must think of a highland, not of a midland county parish.

*vorotà*) was made on the north, south, and east sides. The people entered by the south gate; the sacrificial animals were led in by the east entrance; and the water for cooking the flesh was brought in by the northern one (see note, § 6, 10, 13).

Inside the *keremet*, at the east gate, there stood generally three posts, called *ter shigat*. The horses for sacrifice were tied to one, the bulls to another, and the sheep to the third. But for a long time no horses have been sacrificed. Even in the full pagan period, when they became acquainted with the Russians, they had ceased eating horse-flesh, and therefore from sacrificing them. They are still offered by fishermen to *Ak shakal ozais* (white fish ozais) but not in the old-fashioned manner, by cooking the flesh in the kettles; they merely slaughter the animal as an offering to the divinity of fisheries.

On the west side there were also three posts, called *yuba*, near which the cattle were slaughtered. A small pit was dug between them for the blood to flow into, and which was afterwards covered over with stones. Near the posts was erected a small shed, called the *horai shigat*, or cooking-shed; and in its centre small stakes were driven in to support the bar to which the kettles for boiling the flesh were suspended.

At the south gate stood the *huma*, or table, on which the sacrificial flesh was cut into as many portions as there were participators in the feast.

The flayed hides were hung up on the eastern posts (*ter shigat*). In former times all the hides were always left hanging there; but, latterly, they were sold and the proceeds spent on the salt necessary for the sacrifice. The Arab travellers of the tenth century relate having seen hides hung up at the offering-places of the people that dwelt along the Volga.

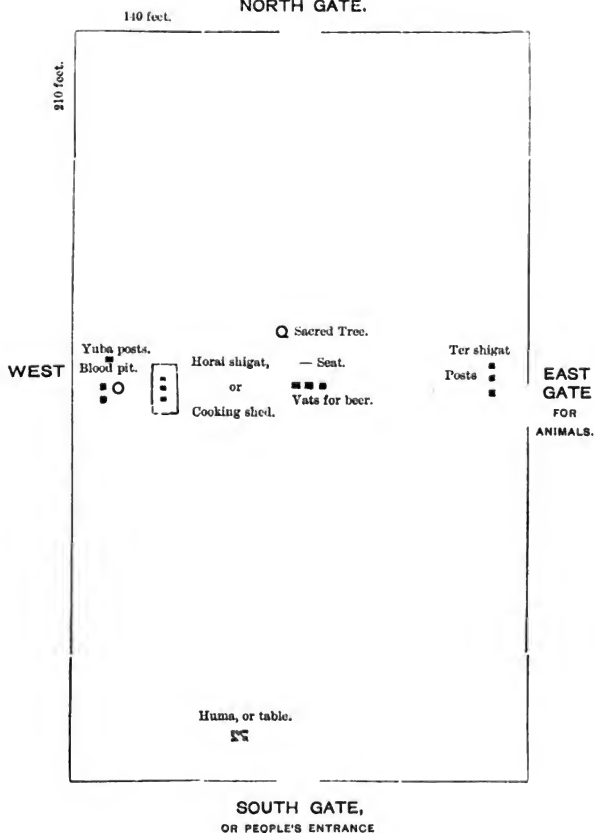
Save in size and the occasional absence of a fence, there was no difference between a parish and a village *keremet*.

The praying feasts held at places of burial, when the celebrators eat pancakes and other eatables cooked at home, and drank beer, were on the whole nearly the same as the Russian festival for commemoration of the dead.



A KEREMET.

NORTH GATE.



Sacrifices at home take place at the left-hand back corner of the hearth-stone, where the coals are heaped up ; or at the stone in the middle of the courtyard—*kardo syarko*. Under it there was a pit for the blood of the animals killed on the occasion. Even when one was slaughtered for ordinary purposes it was customary to raise the stone and let the blood run into the pit below. It was regarded an unpardonable sin to allow the blood of any creature but a bird to flow into any other place. Such an offence placed the whole household under a curse.

As the Mordvins had no priestly class, prayers and sacrifices at home or at the graves of ancestors were performed by the oldest man—in some cases the oldest woman—of the house. At the village and parish festivals they elected each time by common consent some old man held in honour to perform these duties. They were termed *ate poksh tei*, or the good men. Generally, one of them was the reeve or headman of the village or parish, and was termed by the Ersas and Teryukhans, *pryavt*\* (head), by the Moksha, *inyatya* (great father). He acted as priest, judge, protector of public property, and as responsible man to the government. His office was for life, though it might terminate from old age, blindness, or other cause. He could also be deposed by common consent, if he had forfeited the confidence of the villagers.

The *pryavt* was not a genuine priest. He did not perform the sacrifice or announce the festival ; he was simply the senior official. The first piece of sacrificial flesh and the first ladleful of beer was given to him. He summoned and dismissed the people, but did not perform the ceremonies. At his house the sacred ladles, bars, pails, knives, &c. necessary for the festival were kept. It was his business, too, to fix the day for holding it.

The Mordvins never appear to have possessed a special calendar of feast-days. They ask the *pryavt* on each occasion what day he will fix upon for holding a festival in honour of this or that divinity.

\* *Prya prea* is the Moksha and Ersa word for head, and *pryavt* must be a derivative.

Since the spread of Christianity, however, he has begun to inquire of Russian priests on what day the feast of this or that saint is celebrated. On this account Mordvin feast-days are now partly held at the same time as the Russians hold theirs; and the native divinities are getting confused with the saints of the orthodox Church. But the nature and character of each particular god determines the season of year in which he is fêted. Nowadays the *pryavt* generally fixes on the Friday (see note, § 1) after the day of the saint who has been equated with a Mordvin divinity. For Friday was the holy day of the heathen Mordvins.

Nicholas the Wonder-worker, one of the most important Russian saints, has been imported into the number of the Ersas and Teryukhans under the name of *Nikola Pas*. He is fêted on May 9 and December 6 (the feast-days of the Wonder-worker) with special offerings, and has taken the place of *Ved mastir Pas* in spring, and of *Nasorom Pas* in winter.

On January 1 (o.s.) the Russians of northern and eastern Russia hold the festival of Basil the Great. He is regarded as the patron saint of swine, and pork is accordingly eaten on that day. On the same day the Mordvins keep the festival of *Taun ozais* (pig ozais), the protector of swine, who is now called *Velki Vasyui* (Great Basil) in their prayers.

On January 28, Efrems Sirin's day, and on March 1, the day of Kosman and Damyan, it is customary with the Russians "to invite the guardian spirit of the house" by leaving groats for him on the stove. On those days the Mordvins also pray and make offerings at home, in January to *Yurtava ozais*, in March to *Karda Syarko ozais*, the divinities of the homestead (*yurt*) and of the farm land. In praying to the latter the Ersas also mention *Kusma Damyan*. Their offering of a hen to the divinity of the homestead reminds one of the Russian popular belief, that hens are sacred to *Kusma Damyan*, and of the custom of placing a roast hen on the table on their day.

On April 3, Nikita the Confessor's day, Russian fishermen sometimes kill a strange horse for the entertainment of the water-spirit.

The Mordvins pray to *Ak shakal ozais*, the god of fisheries, and drown a horse in a lake or river as an offering to him.

April 23, St. George's Day, is dedicated by the Mordvins to *Sryet vereshki velen Pas*, the god of the earth and of vegetation, taking him to be the equivalent of St. George. The Teryukhans of the government of Nizhni-Novgorod pray to their god the day after the spring festival of Nikola, calling him the father of *Nikola Pas*. So too, on May 9, they pray to the water-god, and on the following day to the earth-god. According to Russian popular belief the earth is sacred to Simon Zelotes, whose day is May 10.

May 1, or the Prophet Jeremias' Day, is dedicated to *Keret ozais* (ploughshare ozais), the god of agricultural implements. The Russians consider Jeremias the patron of agricultural implements, and term him Jeremias the harnesser.

On June 24, or St. John's Day, a great festival is held in honour of *Nishki Pas*, god of the sky, sun, light, and darkness, regarding him sometimes as John the Baptist, sometimes as the Saviour.

On June 20, or Elias' Day, they pray to *Purgine Pas*, the thunder god, considering him to be the prophet Elias, who holds thunder and lightning in his power according to Russian belief.

August 18, the day of SS. Flora and Laura is celebrated by the Mordvins with prayers in honour of *Angar ozais* and *Lishman ozais*, the divinities of horsekeeping. Women are never admitted to this festival, and the Russians have the same custom at their horse-festival.

September 15, or Nikita's Day, is kept by the Russians by tearing off a goose's head and throwing it into the water for the water-spirit. The Mordvins make a similar offering to their water-god *Ved mastir Pas*, who answers in their opinion to S. Nikita, whom the Russians call "the goosey" or "the goose-flayer."

October 29 is the Russian festival of shepherds, when they pray to S. Anastasi to protect their flocks.

The Mordvins take this saint to be their goddess *Rev ozais*, who watches over sheep (*rev*), and whom they worship on the same day or on the following Friday.

On November 8, St. Michael the Archangel's Day, the Ersas and Teryukhans hold a great festival to *Voltsi Pas*, the god of hunting, a craft that Michael is believed to protect.

On Christmas Day a great feast is held in honour of *Ange Patyai*, whom the Mordvins look upon as the Virgin Mary, and of *Nishki Pas*, the son of God. The following day is kept sacred to the same goddess as the protectress of children and of women in child-birth. A third festival to her is held on the Friday before Trinity Sunday. The Christianised Mordvins make out *Ange Patyai* to be the old woman Salomea mentioned in the so-called gospel of James, and who was always made a saint of in the Russian church down to the time of Nikon. The old believers and the peasantry still regard her as a saint, and pray for her assistance at child-birth. Salomea is supposed to have been the midwife of the Virgin Mary at the birth of our Lord.

On the Friday before the so-called butter-week, and during the week of St. Thomas, as well as September 1 and October 1, when commemoration of the dead is made in Russian churches, the Mordvins hold festivals at their place of burial in honour of their deceased ancestors.

In this way the feast days and saints of the Russian calendar are gradually ousting the pagan feasts and gods of the Mordvins. Even in prayers to *Cham Pas* the expression "Holy Lord *Savagof* (Sabaoth) is sometimes heard. In a similar fashion the prophet Elias has replaced the old Slavonic thunder-god, Perun, and St. Vlasio or Blasio has taken the place of Volos, the god of cattle.

It is the same with the Moksha. They sometimes give the name of Lord Savaoth to *Shkai*; *Soltana* changes into the Saviour; *Asar ara* into the Virgin Mary. *Kud asar ara* (house lady) has received the strange appellation of *Sochelnik*, which the Russians give to January 5, the eve of the Epiphany. So too *Banya asar ara* (bath-house lady) is stiled *Veliki Chetverg* (Great Thursday), the Russian designation for Thursday in Passion Week. *Avin asar ara* (drying-barn lady) is about to turn into the Apostle Thomas, as her festival is on St. Thomas's Day. Already Nicholas the Wonder-worker is found among the Moksha under the name of *Nikola asar ara*, and a festival

is held in his honour on December 6, but they have not made him a goddess.

#### THE OFFICIALS AT THE CEREMONIES.

The *vosatya* \* was the chief sacrificer of the Ersas and Teryukhans at the public festivals. He repeated the prayers and arranged the ceremonies. He and his twelve assistants were elected at every parish festival from the most honoured of the old men, but generally this duty fell upon the same men for several years.

The twelve assistants were as follows:

The *parindyait*s or *purendyait*s were three men generally elected for a whole year. It was their business to make a house-to-house collection of corn for making beer, honey for mead, as well as eggs, butter, and money. When the beer and mead was made it was put into the sacred vats given them by the *pryavt*. *Purè* means beer and *purendyait* the boiler or brewer of beer. This beer is mixed with honey and is fermented, but contains no hops. It is very intoxicating and is in general use among the Chuvash, the Maryas, and the Vyatka peoples.

The *yanbeds*, also three in number, were chosen two days before the festival, and received the sacrificial knives from the *pryavt*. It was their business to cook the sacrificial flesh and distribute it among the people.

The three *kashangorods* were chosen on the eve of the festival, and received from the *pryavt* the sacred ladles, of which there were from forty to a hundred.

The *turostors* were the three assistants that had to maintain order and devotion during the ceremony. To enable them to overlook the people they stood on stumps of trees or on tubs turned upside down. They had to prepare the *shtatols* or thick wax candles, and were elected on the eve of the festival.

The *posanbunaveds* were three additional serving men, who, without

\* Perhaps it should be *ots' atya* "great old man or father," though *otsu* "great" is a Moksha not an Ersas word. A prosthetic inorganic *v* is not uncommon.

belonging to the above-mentioned, were elected three days before the feast. It was their office to find in the village a reddish-yellow bull and a pure white ram. If such was not to be found, one of another colour would answer the purpose, so long as it was all the same colour. They were purchased with the money collected by the *parindyais*, and were led to the place of sacrifice and afterwards killed by the *yanbeds*.

The Moksha had fewer divinities than the Ersa and Teryukhans. Their ceremonies were less complicated, and they had far fewer officials to direct them. The sacrifices and prayers made at home were performed by the senior members of the household, but for the public festival an old man and woman were elected in every village (see note, § 4). The *inyat* or *ine atya*, i.e., the great old man or grandfather performed the service to *Soltan*, but the *imbaba* or old woman to *Asar ava* (the lady). This old couple was held in unbounded honour by the villagers as the best repeaters of prayers in the place. If any misfortune befel a Moksha, he at once had recourse to them, asking them to pray to God or to come to their private prayers at home.

*Ozais* was the word the Ersa and Teryukhans formerly gave to their feasts, their sacrifices, and in general to their divine service. Now-a-days they use in the same sense the word *molyan*, a loan word from the Russian, and already in use in the first year of the last century. The word *ozais*, as we have learnt before, also denotes a good spirit or an inferior divinity. But the Moksha still call their divine service by its original term—*osks*.

The divine service of the Mordvins was five-fold:—

1. *Velen ozais*, *velen molyan*, Moksha *vel osks* was a public worship or sacrificial feast of the parish.
2. *Petsiyona ozais*, *petsiyona molyan*, Moksha *petsiyona osks* was the divine service of the village.
3. *Paksya ozais*, Moksha, *paksya osks* was the worship held in a field (*paksya*) or in the open.
4. *Kuda ozais*, Moksha, *kuda osks* was the service held at home (*kuda*).

5. *Atyat ozais*, Moksha *atyat osks* was the worship of ancestors at the place of burial.

#### THE PUBLIC SACRIFICIAL FEASTS OF THE PARISH.

These were chiefly held in summer, in honour of all the Mordvin divinities—when, for example, a pestilence or some calamity had befallen the community. The ceremonies were as follows:—

The *velen atyatnya*, or elders of the villages forming the parish, having taken counsel, sent five or six men to the *pryart*. On reaching his house they halt before it with bared heads, and the *pryart* on learning this orders the gate to be opened wide, and goes and stands beside the *karda syarko*. The old men approach him without saying a word, and bow three times. They then suggest that a festival should be held, that he should fix the day, and make the necessary preparations. After fixing on the Friday following the fête-day of the divinity to be worshipped, the *pryart* enters his house, halts near the stove, takes up a coal, blows up a flame and lights the sacred *shtatol*, or wax candle, preserved from the last festival. Formerly he placed it on the hearth-stone of the stove, but since the diffusion of Christianity, before the holy picture. Then the old men, with the same bows and protestations as before, state their petition. The *pryart*, taking the candle in his hand, again announces on what Friday the divine service is to be held.

At the bidding of the *pryart* the old men now sit down and discuss how much money, corn, honey, and other requisites are to be collected, and who should be elected *vosatya*. Then they elect the three *parindyait*s, summon them, and order them to begin the collection. One of the *yanbeds* at the last festival is assigned to each *parindyait* as a companion. The *pryart* gives a vat to each of the latter to hold the meal and honey, and a knife to each of the former. Then they start off in three directions, but the collection is not made till next day. The customs used in doing this are especially remarkable.

In the village where the collection is to be made they know before-



hand the day the collectors will come round, and the women make preparations to receive them. They sew three or more linen bags, and fasten two cords or leather straps to each. The mistress of the house puts into one bag 2 lbs. or more of meal, a birchbark-box of honey into a second, a few 10-kopek pieces into a third, a box of butter into a fourth, a basket of eggs into a fifth, etc., She then spreads the table with a clean cloth and piles up the bags upon it.

All this must be done by women only. The men, who are not allowed to see the preparations, go off accordingly early in the morning to their out-door occupations, or hide themselves in the stable as soon as they hear the *parindyais* and *yanbeds* have entered the village.

When the collectors have arrived they make a halt. The girls in the street rush off to tell their mothers of the fact. The boys are in concealment with their fathers, as only children at the breast or boys that cannot yet walk are allowed to remain with their mothers. After waiting for a bit, the collectors begin going from house to house. The *yanbed* thrusts his knife five times into the door, and repeats the following prayer:—

“*Cham Pas, Nishki Pas, Svyet vereshki Pas, Ange Patyai Pas*, mother, most holy mother of God, have mercy on *Vasyai* (the name of the master of the house), have mercy on *Mashka* (name of the mistress).”

He then opens wide the door, which had been left unlocked, and, accompanied by his companion, advances straight to the *kardo syarko* in the centre of the courtyard. The *yanbed* thrusts his knife five times against the stone, the *parindyait* places the sacred vat upon the stone, mouth downwards, while the former prays:—

“*Cham Pas, Nasarom Pas, Kardas syarko ozais*, have mercy on *Vasyai*, have mercy on *Mashka*.”

They then go to the porch, the *yanbed* again drives his knife into the door of the dwelling-room five times, opens it, and prays:—

“*Cham Pas, Voltsi Pas, Yurtava ozais*, have mercy,” etc. (as above).

*Yurtava ozais* is the special guardian spirit of the dwelling-room.

The names of the deities recited by the *yanbed* vary according to whom it is proposed to sacrifice. The dwelling-rooms of the Mordvins were formerly somewhat differently constructed to those of the Russians. The fireplace was at the left-hand corner of the back-wall, and therefore faced the door.

When the *yanbed* opens the door, the collectors enter the room and remain standing at the door, the one holding a vat, the other the knife, while they repeat prayers to *Cham Pas*, *Ange Patyai*, and *Yurtava ozais*. On the hearth-stone burns a candle, and before it stands the table with the bags already prepared. The married women of the family stand in front of it with their backs towards the door, and their breasts and shoulders bared to the waist. The girls stand beside the women, also with their backs to the door, but completely dressed.

When the women hear the collectors at the door, the senior married woman seizes the two straps of the meal-bag, one in each hand, and throws it over her head upon her bare shoulders. She then approaches the door backwards and without looking behind her, for the women are not allowed to look at the collectors. When sufficiently near, the *parindyait* places the sacred vat behind her back. The *yanbed* seizes the bag with one hand, and with the other lightly strikes her five times over her bare back and shoulders while repeating a prayer to *Ange Patyai*, then severs the straps so that the bag falls into the vat, though both the ends of the straps remain in the woman's hands. She returns to the table without looking back. Another woman, then a third, fourth, etc., repeats the same ceremony with the other bags. If there is only one married woman in the family she does it all herself, taking the bags one by one. The girls remain near the table, but are not allowed to touch the bags. When the two collectors take their departure to the next house, they leave the door of the room and the gate of the house wide open.

As soon as they have gone the women make a fire in the stove, kindling it with the lighted candle, and burn the ends of the straps. They heap the ashes and coals in the left-hand corner while the senior woman repeats a prayer to *Yurtava ozais*.

When the collectors had gathered enough corn, honey, etc., they returned to the *pryavt*, who gave the *parindyait*s the sacred vats, and ordered them to brew the *purè* (beer). When he had fixed upon the three *posanbunaveds*, he gave them the money that had been collected to purchase a bull, sheep, goose, etc., for sacrifice, as the case might be.

The *vosatya* usually remained several years in office, as he had to know the ceremonial very accurately, and to repeat the prayers by heart, without mistake. While the preparations were being made he did not show himself in the street, and on the night before the festival went quietly to the *Keremet*, climbed up the sacred tree, and concealed himself among its foliage.

On the day of the festival the *parindyait*s set the vats in front of the sacred oak or lime tree, and poured *purè* (beer) into them. Two or three small barrels of beer were placed under the tree, beside the seat eventually occupied by the *vosatya* during the course of the ceremonies. The same persons also laid out on the ground baked bread, salt, and sometimes omelets. The *Kashangorods* fried the "parish omelets," and suspended them to the bars attached to the branches of the tree.

The people flocked to the place of sacrifice, the men, women, and girls keeping separate. The *pryavt* entered the *Keremet* first, and stationed himself in front of the vats. The people followed, the men placing themselves on the right, the women on the left, and behind them the girls. The women brought with them in frying-pans ready-made omelets and pies of millet groats.

All stood facing the west. The *posanbunaveds* led in the animals for sacrifice by the east gate,\* and tied them up to the three posts there. Then they led them across the *Keremet* and fastened them to the *yuba* posts, where they were slaughtered by the *posanbunaveds*, and the blood allowed to run into the pit below the stones. The hides were hung up to the *ter shigat*, or posts on the east side. While the animals were being flayed the *yanbeds*, bearing the sacred vats,

\* See note, § 13.

brought in water by the north gate,\* filled the beer-kettles hanging in the *horai shigat*, or cooking shed, and lit a fire under them with the sacred candles. At the bidding of the *pryart*, the *turostors* at the same time attached lighted candles to the back rims of the vats under the sacred tree. When the carcasses had been cleaned the entrails were thrown into the pit, and the *posanbunaveds* filled the kettles with flesh. At the greater feasts, when several animals were sacrificed, the meat was boiled in several kettles, for it was not allowable to boil the flesh of two animals in the same pot.

When this last operation was completed, the loud voice of the *rosatya* from the branches of the sacred tree rang out the command:

"*Sakmede*" (keep silence).

The people uncovered, kept silent, and the *rosatya* said in a loud tone:

"*Purè pre sa marta, paigure sa marta, andrya sa marta, shépete sa marta, velikoye sa marta, pashkin kodí.*"

The Ersa and Teryukhans are already so Russianized, and have so forgotten their language, that neither they nor the *rosatya* completely understand these words. But *sa marta* means "pray fervently," and *pashkin kodí* "make a lower bow or prostration."

Then all make a profounder obeisance, and each repeats individually;

"*Cham Pas*, have mercy upon us. *Voltsi Pas, Nasarom Pas*, have mercy upon us. *Nishki Pas, Sryet Vereshki Velen Pas*, protect us. *Ange Patyai Pas*, mother, most holy mother of God, pray for us."

The prostrations and repetitions of this prayer, made in a subdued voice, occupy about half an hour or more.

The *rosatya* again shouts from his hiding-place:

"*Sakmede.*"

All are again silent, and cease bowing and making prostrations. He then repeats a second prayer, which he also does not understand. It begins:

"*Chuval pusadyo, ilya mu sadyo chyaste ryaste.*"

\* See note, § 13.

Next he orders the people to pray on their knees. All kneel down, raise their hands, look towards the sky, and shout with one voice:

"*Cham Pas, Nasarom Pas*, have mercy upon us. *Nishki Pas, Szyet Vereshki Velen Pas*, protect us. *Ange Patyai Pas*, mother, most holy mother of God, pray for us."

The names of the divinities are pronounced slowly, but the words "have mercy upon us, defend us, protect us, pray for us," are slurred over quickly and imperfectly. The prayer is repeated several times, and meanwhile the *vosatya* descends from the tree and stands on the table, or on the seat at the foot of it. On one side of the seat is the barrel of beer (*purè*) called "the sovereign's barrel," as it is an offering for the welfare of the sovereign. On the other side is "the world's barrel," an offering for the welfare of all mankind. It often happens there is a third for the welfare of the government.

Having mounted on the seat, the *vosatya* throws his hands about in every direction, and again cries:

"*Sakmede*."

Those who are praying on their knees rise up and fix their eyes on the *vosatya*, who, with uncovered head, raises his hands towards the sky, turns to the west, and repeats to himself the prayer recently said by the people.

Then begins the proper sacrificial ceremony, called *vosnápalom*.

The *vosatya*, leaving his seat, takes the sacred ladle from the *pryavt*, places bread and salt in it, and approaches the pot in which the flesh is being boiled. Taking the sacrificial knife from the *yanbed*, he cuts off a piece of flesh and—without its being imperative—the tongue, and lays them carefully in the ladle. Then he stations himself on a seat beside the *horai shigat*, or cooking shed, raises the ladle towards the sky, and shouts:

"*Cham Pas*, take notice! accept! *Nasarom Pas*, take notice! accept!"

Meanwhile, all those in front of him stand silent, with their faces to the east,\* and raise their hands towards the sky. When the

\* This must be a mistake I think for west, as the cooking-shed and fires were on that side of the *Keremet*.

*vosatya* has finished consecrating the sacrifice, he throws the contents of the ladle into the fire. All the worshippers simultaneously fall on their knees, look at the fire, and pray while the offering is being burnt, sometimes raising up their hands, sometimes letting them fall, and crying to *Cham Pas* and to the other divinities. While this is going on the *vosatya* is standing with the *yanbeds* near the fire, watching how the flesh, bread, and salt burn. When all this has been consumed, the *vosatya* again mounts the seat at the foot of the sacred tree and cries out three times in three directions :

"*Sakmede.*"

All are silent, and now begins the second part of the ceremony.

The *vosatya*, with four old men from the crowd, take "the sovereign's barrel," and sets it on a large door. He puts candles lit from the sacrificial fire upon the barrel, round which one or more players on the *pulama* (bagpipe) kneel down. The people, still on their knees, raise their hands aloft, and with their faces to the west sing to the accompaniment of the bagpipes :

"Lord God *Savagoth*, Lord God *Savagoth*, Lord God *Savagoth*, *Ange Patyai Pas*, mother, most holy mother of God, protect the white Russian Czar."

Meanwhile several men take the door and hoist it up, barrel, musicians and all, sometimes heaving it up in the air, sometimes lowering it to the ground, sometimes hoisting it upon their heads. But when the *vosatya's* command, "*Sakmede!*" again rings forth, all are silent, while he repeats :

"*Cham Pas*, *Nishki Pas*, *Sryet Vereshki Pas*, save the white Czar."

The musicians again begin playing, and all the people on their knees sing the above prayer.

The same ceremony is repeated with the second and third barrels for the welfare of all mankind and of the government. The *vosatya* then takes the sacred ladle from the *pryavt*, fills it with beer, approaches the fire, mounts upon the seat near it, raises the ladle aloft, and cries out :

"*Cham Pas*, take notice ! accept !" &c., adding at the end, "protect the white Czar, have mercy on the white Czar, defend the white Czar."

Then he upsets the *purè* into the fire, and all the people, kneeling with their faces to the east,\* raise their eyes and hand towards the sky and sing the prayer recited by the *vosatya*. In the same way the beer and wort in the second and third barrels is offered.

The door on which the "the sovereign's barrel" rests is now laid on the ground. The *vosatya* orders everyone to bow to the ground, and the *pryavt*, approaching the barrel with the sacred ladle, fills it with *purè*, drinks, and says :

"*Cham Pas, Nishki Pas, Svyet Vereshki Pas*, protect the white Czar—for his health."

Meanwhile the *kasangorods* issue out the sacred ladles to the men that come in succession to the barrels to drink, repeating the same prayer as the *pryavt*. The beer (*purè*) is then emptied into vats, barrels, birchbark vessels, and carried home. This operation completed, one of the *parindyait*s walks up to the door, which the men standing near lift up. Holding a long fir pole in his right hand, and a ladle full of *purè* in the left, he then cries out :

"*Dur, dur, dur pare Mastir Pas*," i.e., "look, look, look, awful *Mastir Pas*."

He then takes a mouthful of *purè*, and spirts it in three directions over the people. The object of this is to insure a good harvest with the help of the earth-god who dwells in the earth.

When this ceremony is over the *vosatya* climbs up a tree. A ladle full of *purè* and a fir-pole is handed to him, and he again conceals himself in the branches. In that position he cries out :

"*Sakmede !*"

When all are silent, he recites in a loud voice the following prayer :

"*Cham Pas, Nishki Pas, Svyet Vereski Velen Pas*, have mercy upon us. *Ange Patyai Pas*, mother, most holy mother of God, send forth white lightning and warm dew upon our crops. *Mastir Pas*, we wish to eat. *Ved Mastir Pas*, we wish to drink. *Norrov ava Anaruchi*, make the crops grow. *Mastir Pas, Pas*, the provider, feed us. *Ved Mastir Pas*, give us rain. *Nishki Pas*, shine hot upon our crops.

\* West ?

*Vergi muchki melkiso*, give dry weather. *Varma Pas*, give gentle winds. *Tast ozais*, protect our crops. *Suavtuma ozais*, make much grow. *Mastir Pas*, make the corn, the oats, the buckwheat, and the millet grow. *Dur, dur, dur, pare Mastir Pas*."

After reciting this he takes some *purè* in his mouth and spirts it out in every direction. He then pours some from each barrel into the ladle, stations himself on the ground at the foot of the sacred tree, sticks a lighted candle into it, cries "*Sakmede!*" and orders all to bow to the sacred tree. Turning towards it he recites this prayer:

"*Cham Pas, Nishki Pas, Svyet Vereshki Pas*, have mercy upon us. *Ange Patyai Pas*, mother, most holy mother of God, pray for us. *Tumo ozais* (oak ozais), have mercy upon us. *Vechki kes keldigo*, give plenty of trees. *Pekshe ozais*, give us plenty of bast shoes and plenty of bast. *Piche ozais*, give us dwelling rooms. *Shotran ozais*, give us logs for houses. *Keren ozais*, give us lime trees."

The *vosatya* then spills the whole of the first ladleful at the foot of the sacred tree. Afterwards he proceeds to do the same over the roots of the other trees in the *Keremet*, taking care that at least each different kind should get a little. While this is going on, the people are singing on their knees a prayer to the deity of the forest, of the same purport as that recited by the *vosatya*.

During the course of these ceremonies the sacrificial flesh got cooked. The *posanbunaveds* took it from the kettle and piled it up on the large wooden vats in front of the *horai shigat*. Then they carried it to the southern entrance, laid it on the *huma* or couch-shaped table there, and began to cut it into as many pieces as there were persons present with the sacrificial knives. The *yanbeds* distributed the *volog* or flesh to the people as they approached the *huma*; first to the *pryart*, then to the old men and elders of the villages. Meanwhile the *kashangorods* went to the pot in which the *shchiryu* or broth remained, took it out in the sacred ladle, and brought it to the people according to their ages. They brought a ladleful to the *vosatya*, who, retaining his seat at the foot of the tree, and shouting with a loud voice "*Sakmede!*" commanded all to fall on their knees while he recited:

"*Cham Pas, Voltsi Pas*, have mercy upon us. *Kyolyada ozais, Rev*



*ozais*, protect our cattle. *Taun ozais*, have mercy on the pigs. *Angar ozais*, *Lishman ozais*, have mercy on the horses. *Voltzi Pas*, give plenty of calves, lambs, foals, and sucking pigs. *Dur, dur, dur, pare Voltzi Pas.*"

After praying in this manner he takes some soup in his mouth and spirts it in all directions, while the people are on their knees singing, with their hands raised, and the musicians playing a slow accompaniment.

Then followed usually the offering of the omelets and pies made of millet groats. The former were made at home of as many eggs as there were persons in the family, and were brought in frying pans and suspended by bast strings to bars placed in the branches of the sacred tree. Besides these, larger omelets were made in the *Keremet* of the eggs collected by the *parindyais* and *yanbeds* the day before the festival. The larger "parish omelets" were usually made in four pieces. The *posanbunaveds* made and fried them on the oven plate in the *horai shigat* and then gave them on the plate to the *kashangorods* to suspend from the bars. If there was no room on the tree for the omelets and pies brought from home they were hung up on adjacent trees.

The *vosatya* then takes the plate of "parish omelet," places the fire upon it, mounts on the seat beside the sacred tree, shouts "*Sakmede!*" and commands all the people to bow. Then, raising the omelet and pie above his head, he recites the following prayer:

"*Cham Pas*, *Nishki Pas*, *Svyet Vereshki Pas*, have mercy upon us. *Ange Patyai Pas*, mother, most holy mother of God, pray for us. *Ange ozais*, have mercy on our children. *Ange Patyai Pas*, give us more children, protect the hens, the geese, the ducks. *Ange Patyai Pas*, mother, most holy mother of God, *Nishkendi Tertyar*, give us plenty of bees."

When this is over the *vosatya* descends to the ground, takes a piece of "parish omelet," walks to the *horai shigat*, mounts on a tub reversed, and raising the morsel says:

"*Cham Pas*, take notice! accept! *Ange Patyai Pas*, mother, most holy mother of God, take notice! accept! *Ange ozais*, take notice! accept!"

He then throws the morsel into the fire, and the people prostrating themselves and turning to the east\* towards the fire sing the "omelet prayer," pronounced by the *vosatya* at the foot of the tree. While this is going on the musicians play upon the *pulama*.

The omelets and pies are distributed to all present. When the women have eaten their share they carry away the remainder to their little children at home. All then sit down on the ground and partake of the flesh, broth, bread, and pies of millet groats, and drink the *purè*.

When they are seated, the girls, who up to this time have been given nothing to eat or drink, begin asking in lachrymose voice:

"Pryavt, we wish to drink. Elders of the village, we wish to eat."

Then beer, flesh, broth, pies, and omelets are given them. While they are eating, each of the *turostors*, at the command of the *vosatya*, mounts on a bench or a tub reversed and cries out:

"*Sakmede!*"

Those who are eating keep silent, and the *turostor* gives orders to the girls:

"*Tyarter murado posmorò*" (let the girls sing the *pos morò* or sacred song).

Those that have high and powerful voices are selected for this purpose. At the bidding of the *turostor* they place themselves in the centre of the *Keremet* and the former shouts out:

"*Puláma.*"

The musicians obey the summons, and the story begins.

According to Melnikof the *pos morò* is a long song in the Mordvin language, the meaning of which the Ersas and Teryukhans no longer understand. The girls sing it, however, without knowing what it means. At the beginning it is directed towards the Gods, and at the end sets them side by side with some day of the week:

"Friday, *Pas Velen Pas.*

Sunday, *Voltsi Pas ukoni.*

\* For east one should read west, I fancy, as the fire was on that side of the *Keremet*.—J. A.

Wednesday, *Cham Pas*.

Tuesday, *Ved Pas*.

Thursday, *Nishki Pas*.

Saturday, *Mastir Pas*.

Monday, *Vam Pas, to ike*.

When this is concluded, the girls sing in Russian while the musicians are playing :

“ *Parindyaitz*, we wish to drink,  
Ye seniors of the village *chulkoni*,  
Oh ! thou most senior, we wish to eat.  
*Tyavter muradon*.”

Then the *turostor* cries out :

“ *Pulama mukyit ! tyavter kodamò !* ” (bagpipers keep silent, girls keep silent).

He then orders those standing near the table to give the singers food and drink. When they have eaten, at the bidding of the *turostor* the girls again sing the *pos morò*, again eat and drink till all is consumed, save a small quantity of *purè*, flesh, and omelet, which is carried home.

The remains of the sacrificed animals—the horns, bones, hoofs, etc.—were sometimes burnt in the sacred fire at the conclusion of the feast, sometimes were buried inside the *Keremet*.

When all was over, the ladles, knives, vats, and other articles were taken back to the *pryavts*. So, too, with the ends of the candles that had been attached to the rim of the “sovereign’s barrel,” but the other candle-ends were divided among the heads of households.

#### THE GODDESS *Ange Patyai*.

Public parish sacrificial feasts were not held oftener than five times a year. They were celebrated in honour of the chief divinities, *Ange Patyai*, her sons *Nishki Pas*, *Svyet Vereshki Velen Pas*, *Voltsi Pas*, and *Nasarom Pas*, and her four daughters, “*Patyai’s* sisters.” The customs were not everywhere the same. In some parishes on the Volga, the Surà, and other large rivers, where the inhabitants were

partly fishermen, public festivals were held in honour of *Ved mastir Pas*, the water-god, etc.

Twice a year honours were paid to *Ange Patyai*, and at the same time to her four daughters. The Mordvins believed her to be an ever-young virgin, full of power, beauty, and life, and the maintainer of life in the world. In her virginal character she was the protectress of girls and of morality. But as mother of the gods she was also protectress of married women, was helpful at child-birth, and protected the lives and health of new-born children. Hence the two festivals in her honour. The one was held in spring, first by girls (see note, § 11), then by widows, out in the fields or in groves by the side of a spring or a water-course. The other was kept at home in winter, first by children, the beloved of *Ange Patyai*, afterwards by married women and midwives.

Altogether there were eight festivals a year to *Ange Patyai*:

1. On the seventh Thursday after Russian Easter the girls held one, partly in the country, partly near water. It was called *Kyolu molyan*, after the name of the birch-god, *Kyol ozais*.

2. On the following day a great parish sacrificial feast was held in honour of *Ange Patyai* and *Kyol ozais*. This was called *Tevtyar molyan*, or the festival of girls, as they were the chief personages concerned.

3. On the Thursday after Trinity Sunday widows held a feast in honour of *Ange Patyai*, at which a midwife was the chief personage. It was termed *Baban molyan*, or festival of aged women.

4. On Christmas Eve small boys and girls celebrated a festival in honour of *Ange Patyai* and *Kyolada ozais*, the protector of cattle.

5. On Christmas Day a sacrificial feast was held in honour of *Ange Patyai* and *Nishki Pas*, to which all the gods were invited as guests.

6. On the following day the married women held a public parish festival at the house of a midwife.

7. On New Year's Eve the children again held a festival to *Ange Patyai* and *Taunsyai*, the divinity of swine.

8. The winter festival was held on New Year's Day, with a divine service at home to the above divinities.

According to the Mordvins, *Ange Patyai* lives both in the sky and on the earth. Her house is high up behind the clouds, and is filled with unborn human souls and with the growing corn on which wild and domestic animals are nourished. Thence she pours down on the earth the forces that sustain life, sometimes in the form of morning dew, sometimes as rain and snow, at other times as lightning. The latter is especially fertilizing. When it has been discharged it penetrates even the dwelling of *Mastir Pas*, and gives him the power of fertilizing the ground. In a MS. of the last century, a certain Miklovich relates that the Mordvins of Simbirsk called the lightning *Sarya*\* *ozais*, and regarded it as *Ange Patyai*'s dearest granddaughter, and as their principal helper. *Ange Patyai* sends her female servants to the earth in the event of a child being born, but is herself invisible.

In her abode in the sky she is young and beautiful, but on descending to the earth displays herself as a remarkably powerful old woman. Here she is like iron. The earth bends as she walks along, and should she tread on a stone the print of her foot remains behind. Occasionally she is seen on earth, sometimes in the shape of a great white bird with a golden tail, dropping seed from its golden beak upon the fields and pastures; sometimes in the form of a snow-white dove that showers down flowers for bees to gather honey from and grains of corn for her beloved hens. For the most part men only see the shadow of this benevolent divinity, when she is going to look at the meadows. Sometimes on a clear summer's day, about mid-day, one sees a thin shadowy veil suddenly thrown over the cornfields, though against the sun it is scarcely perceptible. This, the Mordvins say, is the shadow of *Ange Patyai*. The goddess is then passing invisibly over the earth, benefiting the animals and plants dear to her and fertilizing the ground. Though she assigns an *Ange ozais*, or good guardian spirit, to every babe, yet she often goes herself to sleeping children and does acts of kindness to them. If a sleeping child smiles, one may know that the goddess is fondling it.

One of her cares is whether women are industrious, and especially

\* *Saryä* is the flush of dawn or of sunset.

how they spin, for she is a spinner herself. On the ridge of a silver mountain in the sky she spins her threads with a golden wheel. During her week, from Christmas-eve to the new year in winter, and from the day of Semik (the seventh Thursday after Easter) to the following Thursday in summer, Mordvin women do not spin. To do so would be a great sin; and they believe that wearing clothes containing threads spun on those days brings much misfortune to the wearer. The cobwebs that float about on a clear autumn day are the weaving of the goddess.

Of domestic creatures, hens are her favourites, on account of their productiveness. Hens and eggs are therefore offered to her. The eggs offered on the day of Semik are stained reddish yellow with cloves of garlic. Such eggs are termed golden. They are carefully kept; and in case of fire are thrown into the flames to check the blaze and to turn the wind. They are placed on trees in the forest, where beehives are kept, that the bees may be more productive, and chickens are fed with them, accompanying the action with a prayer to the goddess, that they may become good layers of eggs when full-grown. These eggs are also eaten by barren women, and by those whose children have died young. If a plague has broken out among the cattle or other domestic animals, especially if the sheep die, such eggs are broken and scattered about the cow-houses, and the cattle are smoked with the burnt egg-shells and cloves of garlic.

The Mordvins relate the following legend:

At the beginning of the world, *Ange Patyai* said to all the women and female creatures that they ought to bring forth offspring every day. They would not, however, agree to this, saying that it would be very irksome and painful. The hen alone agreed, and therefore became the favourite creature of the goddess. Another bird also consented, and was also on the point of becoming her favourite; but, subsequently, it got weary of the trouble of daily laying eggs. This was the cuckoo, which was intended to be a domestic creature. The goddess then became angry, drove it away from human habitations into the woods, and did not allow it to make its own nest any more, but ordered it to lay its eggs in a strange nest. As a sign of the

breach of promise, she made the cuckoo peck-marked and its eggs speckled. From that time forth it cuckoos in the forest, lamenting and pining after the human habitations where it had led such a comfortable life.

While shaking down growing corn upon the fields *Ange Patyai* restrains storms, thunder, and lightning. Without her aid the world would long ago have been destroyed. When it rains the goddess is sprinkling down milk from her home in the sky, and if these "milk-drops" fall upon cows, their yield of milk is increased. Of all mammals the dearest to the goddess are sheep and pigs, from their greater reproductiveness. On this account the Mordvins offer up to her in summer a white sheep and in winter a pig, in lieu of hens and eggs.

Of agricultural products she especially loves millet and flax, as they yield more seed than other plants. She herself gathers flax from the fields, about one stalk from every *desyatin* (1866 square yards), and spins with her silver comb the thread for the shirts of her infant gods. She also plucks wool from white sheep, spins it, dyes the yarn in the blue of the sky, in the red of the sun, in the yellow of the moon, and in the ruddy dawn; and with the motley thread she sews hems and shoulder-seams, after Mordvin fashion, on the shirts of the gods. The rainbow is the hem of *Nishki Pas'* shirt, which his mother sewed for him.\* If a woman is in the family-way and *Ange Patyai* is specially well-disposed towards her, she orders her daughter to weave a shirt for the infant, and sends it to the earth to the *Ange ozais*. Such children are born with a so-called "lucky cap." They are considered fortunate, and live all their lives in the goodwill of the goddess. The caul is sewn into the child's first suit of clothes, is carried about during its whole life-time, and follows its owner into the grave. If the person loses it he brings on himself many misfortunes and loses the favour of the goddess.

As millet is also dear to *Ange Patyai*, sick children are fed with

\* The ordinary name of the rainbow is in *Ersa pirgena yonks*, in *Moksha atyam yonks*, both meaning "thunder bow."

millet groats boiled in sheep's milk. Similar groats are eaten by newly-married couples at their wedding. At the gatherings on the occasion of the birth of a child—nowadays at the christening—the midwife gives groats of this description to all present. Widows offer the same to *Ange Patyai* at “the festival of aged women.” Hens, too, are fed with millet groats, mentioning at the same time the name of the goddess, that they may become better layers.

*Ange Patyai* is also well disposed towards onions and garlic. The former are, therefore, placed by the Mordvins under the pillows of sickly or restless children, who are also smoked with cloves of garlic. She does not like hops, as they have grown from a shoot given to man by *Shaitan*. The Mordvins, therefore, never use hopped beer at their festivals in her honour, but only *purè*, or wort mixed with honey. The birch is her favourite tree, because it is more fertile, and spreads more than other trees. No festival is held to her without eggs, millet, and birch trees. At her winter festivals macerated bath-switches of birch are employed.

Of insects, the busy, productive bee is her greatest favourite, as it, like the hen, consented to her proposal to produce offspring every day. Accordingly, it is only from beeswax that the sacred candles are made; and the sacrificial *purè* is only prepared from bees' honey. Wasps and bumble bees are not favourites, as they did not agree to her desire. The ant undertook to breed daily, and to be an ever-industrious worker; but deceitful *Shaitan* began digging the ants' honeycombs into the ground, and concealed its young ones in the coarse sand, so that men could get no use out of them. The goddess, therefore, took the sweetness from the “ants' butter” and commanded them to work only in the ground. But, formerly, “ants' butter” was honey.

*Ange Patyai* also favours midwives, so that she has here and there obtained the cognomen of *Bulaman Patyai*, goddess of the midwife. On the second day of her winter festival a private sacrificial feast was held in every village in the house of a midwife, and this has preserved the name of “the midday-meal assembly,” down to our times. Doctors were also favoured persons, and she aided them in curing all diseases. In



all the special appliances with which they healed any complaint or disorder they used eggs and millet, without which no sort of ceremony could be performed in her honour. The Mordvins in the government of Samara still cure disorders with eggs, millet-groats, branches of birch or bath-switches.

Before her summer festival the *parindyait*s and *yanbed*s collected malt, corn, honey, &c., as has already been described; but this time girls, not the women, bared their shoulders and breasts, and gave the supplies to the collectors. Holding both ends of the straps in one hand, the girl concealed her breast with the other, as a sign of her maidenhood. On the eve of the festival the girls decked the room and the courtyard with green, especially with birch branches, and planted small birch trees in front of the houses, in the same way as the Russians do on Trinity Sunday. They tied wreaths of flowers and twigs for their heads, and suspended them outside the dwelling-room, one for each girl in the house. Wreaths were also hung over their pillows, with the following prayer to *Ange Patyai*:

"*Cham Pas*, have mercy upon us. *Ange Patyai*, dear mother, help thy daughter *Masyakai* (the girl's name) to live modestly, and give her soon a good bridegroom." Having hung the wreath up, they add :

"*Sryet Nishki Pas*, send me a bridegroom."

On the eve of the festival, or on the eve of the Russian *Semik* (the seventh Thursday after Easter), the girls of all the villages assemble and go in procession from house to house, with wreaths on their heads, holding birch branches in their hands, and singing lustily to *Ange Patyai* for protection and to *Nishki Pas* to send them husbands. Men are not allowed to take part in this procession. If any reckless youth ventures to intrude upon their company they cuff and tickle him till he promises to buy them about a dozen fresh eggs. Only a player on the *pulàman* could accompany the girls if they chose to invite him.

The girls choose a leader called *pryavt tevtyar*; she walks at the head of the procession, preceded by little girls carrying a small birch tree, *kyòlu*, decked with the *karkschamaks* (girdle) of the leader, as well as

with handkerchiefs and scarfs. Three girl *parindyaits* follow their leader, carrying bast and birchbark baskets, adorned with branches of birch. On approaching each house the girls sing a special song called *kyöl-moró* (birch-song). In the government of Samara and Simbirsk, where the girls have forgotten their own language, they sing in Russian :

“ Hail ! thou white birch,  
Hail ! thou great maple leaf,  
Hail ! guardian of the lime,  
All hail ! ye lovely girls,  
All hail ! our mistress dear :  
To thee, O mistress dear,  
Are coming lovely girls  
To gather yellow eggs,  
Omelets and also pies.

The mistress of the house gives eggs, millet, meal, and butter through the window. The leader takes the eggs, but the daughter, niece, or some relation of the mistress takes the meal and butter. These gifts are laid in the baskets of the girl *parindyaits*.

While delivering these presents the mistress says :

“ *Ange Patyai Pas*, dear mother, preserve thy dear child, so that a bad man may not fall in love with her, nor carry off her green wreath.”

As they retire from the window, the girls arrange themselves in a circle in front of it, and, to the accompaniment of the *pulàman*, sing a song of thanks to the daughter of the house. The three following are specimens of these songs as they are still sung in Mordvin in the districts of Saransk and Krasnoslovodsk, in the government of Pensa, though some singers do not completely understand them. In the first, in which several Russian words occur, there are traces both of Finnish metre and alliteration :

“ *Káti Káterka máterka,  
Káterka yakói shchogolsta.  
Kati shchogolsta, chuvasta,  
Vai Saratovskoi chyulkasi,  
Séri kochkeri bášmaksa,  
Kóta kválmasa palyasa  
Kem kaftova rutsyasa  
Vai, páli sarya shtofnoisa.*”

Little mistress, Kitty, Kate,  
 Proudly Kitty clothed herself.  
 Prond and stately is her gait,  
 Oh! what stockings of Saràtof!  
 Oh! the shoes so high of heel,  
 Six the stripes upon her shirt,  
 Flounces ten on her kaftán,  
 Shirt adorned with rose of dawn."

A shirt ornamented with six stripes is the proudest dress of Mordvin girls. They are sewn in patterns with different coloured worsteds, especially red, green, and blue, upon a white linen shirt on three sides from the shoulder to the skirts. The collars and skirts are similarly adorned. A mark of the highest degree of pride is to have a girdle of twelve pieces of linen. They usually sew on their girdles a number of worsted fringes, or the shells called "snakes heads," or silver coins. If a Mordvin girl is in her smartest dress she arranges twelve pieces of fine linen, a good half ell in width, to hang behind her below the the girdle, so that the lower piece overlaps the one above, and the lowest of all reaches to the knee. These flounces (*rutsyat*) are also ornamented with worsted, or by the rich with gold thread and thread fringes. The second song of thanks is as follows :

" *Tevtyars ionos Tatyanas.*  
*Mesdya paro son?*  
*Palininsa másinit,*  
*Oshanyansa, kúvakat,*  
*Selymi nànsa ràushat."*

" A lovely girl is Tatyana.  
 But wherefore is she beautiful?  
 Most lovely are her linen clothes,  
 Her shirtsleeves are voluminous,  
 Her eyes are of the blackest hue."

The third runs as follows :

" *Ryasapan Sôfas*  
*Shechk làsan pésha*  
*Sôfan rongonats,*  
*Ilyanas kotf krinks*  
*Pilgen kartsifats,*  
*Vai leshmé lévken*  
*Pilgen shechafkes."*

" Rynasapan Sophia !  
 White as a peeled lime  
 Sophia's body is,  
 Round as a tuft of flax  
 Her stocking-legs appear,  
 Oh ! like a nimble foal's  
 Her movements seem to be."

Mordvin women are particularly proud of their legs, and therefore wear short shirts and petticoats. The beauty of the legs consists in their thickness and their firm gait. The women therefore bind several ells of fine well-bleached linen as smoothly as possible round their legs. They are noted for the briskness of their gait, always hold their heads well up, look straight before them, and never turn their eyes to the ground.

When the girls have collected enough eggs, butter, and meal, they start off, as evening approaches, for some river, watercourse, or spring near the village, carrying their bedizened birch trees, and singing as they step along.

It must be remembered that the Russian peasantry celebrate Semik with various ceremonies in which songs, special to the occasion, occur. It is highly probable that these ceremonies are not originally Slavonic, but have been borrowed from a people of Finnish stock. In the governments of Nizhegorod and Simbirsk both the Mordvins and the Russians, living in close proximity, sing the following song in Russian. The Mordvin girls, too, sing it in Russian when going to their festival :

" Bless us, o Trinity,  
 Thou mother [too] of God,  
 While going to the woods  
 To plait together wreaths  
 Of branches of the birch.  
*Oi Did Lado !*  
 My wee birch tree !

" We'll to the forest go,  
 We'll gather flowers there,  
 We'll plait together wreaths.  
*Oi Did Lado !*  
 My wee birch tree !

" We shall direct our steps  
 To meadows—groves of birch.  
 A birch branch we'll break off—  
 Together plait a wreath  
 And fling it in the stream.  
*Oi Did Lado!*  
 My wee birch tree !

" The wreath—will it float,  
 The wreath—will it sink,  
 O little birch tree ?  
 O wreath, do thou float,  
 O wreath, do not sink.  
*Oi Did Lado!*  
 My wee birch tree."

The expression *Did Lado* has undoubtedly come to the Mordvins through the Russians, and was used by the former at the beginning of the last century.

On reaching the watercourse, the girls set up their decorated birch tree on the bank, or, as in some places, they strip it of its ribbons and tie them to the branches of a growing birch. Then they place themselves in a circle round it, and the girl *parindyait* cries:

" *Sakmede !* "

The girls are silent, and their leader repeats :

" *Kyolu Pas! riniman mon*, have mercy upon us, *Ange Patyai Pas*, give us health."

They then bow profoundly to the birch three times. After this service to the divinity of the birch tree they take the wreaths from their heads and throw them into the water. If the wreath floats, the girl will soon be married, if it sinks she will soon die. They then take their clothes off and wash their feet in the water. Lastly they strip the birch of its ribbons and decorations, break it up, and throw it into the fire on which the omelets are being prepared. When these are ready the leader cries :

" *Sakmede !* "

She then repeats a prayer, first to *Cham Pas*, next to *Ange Patyai*, for health and good bridegrooms, and lastly to *Kyol ozais*, to whom the omelets are offered by raising the fryingpan three times in the air.

When all the food is eaten, the girls begin "making godmothers" of each other. For this purpose they make a large wreath of birch branches through which they kiss one another after singing a song. In the governments of Nizhegorod and Simbirsk the following Russian song is used, as also by the Russians themselves, during the ceremonies of the day :

" Godmother ! we'll be godmothers, godmothers we shall be,  
 We'll make godmother the Semik birch tree.  
*Oi Did Lado* to worthy Semik,  
*Oi Did Lado* to my wee birch tree,  
 To godmother [and] to the dove.  
 Godmothers we'll be,  
 Godmothers we'll be,  
 Don't wrangle, don't scold,  
*Oi Did Lado!* my little birch tree !"

When the girls have made themselves godmothers, they return to the village singing lustily in Russian :

Dear mother Trinity,  
 The mother too of God,  
 And hon'rab! Semik  
 To us both soap and candles give,  
 Something to bleach [us] white,  
 A little looking-glass,  
 Of money a copek,  
*Oi Did Lado*  
 Worthy Semik's cake of eggs."

In place of the Trinity, they probably used to pray to *Cham Pas*, *Nishki Pas*, and *Ved Pas*. The phrase "mother of God" has undoubtedly taken the place of *Ange Patyai*, and "honourable Semik" that of *Kyolu Ozais*, in whose honour the girls hold the festival.

On the following day old and young, men and women, all assembled for a public festival in the *Keremet* consecrated to *Ange Patyai*. Three girls led the white one-year-old sheep, bought with the money collected by the *parindyais* and *yanbeds*. First they washed it in a brook, and sometimes tied branches to its horns. If there was a great gathering of people, they brought two, three, or more sheep. When they had led them to the east door of the *Keremet*, the girls

left them to the *posanbunaveks*. These tied the sheep to the sheep-post (*yuba*), then led them to the *tershigat*, skinned them with the sacrificial knife, hung up the fleeces on the *yuba* posts, and left the flesh to be cooked by the *yanbeds*. The girls, holding birch branches decked with handkerchiefs and linen cloths, stationed themselves in front of the sacred birch, which was similarly bedecked. Behind the girls were the women, and behind them stood the men. The omelets and millet-groats brought from home were suspended to the branches in earthen pots, and in front of the birch tree was set a barrel of beer mixed with honey or *purè*. The girls chose three of themselves, and gave them the eggs already collected to make "parish omelets" on the stove-plate.

Then the *rosatya* climbed the tree and conducted the divine service, as has already been described. At this festival no *purè* was sprinkled over the people, but instead the *rosatya* ejected green birch twigs from his mouth, with a prayer to *Kyolu Ozais*. The girls gathered the twigs, wove wreaths with them, and set them on their heads. On this occasion the girls were the first to receive *purè*, mutton, broth, and omelets.

At the conclusion of the service the men and women returned home, but the girls went singing to a stream, undressed, and washed their feet. Then they again "made godmothers," by kissing through wreaths, and finally threw both the wreaths and the branches they had been carrying into the water.

The spring festival to *Ange Patyai* did not, however, end there. A week later, on the Thursday after Trinity week, the so-called "widows' prayer-feast" was held. Only widows took part in it, and only such recent widows as had determined to live unwedded for the future. This festival of the widows, or "widows' groats," was the third dedicated to *Ange Patyai*.

On the eve of the Thursday six or seven aged women assembled, and went the rounds of the village, to collect what was necessary. The material thus gathered was handed over to the elected *pryavt baba*, or senior of the aged women. The office was usually assigned to the *bulaman* or midwife of the village. With the money collected

an old sheep was bought. On Thursday morning at sunrise the aged women assembled at the same place, and first carried a small birch tree, decked with white scarfs or handkerchiefs, to a river, water-course, or spring. Then they transported to the place fifteen earthen pots full of millet, groats, and other edibles, together with a live sheep and a hen. The widows appointed an aged widower, usually a *posanbunaved*, to kill the animal for sacrifice.

By the side of a spring or stream, and, as a matter of necessity, in a grove of trees, if possible of birch, the aged women lit a fire and hung the kettles over it. In a cauldron that would hold about ten pails they cooked a sort of pap, thickened with butter, and prepared the omelets on large stove-plates. They placed the cooked food on the ground, and planted the birch in the centre. Then they arranged themselves in a circle, and, three widows stepping forward, repeated a prayer simultaneously. It is to be regretted that Melnikof had no Mordvin text of this prayer, but Feodor Shaverski, a priest of the village of Vechkomof, states that now the widows take a holy picture with them, and say before it:

"Lord *Pas* the Provider, help and protect us, and may much of every sort of produce be given to the orthodox people!"

Then they look towards the sky, and add:

"Thou father, Ilya the Great, send down warmth, dew, and fine weather!"

Then looking at the river or spring, they pray:

"Water, dear mother, give health to all baptized people. Whoever drinks thee, whoever eats, give him health; and to whoever bathes to him grant refreshment and joy. Give health also to the cattle that drink thee."

Approaching the food laid on the ground, they say:

"For thee, Lord! Take the pap, omelet, pancakes, and sour cream, but grant what we ask for. Give, O Lord *Pas*, and thou, dear mother, most holy mother of God, to all orthodox people abundance of all kinds of cattle; grant that they may bring forth many young, that they may grow large and may be healthy."

According to Shaverski this is repeated three times. He also says



that at its conclusion the women eat the pap, mixing with it omelets and sour cream. They then lie down and sleep. On waking about noon they begin the offices of sacrifice. The appointed widower kills the sheep and the nine hens, and cooks their flesh in water without salt. When sufficiently cooked he takes the meat out of the broth, pours the latter into a trough, and sets it on the ground near the stream or spring. The women put the meat near the fifteen earthen pots full of groats, and add butter to it. When all is arranged, they fall on their knees before the picture, and the three aged women repeat :

“O Lord *Pas* the Provider, help and defend us. Give us plenty of every sort of good thing, and health to all thy people. Grant us health, grant success to all our labours, and undertakings. Wherever we go, grant good luck to the journey. What we beg of thee, what we entreat for, do thou, *Pas* the Provider, ever give us. Dear mother, most holy mother of God, let a great crop come up ; give us horses, cows, sheep, and to the latter give soft wool. Defend, O Lord *Pas* the Provider, all the orthodox from bad men, from wizards ; do not let them attack us ; cause them, O Lord, to hang down by their feet, break their right hands, thrust out their right eyes.”

Then they approach the food, saying :

“Look ! for thee, O Lord *Pas* the Provider. Look ! for thee, dear mother, most holy mother of God, there stand groats, a whole loaf, mutton, the flesh of a fowl, and broth. Take it ! what we pray for, give ! ”

After repeating this thrice, the women seat themselves round the food and eat their midday meal. Men and young women of the same village now come on the scene, and something is given them to eat. The women then collect what remains and go home. In the districts of Alatiya, Kurmusha, and Ardatova, in the government of Simbirsk, the aged women, on their return home, bury one portion of the remains of the groats in the west corner of the sheep-pen, another portion they put under the *Karlo syarko* stone, and what is left they eat next day with the people of the house. A birch tree is placed in the sheep-pen, and perches for the hens are put in the branches.

The winter festivals to *Ange Patyai* are called *kyolyadenak*, and are held at Christmas. Properly speaking, the word means the festival of *Kyolada ozais*. It is chiefly married women and children of both sexes that take an active part in them, and midwives are held in special honour.

The young women concoct *purè* for Christmas without hops, an operation at which no old men or women are allowed to be present. The day before Christmas Eve a three weeks' old pig was slaughtered with special ceremonies over the centre of the *kardo syarko*. All the mash that remained from the brewing of the beer for the festival of *Nasarom Pas* on December 6, and what was collected on the present occasion, was given to the pig. Three days before it was slaughtered it was released from the recess under the hearth-stone where it generally lived. On December 23 the young married women dressed out the pig. A linen scarf was tied round its neck, and between them were stuck in some twigs of a macerated bath switch. It was then led to the front corner of the room, and the greater part of the water used to soften the switch was poured into a bowl and presented to the pig to drink. The master of the house then led it to the centre of the courtyard, and stuck it without removing the linen or the twigs, allowing the blood to flow under the *kardo syarko*. On the same stone the pig was singed with chips of birch ignited by the sacred candles, and accompanied by a prayer to *Ange Patyai*, *Nishki Pas*, and *Taun ozais*, the divinity of pigs. The scarf was also burned, but the bloody twigs were taken by the mistress of the house to wake the children with on Christmas morning. While still sleeping their mother used to strike them hard, saying :

"*Ange Patyai kasines, kyolchanyan kasines, kyolkolyada kasines,*" *i. e.*, A. P. has given, the birch festival has given, *kyolyada* has given.

The mother does this for the benefit of their health. The louder the children cry the healthier they will become, for *Ange Patyai* will hear them the sooner. For the feast they usually boiled maccaroni broth or pap with the pork, and roasted the pig's head with sausages made of its intestines and stuffed with millet groats.

On Christmas Eve children both in Mordvin and Russian villages

have the same custom, termed by the Russians *kolyada*, and by the Mordvins, after their birch tree divinity, *kyolyada*, the protector of cattle. The Russians have vainly endeavoured to explain their word either by the Latin *calendoe*, or by the Slavonic *kolo*, a circle. The Mordvin word means "birchen," from *kyol*, *kyolu*, a birch, the tree sacred to *Ange Patyai*.

During the summer festival girls and widows go about with fresh birch trees, but as these are not obtainable in winter the Mordvin women soften bath-switches of birch in boiling water, into which they put milk, a handful of millet, and break a few eggs. Some of the water is given, as we have seen, to the pig. Children's cradles are also washed with it, and women about to be confined are sprinkled with some.

On Christmas Eve boys and girls up to the age of 14 or 15 assemble together. The girls go about carrying bath-switches of birch to which scarfs and handkerchiefs are attached. These switches are also known as *kyol kyolyada*. The boys carry sticks, large and small bells, and stove plates. The procession is headed by a girl with a lantern, tied to the end of a stick, and carried high. She is followed by another girl carrying a sack. As they move in procession the children sing :

" *Kyol, Kyolyada*,  
Golden bearded.  
On his business we go.  
*Kyolyada* has come.  
Open the gate (*ortà*)  
Give to *Kyolyada*  
Sansages, feet,  
And old women's pancakes.  
*Kyol, Kyolyada*  
Golden bearded."

While this is being sung the boys ring the bells, beat the stove-plates, and raise a fearful din through the whole village. Approaching a window they sing :

" *Ho ! Kyolyada !*  
[See] those red posts,

*Ho ! Kyolyada !* [repeated after each line]  
 That golden, solid gate,  
 Like silver gleams the fence.  
 Where, brother Vasyai, sleepest thou at night ?  
 It is hot on the stove,  
 On the stove-bench—a smell,  
 Near the stove-mouth—a smoke,  
 On the bench—a tight fit,  
 At the place in the nook,  
 Old wives have been there,  
 Aged women have drunk ;  
 Men too have been [there],  
 Married women have drunk ;  
 Brother Vasyai is rich,  
 With a spade gathers coin,  
 Pancakes and sausages,  
*Kyolyangemen* pies."

The young married women, dressed in their best clothes, give from the window eggs garnished with cloves of garlick, pork sausages stuffed with millet groats, sweet pancakes of milk, butter, eggs, &c. ; and the so-called *kyolyangemen*, or pies stuffed with millet, groats, and eggs, and made into the shape of sheep, pigs, and hens. The children put these donations into the sack. When they have made the round of the village they assemble in some room, set the great decorated bath-switch and the lighted candle in the front corner, and eat their supper. That over, they return home.

By noon on Christmas-eve the young married women are already beginning the preparation of food. A fire is lit in the stove with a special ceremony. A lighted candle and a bath-switch of birch are placed in front of the stove. Then the ashes are swept from the stove and the pit below it with another softened switch before putting in the firewood, which must be of birch. The mistress of the house takes a faggot of birch rods, lights it with the candle, saying:

"O, *Cham Pas*, have mercy upon us. O, *Ange Patyai*, dear mother, most holy mother of God, pray for us. O, *Svyet Nishki Pas*, let the ruddy sun rise, warm us with its warmth, cause abundance of crops to grow for us."

The burning faggot is placed on the hearth-stone, and on the top a

brand that has been carefully preserved from the last winter festival. When ignited, it is pushed into the pit below the stove, and the wood in the stove is lit from the blazing faggot. Besides the brand they put in the pit a log of birch, still wet, which smoulders for three days. On the remains of the brand they pour some of the water in which the switches were softened. Afterwards, it is put under the hearth-stone, to serve for the next winter's festival. Dousing the brand should be performed by a child, the youngest member of the household that can stand on its feet. Before this is done its mother shakes salt over the brand, and as it crackles in the fire, she says:

"O, *Nishki Pas*, shine upon us more sharply than salt; do not thunder, O *Pas Purgine*."

Next day (Christmas-day) the married women cover the floor with clean straw, put a bath-switch of birch with its head outwards in the front corner, and a lighted candle in front of it, and then begin preparing food. The pig's head is cooked separately, and, when ready, a red egg is put in its mouth, and also a softened sprig of birch. On the dish they lay red threads like a beard under the head, and this is called, "the golden beard."

At mid-day, December 25, the master of the house lights a candle and falls on his knees with all the household before the open window. At all divine services at home the Mordvins keep the window open and look through it to the sky while repeating their prayers. All bow towards the ground and elevate their hands, while the master of the house invites the gods as guests in this way:

"O, *Cham Pas*, have mercy upon us. O, *Ange Patyai*, dear mother, most holy mother of God, come to our house, to thy *kyolchyanyan* festival. O, *Nishki Pas*, O, *Iniche Pas*, come to our house, to thy *kyolchyanyan* festival. O, *Svyet Vereshki Velen Pas* (here other divinities are mentioned, as the case may be), come to our house with *Ange Patyai* and her son *Iniche Pas* to their *kyolchyanyan* festival."

*Cham Pas* is too great to be invited as a guest. The Mordvins say if he were to enter anyone's house the whole village, with all its inhabitants, buildings, cattle, fields, woods, rivers, and wells, would burn up in the twinkling of an eye.

After this invitation to the gods the master of the house bids those present to prepare for dinner. The mistress hands him the pig's head on a dish, which he takes outside the room, accompanied by the children. The youngest child leads the way, carrying the bath-switch that was placed in the front corner. First he carries the head to the *kardo syarko*, then to the horse-stalls, the cow-house, the hen-house, the cellar, the bath-house, the drying-barn, and the well, repeating at each place a prayer to *Ange Patyai*, *Nishki Pas*, and to the divinity of each place—to *Rev Pas* at the sheep-pen, to *Lishmen ozais* at the stall, &c. After this they return to the room where all the eatables are already laid on a table spread with a clean linen cloth. Two of the millet-groat pies are placed side by side, and the third on the top. The upper one is consecrated to *Ange Patyai*, the lower ones to *Nishki Pas*, and to her other sons and daughters. A tub of *purè* is set on the floor near the table. The master of the house places the pig's head in the centre of the table, and the bath-switch in the front corner of the room. Then all fall on their knees, and he prays as follows. "O, *Cham Pas*, have mercy upon us. *Ange Patyai Pas*, dear mother, most holy mother of God, pray for us. O, *Nishki Pas*, O, *Iniche Pas*, help and defend us. We salute you with bread, salt, and a full table. Look! for thee, *Ange Patyai*, is a pig's head, *kyolyangemen*, bread, salt, a bucket of *purè*, and coloured eggs. Look! for thee, O, *Nishki Pas* (the food is again recounted). Look! for ye gods (their names are given and the food is specified). In proportion to the bread and salt on the table, in that proportion give us wealth. Give us as much wealth as there are grains in the pies. Protect us from evil men, and from the unclean Power; protect also the sheep and pigs from wolves. Give, O *Ange Patyai*, to our crops that are sown in the ground white lightning and warm dew. O, *Svyet Nishki Pas*, shine hot upon our crops. O, *Ange Patyai*, make the straw grow thick with great ears, with grain yellow as the eggs of a hen. Give us cattle of the colour *Yurta ozais* likes. Give us plenty of hardy horses, sound and strong as bears. Give us cows, pigs, fowls, geese, ducks; all sorts of cattle, and all sorts of birds. For old benefits we prostrate ourselves; O give fresh ones."

This prayer is still used in Russian by the Russianised Mordvins of the government of Samara, though according to Shaverski the pagan divinities are no longer mentioned. It begins :

“ O God on high, the great God, help and defend us.” Instead of invoking the favour of *Ange Patyai*, they say: “ Look ! for thee, O Festival of Christ’s birth (*rozhdество Kristovo*) is a pig’s head, &c.”

In place of *Nishki Pas* they say *Pas* the Provider. These Russianised people also no longer use a bath switch of birch, but place a lighted candle before the holy picture.

When the above prayer is over, the master takes the upper pie, cuts off an edge and puts on it a bit of the head, some pork from the macaroni broth, a morsel of stained egg, of sweet pancake, and of other eatables on the table. All this he takes in his right hand, in his left a ladleful of *purè*, and then repeats without kneeling the above prayer for a third time. All the others are on their knees. As he mentions each kind of food he touches the corresponding piece in his right hand. Then he hands it all over to his wife, who sets it on the old brand smoldering in the stove-pit and on the new log of birch. After this he gives her the ladle, which she empties into the recess below the stove with a prayer to *Ange Patyai*, and lights a fire there with dry birch twigs for the offering to burn the sooner.

When they begin eating, the master first cuts off a slice of the pig’s head and eats it, then his wife does the same, and lastly the rest of the family. The ears and snout are usually given to the children. When dinner is over, the wife takes a piece of the head and a ladle of *purè*, puts the former under the *kardo syarko* and pours the latter over it.

The following day, December 26, the whole village holds a public feast, *petsiona molyan*, in the house of a midwife. *Purè*, pies, groats, and other requisites were collected by the mistresses of families, who brought *purè* brewed by themselves and ready cooked food to the house of the midwife, who had herself only cooked two kinds of millet groats, one thick, the other thin. A few days before the festival of *Ange Patyai* the women that had had children in the course of the year brought her the millet and butter to make this.

Only married men with their wives and children up to seven years old took part in this festival, which was termed *Bulaman molyan*, or the midwife's festival, and was held in the evening. The children on this occasion were called "the grand-children," both of *Bulaman Patyai* (*Ange Patyai's* cognomen for the nonce), and of the midwives that assisted at their births. Each of them brought the midwife a pie of millet groats, a honey-cake, and a loaf of sifted flour bread. The father brought a pail of *purè*, and now-a-days brings concealed in the breast of his coat a flask of the brandy so hateful to *Ange Patyai*. But he drinks it secretly lest the goddess see it and be angry. The mother brings a pie of groats an ell long, and two cakes of the same length, while the children bring a shoulder of boiled pork and veal. She ties her present and that of such children as are too small to carry their own gifts into a piece of white cloth, and then sews on two long straps. Baring her shoulders she puts the burden round her neck and attaches it crosswise with the straps. After putting on her fur coat she marches off followed by the children. On reaching the gateway she takes a small child by the hand, and in the district of the Nizhegorod, among the Russianised Teryukhans, sings:

"Dear old woman, give thy blessing,  
*Bulaman Patyai*.  
 Dear old woman, come to meet [me],  
 Dear old woman, come to meet [me],  
 I am coming [now] to see thee,  
 A great bundle I am bringing;  
 Supplicate, O dear old woman, (*bis*)  
 We are coming [now] to see thee,  
 Much [it is] that we are bringing  
 Of bread, of salt,  
 Of pork, of beer,  
 Of pies and cakes."

When this song of greeting is concluded the family gets under cover; the mother throws off her fur coat, and turning round enters the room backwards. The midwife approaches her saying:

"We supplicate for mercy on thy house and thy possessions."

With one hand she lays hold of the bundle, and with the other



lightly strikes the woman with a knife five times across the bare shoulders and back, then she cuts the straps of the bundle through. After this ceremony the midwife kisses the woman and her "grandchildren," taking from them the pies and cakes they have brought for her. Then the father sets the pail of *purè* on the table and bows down to his feet before the midwife.

When all has been collected, the midwife spreads the table with a clean cloth, and lays upon it the bread, salt, cakes, pies, the dishes of pork and veal, as well as the two earthenware pots of groats—the thin for the children, the thick for the grown up persons. She also places on it the pail of *purè*, attaches a lighted candle to it, and opens the window. After crying in a loud voice: "*Sakmede*" (silence), she orders all to fall on their knees and pray near the window, but she herself repeats:

"O *Cham Pas*, Lord *Savagoth* himself, have mercy upon us. O *Ange Patyai*, dear mother, most holy mother of God, give health to thy grandchildren, to the babes, to their fathers, to their mothers. O *Bulaman Patyai*, protect thy grandchildren that they may keep warm, cheerful, and healthy. O *Ange ozais*, protect thy grandchildren from the evil eye, from wizards, and from every unclean power. O *Ange Patyai Pas*, descend frequently from thy golden heavenly home to comfort thy grandchildren and babes. Give their mothers plenty of milk that they may feed thy grandchildren. Give plenty of children, grant that they grow up large and healthy."

While thus praying, the midwife, with the assistance of the women, raises up the table three times, then she walks thrice round it, candle in hand, repeating as she touches the food:

"O *Ange Patyai*, *Bulaman Patyai Pas*, look! for thee there are loaves, salt, pies, and cakes. Look! for thee there is *purè*. Look! for thee there are groats and butter." The midwife then puts both kinds of groats into separate dishes and butters them, while continuing her prayer to the goddess. Then taking a ladleful of *purè* she goes to the window, stretches the ladle towards the sky and prays:

"O *Cham Pas*, Lord *Savagoth* himself, have mercy upon us. O *Ange Patyai Pas*, *Bulaman Patyai Pas*, dear mother, most holy mother of

God, give health to thy grandchildren and to babes; give health to their fathers and mothers, that the children may thrive, that their mothers may have plenty of milk in their breasts."

When this is concluded she drinks a little of the *purè*, then the women, and after them the men. The midwife now seats herself on the bench by the stove, takes a spoonful of thick groats and eats it, after her the women and the men take a spoonful; lastly she gives a spoonful of the thin groats to the children. They do not sit down to supper till all these prayers and ceremonies have been gone through.

On December 27 the children alone, without their parents, meet at the midwife's. She warms up the food that had remained over. When they have eaten enough she takes them by the arm and leads them away to visit from house to house singing as they go:

"Let us go [now], dear old woman,  
Let us go [now], dear old mother;  
Father has been brewing beer,  
Mother has been cooking groats;  
Make a visit, dear old woman,  
Make a visit, O dear mother."

At every house they receive the midwife with honour, giving her beer, pies, and groats. On that day the groats are boiled in a pig's paunch.

The unmarried men and women, both in Mordvin and Russian villages, drive round from house to house singing and playing the *palama* (bagpipe) or the fiddle. The party stops at a branch road in the outskirts of the village, or at a well, and begin dancing a kind of round dance. In these amusements they carry about, as in the *kyolyada* processions, a bath-switch and a lantern.

On New Year's Eve, the Mordvins celebrate the festival of *Taunsyai*. In the Ersä language a pig is called *taun*, in Moksha, *tuon*;\* from this the name of the festival is derived. Mordvin influence on Russian customs is attested by the fact that the Russians, or rather the Russianised people of the governments of Ryazan, Vladimir, Tambof, the northern parts of Saratof, and in some parts of the governments

\* In the dictionary Ersä, *tuvo*; Moksha, *tura*; diminutive, *tuvane*.

of Penza and Samara, still preserve the Mordvin ceremonies of *Taunsyai*, under the name of *tausen* or *avsen*. The Mordvins celebrate it in the following manner :

On New Year's Eve the well-to-do, who have many pigs, slaughter one with almost the same ceremonies as on Christmas Eve. The destined pig is kept in a room till the other is killed on Christmas Eve. It is then taken to a separate sty, where it is fed till December 31, but a macerated bath-switch is not used on this occasion when it is slaughtered. Those who cannot afford to kill two pigs in close succession keep over from the *kyolyada* festival the trotters, as they are an obligatory article of food, in order to cook them on New Year's Eve. At the same time they also fry sweet pancakes in pork fat, make pies in the shape of pigs, and tarts of eggs, milk, and butter the size and shape of a hen's egg. In the same way as on Christmas Eve boys and girls make the rounds of the houses, though without bath-switches or lantern, singing in the following manner among the Ersa of Sergachk, Ardatof, Arsamas, and Simbirsk. Elsewhere the songs do not greatly differ :

“ *Taunsyai !*

Open, O earth,  
Let the crops grow,  
Round ears of corn,  
Grain like an awl,  
Let straw grow as well,  
Like the shaft of a cart.

“ *Taunsyai !*

Thrust out a seed,  
Bake thou a pie,  
Near the window put [it] ;  
A pigeon will fly.  
Will take up the grain,  
[But] we'll [take] the pie.

“ *Taunsyai !*

Go not to the door,  
To the windows they come,  
Pigs' trotters and cakes  
That have sat in the stove  
That have looked down on us.  
*Taunsyai !*”

If something is not speedily given, the singers begin banging stove-plates, jingling bells, and sing :

“ Just give us a pie,  
If you don't give a pie  
We'll break in the gate.  
If you give not a potful of groats  
We'll drive a dungfork through its side ;  
Just give us a cake,  
A small pot of millet seed groats.  
*Taunsiyai !* ”

When they have obtained pancakes, trotters, and millet groats through the window, they begin praising the people of the house :

“ *Denyan Lasunyas's*  
Dwelling house is bright,  
His windows white,  
An ornamented gate,  
Red painted posts.  
*Taunsiyai !*

“ *Denyan Lasunyas*  
Is a bright moon,  
His wife *Masai* (beautiful)  
A ruddy sun,  
[While] *Denyan's* bairns  
Are very stars.  
*Taunsiyai !*

“ May *Denyan's* crops increase  
Till doors won't hold them all,  
His sucking pigs increase,  
His calves, his lambs,  
His geese, his swans,  
And his grey ducks.  
*Taunsiyai !* ”

When this is concluded the children enter the house, and the eldest, who carries the sack, takes from his glove some seeds of various kinds, and throws them at the people of the house with the words :

“ May *Pas* the Provider send you crops.”

The people collect the seeds to put by till the time for sowing arrives. When the children have completed the rounds of the village they assemble in some house and eat what they have collected. They

do not, however, consume the whole, but keep some to give to the hens, ducks, geese, calves, sucking pigs, and lambs. An old animal gets nothing.

On New Year's Day, at dinner time, the master of the house opens the window, lights a candle in front of it, and, kneeling down with all the household, prays:

"O *Cham Pas* have mercy upon us. O *Ange Patyai* pray for the swine, sheep, sucking pigs, hens, &c. (enumerating each animal). O *Taun ozais* defend our swine from wolves, give us many sucking pigs. O *Velki Vashai* (Basil the Great) *Taunsyai* give us black and white sucking pigs, such as thou lovest."

After this the mistress of the house gives her husband the pig's head on a dish. On this occasion it is not garnished with an egg, with sprigs of birch, or with a golden beard. He then goes, dish in hand, with the children, first to the *kardo syarko*, then to the pig-sty, the cow-house, and sheep-pen. But he is preceded by the eldest child—whether boy or girl—holding in its mouth the pig's tail, put there by its mother, and carrying in its hand a glove full of different sorts of grain. This it scatters about the *kardo syarko*, the cow-house, the ploughs, harrows, carts, drying-barn, hay-loft, in fact everywhere. The father holding the pig's head prays:

"O, *Ange Patyai*, let the crops and the cattle grow. O, *Taun ozais*, *Velki Vasyai*, *Taunsyai*, protect the swine, that the wolves eat them not."

When they have made the round of the house and the out-houses they return to the dwelling-room and sit down to dinner after repeating three times the same prayer as on Christmas Day. The wife, as soon as dinner is over, buries the pig's ears and snout under the front corner of the room.

The straw laid on the floor at Christmas must remain till January 2. Then the wife takes a bundle of it, places it on the *kardo syarko*, and sets it on fire with a candle. Next day she smokes the cow-house. More straw is strewed in front of the dwelling-house on Twelfth Day Eve, and ignited with a candle. The Mordvins believe the smoke of the straw drives away unclean spirits.

On Twelfth day the young men, the girls, and children draw each other about in hand-sledges through the streets. They imagine that all the evil spirits, that *Shaitan* gave birth to, break their legs in these sledges.

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### NOTES.

The Churash, who are apparently of Tatar stock, live in the governments of Kazan, Simbirsk, Orenburg, and Saratof. The Cheremis, of Finnish stock, occupy the northern portions of the governments of Nizhni Novgorod and Kazan on the left banks of the Volga, and portions of the governments of Ostroma and Viatka. The Votyaks, also a Finnish people, are found between the Kama and Viatka rivers in the government of Viatka.

The following is taken from an article on the Votyaks that appeared in the Finnish magazine, *Kieletär*, 1875.

§1. The Votyaks hold feasts called *zin*, a word borrowed from the Tatars, on Fridays at certain seasons of the year. They last at least three days, and are celebrated in different villages at different times, so as not to clash. Without these feasts they believe the crops would not grow.

§ 2. The Votyak gods are now reduced to three: *Inmar*, the god of the sky, the equivalent of the Finnish *Ilmarinen*, is also the personification of all goodness; *Keremet*, his younger brother, the enemy of mankind; *Shaitan*, the personification of evil, also known as *Vu-mort*, the water-man, the evil spirit that resides in water. *Inmar* hates *Keremet* because the latter had instilled curiosity into the wife of *Urom*, the first man formed by *Inmar* out of clay. A beaker of *kumis* had been placed before the first human pair in Paradise with the injunction that it was not to be opened. The woman, however, disobeyed the order of *Inmar*, and drank it all up, after *Keremet* had defiled it.

§' 3. The Votyaks believe *Inmar* to be very good, so do not fear

him, and only worship him with prayers. But as *Keremet* is malignant they appease him with offerings.

§ 4. They have both public and private divine services. The former are performed at home by the eldest male member of the family. He pours out a glass of *kumis* or of beer for every one present, gives them a piece of bread, and each, holding the glass in his hand, prays for what he wants. Sacrifices are of rare occurrence now.

§ 5. Before an animal is slaughtered it is first sprinkled with water. If it shivers they know the sacrifice will be acceptable to *Keremet*. See § 14.

§ 6. Public divine service is held in a grove or in a field near a wood. These sacred groves where *Keremet* is worshipped are also called *keremets*. Both Votyaks and Chuvash believe that he listens more favourably to prayers made in a place where oaks, birches, or lime-trees are growing. Some villages have several *keremets*, and each has its special guardian, or warder, who performs the ceremonies. The office is hereditary.

§ 8. Public services are held in case of pestilence, a bad year, a drought, &c. All domestic animals are used for sacrifice, and the number slaughtered depends on how many families take part in the festival. There are no special ceremonies, but all must appear in holiday attire. The flesh of the animals is boiled in kettles, but the entrails, bones, &c., are thrown into the fire. When the meat is cooked it is cut up and eaten. Women are not allowed to be present. It was formerly the custom to hang up the hides on the trees in the *keremet*, but not now, as they were stolen by the Russian peasants.

§ 9. Dogs are held in considerable honour, both by the Votyaks and Cheremis. The latter say this is because they watch the homes of the dead.

§ 10. A. Ahlqvist, in his *Muistelmia matkoilta Venäjällä*, pp. 105-108, gives some account of the Chuvash. Their two chief gods are *Tora* (Esth. *Taara*, Finn. *Tiera*, Tat. *tungri*) and *Keremet*. But they have also a sun-, moon-, wind-, road-, house-, farm-, cattle-,

forest-, and thunder-god. The supreme god has many names. He has a mother, a wife, and a son. The origin of evil is *Shaitan*, though he now is known as *Keremet*. The latter was originally the son of the supreme god, who descended to the earth and distributed all sorts of benefits to men. But once, through the deceit of Satan, he was seized and murdered. To hide this atrocity from the father of the murdered god, they burnt his body, and threw the ashes to the winds. Trees grew up wherever any ashes fell, and with them *Keremet* was reborn, not as a single individual, but as a great many, so that every village has one or more *keremets*, according to its size. From this time *Keremet* ceased being the benevolent son of the supreme god. He revenges himself on man by scourging them and their cattle with misery and diseases. Generally he lives in the forest, or in the small groves of oak or lime trees, which are termed *keremets*. He also frequents lakes, springs, watercourses, &c. If a village migrates, the *keremet* migrates also; if a portion only of the villagers takes their departure a new *keremet* is obtained from the mother-village *keremet*, for *keremets* marry and have offspring like the gods. Money is also offered to *Keremet*, who in this regard is termed silver or copper *Keremet*.

§ 11. Vámbéry, in *Das Türkenvolk*, pp. 444-495, gives a good deal of information about the Chuvash. About Christmas the girls hold a feast called *Khir-siri*, or "girls' beer." After collecting the materials necessary for brewing beer, meal, malt, and hops, they assemble in some place where they will not be disturbed, make the beer, and invite the girls of the nearest village as guests. On the day of the feast, dressed in their best clothes, they receive their guests, and the day is passed in singing, dancing, and drinking beer. One of the songs is as follows :

" We keep the maiden's feast (beer),  
We love the [ blood ] red cock,  
We give the bagpiper  
The entrails and the crop."

§ 12. The following story is told of the evil spirit *Keremet*. Once upon a time the son of the supreme god, *Syüldi Tora*, drove down to



the earth in a caleche drawn by dappled grey horses to distribute blessings and wealth. But people were induced by Shaitan to murder him, and, the better to conceal the crime, they burnt the body, and scattered the ashes to the winds. Trees suddenly sprang up wherever the ashes fell, and the son of God came again to life, no longer as the personification of good, but in the form of countless spirits, inimical to mankind. These evil spirits are called *Keremet*.<sup>\*</sup> Vámbéry believes this word to be the *Körmüs*, *Körümes*, or Devil of the Altai Tatars, though Schiefner, on the other hand, thinks it a loan-word from the Persian *Khormusd*, O. Pers. *Ahura Mazda*, the personification of goodness. See § 16.

§ 13. The halls of offering were for the most part built of wood, in the form of a parallelogram, with three doors, one to the east, at which the sacrificial animals were brought in; another to the north, at which water was carried in; the third to the west for the people to enter by. Along the west wall was a curtain, behind which the sacrificial flesh was eaten. In the middle stood a very large table.

§ 14. Before an animal is slaughtered the *Jomzya* (the wise man, wizard) first pronounces the prayer of purification. Then it is doused with water till it begins to shiver. Should this not take place, the animal is unfit for sacrifice. When the meat has been cooked in kettles, it is cut up and divided among those present, but the head, feet, and hide are suspended to the trees, and the entrails are burnt.

§ 15. The Chuvash believe that the souls of the dead pass into the bodies of dogs, and when they hear the howling of the latter they imagine they are listening to the voices of the departed.

§ 16. Dr. Radloff, in *Proben der Volksliteratur der Turk. Stämme Sud Sibiriens*, pp. 175-184, gives a long Altai legend of the creation of the world. The following is a summary of its contents:

Before the earth and sky were made there was nothing but water. God and a man flew about as black geese. God told the man to go to the bottom of the sea and bring up some earth. God made land

<sup>\*</sup> *Der Ursprung der Magyaren*, p. 355.

with it, but told the man to go down again for more; he brought up two handfuls, gave God one, but put the other in his mouth. He was nearly suffocated thereby, and cried out to God to save him. God told him to spit the earth out, which he did, and thereby small hillocks were formed. Then God said to him, "Thou art sinful. Thou thoughtest to do me evil. The minds of the people subject to thee will be just as evil. The dispositions of my subjects will be holy. They will see the sun and the light, and I shall be called the true *Kurbystan*. [By this Shiefner understands *Ormazd*, known to Mongols as *Khurmustu*.] Thy name shall be *Ertik*."

§ 17. A single branchless tree sprang up. This was not pleasant to God, who ordered nine shoots to grow, with a man at the foot of each, and that a nation should spring from each man.

*Ertik* saw everything living that God had made—men, animals, birds, &c.; and wondered what they fed upon. He noticed they only eat from one side of the single tree, and asked them why they did so.

A man said God had given a command, they were not to eat the food of four branches, but only of the five branches on the east side. After telling them this he had gone up to heaven, and had left a dog and a snake at the foot of the tree to bite the Devil if he approached, and to prevent men from eating of the four forbidden branches.

§ 18. When the Devil heard this he went to the tree, and found a man called *Töröngöi*, and told him to eat of the four forbidden branches, but to leave the other five untouched. Then the Devil entered the snake, climbed the tree, and eat of the forbidden food. A girl named *Edyi* lived with *Töröngöi*. The Devil invited both of these to eat. The man refused, but *Edyi* eat and found the food very sweet. Then she rubbed his mouth with it; the hair fell from their bodies, and they were ashamed, and hid behind two different trees.

When God came he asked what was the matter. The woman said the snake had entered her while she slept, and had done the mischief. On being questioned, the dog said he could not seize the snake, as it was invisible to him.

God said to the snake that it had now become the devil, whom man might kill. He told *Edyi* that henceforth she would feel great pain at child-bearing. He also asked *Erlík* why he had deceived man. He replied that he had asked for men and they had not been given; so he had taken them by deceit, and meant to harm them in many ways.

God consigned *Erlík* to the under-world of darkness, and said he would send them *Mai-tere* to teach them how to prepare every kind of thing.

§ 19. *Mai-tere* [according to Schiefner this is the Buddhist *Mai-treya*, Mongol *Maidari*] came and taught them how to prepare barley, radishes, onions, and lily-roots. At the intercession of *Mai-tere*, *Erlík* was allowed to go to heaven to implore God's blessing, so that he could finish making heaven. A great number of *Erlík's* devils grew in his heaven.

A man called *Mandy Shire* was angry at God because men lived on the earth and *Erlík's* men in heaven. He made war against *Erlík*, but was repulsed and had to take to flight. God met him and comforted him by saying, that though *Erlík* was the stronger now, his time would come, and God would give him notice of it.

At length his time came, and God give *Mandy Shire* a spear, by means of which he overcame *Erlík* and drove him out of heaven. With his spear he demolished the heaven, and threw down everything in it. Before then there were no stones, mountains, or forests. But all these arose out of the ruins of *Erlík's* heaven that fell upon the earth. All *Erlík's* subjects were cast down and all perished.

§ 20. *Erlík* now asked God for some land, as his heaven had been destroyed. He was refused, but at length was allowed as much as the point of his stick would cover.

On this he began building a heaven. But God bade him go below and build underground. He then wanted to take all dead men as his subjects. This was not allowed, but he was told he might make men for himself. So he made bellows, and placed a pair of tongs underneath. He struck them with a hammer and a frog appeared; he struck again, and a snake wriggled out; he struck again, and a bear

came forth and ran away ; again he struck, and a wild pig appeared ; struck again, and an *Almys* (a hairy evil spirit, a loan word from Arabic) came forth ; again he struck, and a camel issued forth.

God now came, and threw the bellows, tongs, and hammer into the fire. The bellows became a woman, the hammer and tongs became a man. God spat on the woman and she became a heron (*kordoi*), the feathers of which are not used for pluming arrows, the flesh of which a dog will not eat, which makes the swamp to stink. God also spat on the man and he became a rat (*yalban*), that has long feet, no hands, that is the dirt of a house, that nibbles the soles of old shoes.

§ 21. God then told the man he had made cattle, food, and good water for him ; that he would soon go away not soon to return. Before doing so he gave directions to *Yapkara*, *Mandy Shire*, and *Shal Yime* to look after mankind in various ways. *Mandy Shire* was to teach man how to fish with a line and with a net ; how to shoot squirrels and to pasture cattle. Accordingly, he made a rod and fished, spun hemp and made nets, made boats and fished with the net, made a gun and gunpowder and shot squirrels. One day he said : "The wind will carry me away to-day." Then a whirlwind arose and carried him away.

§ 22. In Mr. A. Lang's "Myth, Ritual, and Religion," p. 182, allusion is made to a Huron legend, in which the earth is formed from some soil fished up by a musk-rat.\* Also, to a Vogul story, in which the son of the first pair of human beings made by the chief god *Numi Tarom* dives to the bottom of the sea and brings up three handfuls of mud which grew into our earth.

§ 23. A short Finnish creation myth, not unlike the Mordvin forms, will be found in the *Folklore Journal*, vol. v. p. 164, 165.

§ 24. Dr. Radloff, op. cit. vol. i. p. 285, gives another Tatar legend.

In days gone by the great *Payana* had made man, but could not make him a soul. He went to the great *Kudui* (god) to ask for a


\* A new, fuller, and most interesting version of this legend is given in the *American Folklore Journal*, vol. i. No. III. pp. 180-183.

soul. He said to a dog: "Wait here, keep watch, and bark." *Payana* went off and the dog remained. Then *Erlík* came up. *Erlík* spoke to deceive it: "Thou hast no hair, I will give thee golden hair; give me that soulless man." The dog, bent on getting golden hair, gave him the man. *Erlík* spat all over the man. Then came *Kudai* to give the man a soul, and *Erlík* bolted. *Kudai* saw the saliva but could not clean him of it; so he turned the man inside out, for which reason a man's spittle is in his interior. Then *Kudai* struck the dog. "May thou, dog, be bad," he said, "man can do with thee what he likes; he is allowed to strike thee, to kill thee; thou art a dog out-and-out."

JOHN ABERCROMBY.

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## THE PHILOSOPHY OF RUMPELSTILTSKIN.\*

N the last annual Report of the Council to the Members of this Society, the opinion is expressed that the end of its first decade marks a convenient point at which to pause and consider whether the work of collection of materials is, without being arrested, sufficiently advanced to justify the subjecting of those materials to scientific treatment.

Science, it is scarcely needful to say, is but another name for knowledge into which orderly arrangement is imported. It is concerned with the deducing of general principles from observation and, where practicable, examination of things; and its method, at least in that branch which is known as applied science, is uniform, namely, to examine, compare, and classify or systematize, with the object of getting at the significance of things.

\* Read before the Folklore Society, 26th February, 1889.

For the interest of these lies not in what they are, but in what they denote. Analysis is good, but it is of value only in the degree that it makes synthesis possible. It is the meaning at the heart of things which excites our quest, unless we be content to remain mere makers of catalogues, dull pigeon-holders of facts, with never a thought or care about their import or relation. The value of the materials with which our Society deals is becoming more and more obvious. That there is nothing "common or unclean," that the folktale crystallizes some thought or speculation of a remote past, and the folkwont some obscure custom, is our main task to show. Whether the story embodies man's serious reflections, or is the outcome of his idle, playful mood, it is this trivial or earnest purpose which we seek to reach. Fortunately for the credit of a study which is by many regarded as frivolous, our research brings us more often than not, and sometimes when least suspected, near some deposit of early thought, some strivings after a philosophy which embraces all life in one common origin and destiny; and in sympathy with instinctive feelings of the barbaric nature which are ultimately verified by reason and experience.

Such, then, is the justification for the work of our Society, such the answer to the question *Dic cur hic*—"Why are you here?"

Following on the lines of a paper which I had the honour of reading before you some time ago, and in which, under the title of "The Philosophy of Punchkin," I sought to show what was the common idea at the root of the widespread tales grouped thereunder, namely, the belief in the separateness of the soul, or strength, or heart, or whatever else is regarded as the seat of life, from the body, the fate of the soul involving the fate of the body, I propose, in the present paper, to deal with another group of stories likewise embodying a primitive philosophy, to which the generic title of "Rumpelstiltskin" may be conveniently given, being borrowed from the well-known story of that name in Grimm's *Kinder und Haus-märchen*, of which the following is an outline:—

A poor miller who had a beautiful daughter, thought to make himself of more importance before his king by telling him that she could spin straw into gold. When the king heard this, he bade the man

bring his daughter to the palace that her skill might be tested. She was then locked up in a room filled with straw, given a spinning-wheel, and ordered to spin all the straw into gold during the night, or lose her life. The lonely girl sat bewailing her fate, when the door suddenly opened, and a little man stood before her. Learning why she wept, he agreed to fulfil the task for her on her giving him her necklace; and in the morning, when the king came, he found the straw spun into gold. The sight of this increased his greed, and he shut the girl in a larger room, the straw in which she was to spin under the same threat. Again the little man came to her aid, this time receiving her ring in payment. But when the task was laid upon her a third time, the mannikin would help her only on her agreeing to give him the first child whom she should bear the king after her marriage. One year after this the child was born, and when the little man came to claim it, the weeping mother offered him all the wealth of her kingdom to set her free from the bargain. At last, touched by her grief, he agreed to let her keep the child if within three days she found out his name. Then the queen thought of all the names that she had ever heard, and sent far and wide to learn other names. But on the first day that the mannikin came, she said all the names that she knew, but never the right one. And it was the same on the second day. Then on the third day a messenger came to her, saying that he could find no new name, but that he had seen a funny little man dancing round a fire in the forest, and shouting—

“To-day I bake, to-morrow brew,  
The next I'll have the young Queen's child,  
Ha! glad am I that no one knew  
That Rumpelstiltskin I am styled.”

Soon after this the mannikin appeared before the queen, who asked him if his name was Conrad or Harry? When he said “No,” she said, “Perhaps your name is Rumpelstiltskin?” “The devil has told you that,” cried the little man; and in his anger he plunged his right foot so deep into the earth, that his whole leg went in; then, in rage, he pulled out his left leg so hard with both hands, that he tore himself in two.

My interest in the variants of this story was awakened some years ago when, looking over a bundle of old numbers of the *Ipswich Journal*, in which some odds and ends of "Suffolk Notes and Queries" were collected, I came upon a folktale entitled "Tom Tit Tot." Through inquiry recently made of Mr. F. H. Groome, author of *Under Gypsy Tents*, and editor of those "Notes and Queries," I learned that this tale, as also another tale, entitled "Cap o' Rushes," which our President has printed in the current number of *Longman's Magazine*, were told by an old West Suffolk nurse to the lady from whom Mr. Groome received them. Their value lies in their being almost certainly derived from oral transmission through uncultured peasants.

The story of "Tom Tit Tot" is as follows:—

Well, once upon a time there were a woman and she baked five pies. And when they come out of the oven, they was that overbaked the crust were too hard to eat. So she says to her darter:

"Maw'r," \* says she, "put you them there pies on the shelf, an' leave 'em there a little, an' they'll come again."—She meant, you know, the crust 'ud get soft.

\* "Mawther," remarks J. G. Nall in his *Glossary of the Dialect and Provincialisms of East Anglia* (Longman, 1866), "is the most curious word in the East Anglian vocabulary. A woman and her *mawther* means a woman and her daughter." The word is without doubt derived from the same root as 'maid' and cognate words, upon which cf. Skeat's *Entymol. Dictionary*, s. v.

Nall gives examples of the use of *mawther* by Tusser and other writers. Tusser speaks of "a sling for a *mother*, a bow for a boy." In Ben Jonson's "Alchymist" Restive says to Dame Pliant (Act iv. 7) "Away, you talk like a foolish *mawther*!" In the "English Moor" (iii. 1) Richard Brome makes a more felicitous use of the word:

P. I am a *mother* that do want a service.

Qu. O, thou'rt a Norfolk woman (cry thee mercy)

Where maids are *mothers* and *mothers* are maids,

and in Blomfield's "Suffolk Ballad" we read

When once a gigling *mawther* you,

And I a red-faced chubby boy.

In the Gothic translation of the Gospels, Luke viii. 54, "Maid, arise," is rendered "Maur, urreis."



But the gal, she says to herself, "Well, if they'll come agin, I'll ate 'em now." And she set to work and ate 'em all, first and last.

Well, come supper time the woman she said, "Goo you, and git one o' them there pies. I dare say they've come agin now."

The gal she went an' she looked, and there warn't nothin' but the dishes. So back she come and says she, "Noo, they ain't come agin."

"Not none on 'em?" says the mother.

"Not none on 'em," says she.

"Well, come agin, or not come agin," says the woman, "I'll ha' one for supper."

"But you can't, if they ain't come," says the gal.

"But I can," says she, "Goo, you, and bring the best of 'em."

"Best or worst," says the gal, "I've ate 'em all, and you can't ha' one till that's come agin."

Well, the woman she were wholly bate, and she took her spinnin' to the door to spin, and as she span she sang:

"My darter ha' ate five, five pies to-day.

My darter ha' ate five, five pies to-day."

The king he were a' comin' down the street, an' he hard her sing, but what she sang he couldn't hare, so he stopped and said:

"What were that you was a singun of, maw'r?"

The woman, she were ashamed to let him hare what her darter had been a doin', so she sang, 'stids o' that:

"My darter ha' spun five, five skeins to-day.

My darter ha' spun five, five skeins to-day."

"S'ars o' mine!" said the king, "I never heerd tell of anyone as could do that."

Then he said, "Look you here, I want a wife and I'll marry your darter. But look you here," says he, "'leven months out o' the year she shall have all the vittles she likes to eat, and all the gownds she likes to git, and all the cumpny she likes to hev; but the last month o' the year she'll ha' to spin five skeins iv'ry day, an, if she doon't, I shall kill her."

"All right," says the woman; for she thowt what a grand marriage that was. And as for them five skeins, when te come tew, there'd be plenty o' ways of gettin' out of it, and likeliest, he'd ha' forgot about it.

Well, so they was married. An' for 'leven months the gal had all the vittles she liked to ate and all the gownds she liked to git, an' all the cumpny she liked to hev.

But when the time was gettin' oover, she began to think about them there skeins an' to wonder if he had 'em in mind. But not one word did he say about 'em, an' she whoolly thowt he'd forgot 'em.

Howsivir, the last day o' the last month he takes her to a room she'd niver set eyes on afore. There worn't nothin in it but a spinnin' wheel and a stool. An' says he, "Now, me dear, hare yow'll be shut in to-morrow with some vittles and some flax, and if you hain't spun five skeins by the night, yar hid 'll goo off."

An' awa' he went about his business.

Well, she were that frightened, she'd allus been such a gatless mawther, that she didn't so much as know how to spin, an' what were she to dew to-morrer, with no one to come nigh her to help her. She sat down on a stool in the kitchen, and lork! how she did cry!

Howsivir, all on a sudden she hard a sort of a knockin' low down on the door. She upped and oped it, an' what should she see but a small little black thing with a long tail. That looked up at her right kewrious, an' that said:

"What are yew a cryin' for?"

"Wha's that to yew?" says she.

"Niver yew mind," that said, "but tell me what you're a cryin' for."

"That oont dew me noo good if I dew," says she.

"Yew doon't know that," that said, an' twirled that's tail round.

"Well," says she, "that oon't dew no harm, if that doon't dew no good," and she upped and told about the pies, an' the skeins an' everything.

"This is what I'll dew," says the little black thing, "I'll come to yar winder iv'ry mornin' an' take the flax an' bring it spun at night."

"What's your pay?" says she.

That looked out o' the corners o' that's eyes, an' that said, "I'll give you three guesses every night to guess my name, an' if you hain't guessed it afore the month's up, yew shall be mine."

Well, she thowt she'd be sure to guess that's name afore the month was up. "All right," says she, "I agree."

"All right," that says, an' lork! how that twirled that's tail.

Well, the next day, har husband he took her inter the room, an' there was the flax an' the day's vittles.

"Now there's the flax," says he, "an' if that ain't spun up this night, off goo yar hid." An' then he went out an' locked the door.

He'd hardly goon, when there was a knockin' agin the winder.

She upped and she oped it, and there sure enough was the little oo'd thing a settin' on the ledge.

"Where's the flax?" says he.

"Here te be," says she. And she gonned it to him.

Well, come the evenin' a knockin' come agin to the winder. She upped an' she oped it, and there were the little oo'd thing with five skeins of flax on his arm.

"Here te be," says he, an' he gonned it to her.

"Now, what's my name?" says he.

"What, is that Bill?" says she.

"Noo, that ain't," says he, an' he twirled his tail.

"Is that Ned?" says she.

"Noo, that ain't," says he, an' he twirled his tail.

"Well, is that Mark?" says she.

"Noo, that ain't says he," an' he twirled his tail harder, an' awa' he flew.

Well, when har husban' he come in, there was the five skeins riddy for him. "I see I shorn't hev for to kill you tonight, me dare," says he, "yew'll hev yar vittles and yar flax in the mornin'," says he, an' away he goes.

Well, ivery day the flax an' the vittles, they was browt, an' ivery day that there little black impet used for to come mornins an' evenins. An' all the day the mawther she set a tryin' fur to think of names to

say to it when te come at night. But she niver hot on the right one. An' as that got to-warts the ind o' the month, the impet that began for to look soo maliceful, an' that twirled that's tail faster an' faster each time she gave a guess.

At last te came to the last day but one. The impet that come at night along o' the five skeins, and that said:

"What, hain't yew got my name yet?"

"Is that Nicodemus?" says she.

"Noo, t'ain't," that says.

"Is that Sammlle?" says she.

"Noo, t'ain't," that says.

"A-well, is that Methusalem?" says she.

"Noo, t'ain't that norther," he says.

Then that looks at her with that's eyes like a cool o' fire, an' that says, "Woman, there's only tomorrer night, an' then yar'll be mine!" An' away te flew.

Well, she felt that horrud. Howsomediver, she hard the king a comin' along the passage. In he came, an' when he see the five skeins, he says, says he:

"Well, me dare," says he. "I don't see but what yew'll ha' your skeins ready tomorrer night as well, an' as I reckon I shorn't ha' to kill you, I'll ha' supper in here to night." So they brought supper, an' another stool for him, and down the tew they sat.

Well, he hadn't eat but a mouthful or so, when he stops an' begins to laugh.

"What is it?" says she.

"A-why," says he, "I was out a huntin' to-day, an' I got away to a place in the wood I'd never seen afore. An' there was an old chalk pit. An' I heerd a sort of a hummin, kind o'. So I got off my hobby, an' I went right quiet to the pit, an' I looked down. Well, what should there be but the funniest little black thing yew iver set eyes on. An' what was that a dewin' on, but that had a little spinnin' wheel, an' that were a spinnin' wonnerful fast, an' a twirlin' that's tail. An' as that span, that sang:

"Nimmy nimmy not  
My name's Tom Tit Tot."

Well, when the mawther heerd this, she fared as if she could ha' jumped outer her skin for joy, but she di'n't say a word.

Next day, that there little thing looked soo maliceful when he come for the flax. An' when night came, she heerd that a knockin' agin the winder panes. She oped the winder, an' that come right in on the ledge. That were grinnin' from are to are, an' Oo! tha's tail were twirlin' round so fast.

"What's my name?" that says, as that gonned her the skeins.

"Is that Solomon?" she says, pretendin' to be afeard.

"Noo, t'ain't," that says, an' that come fudder inter the room.

"Well, is that Zebedee?" says she, agin.

"Noo, t'ain't," says the impet. An' then that laughed an' twirled that's tail till yew cou'n't hardly see it.

"Take time, woman," that says; "next guess, an' you're mine." An' that stretched out that's black hands at her.

Well, she backed a step or two, an' she looked at it, and then she laughed out, an' says she, a pointin' of her finger at it,

"Nimmy Nimmy not  
Yar name's Tom Tit Tot."

Well, when that hard her, that shruck awful an' awa' that flew into the dark, an' she niver saw it noo more.

A. W. T.

In the Cornish variant, "Duffy and the Devil," which Robert Hunt says he remembers seeing acted as a Christmas play\* when he was a boy, a squire hears Jenny Chygwin beating her stepdaughter Duffy for romping with the boys instead of knitting stockings or spinning yarn. The squire, taken with Duffy's good looks, carries her off; and the old woman who keeps his house sets her to spin wool. The helpless girl, left to herself, cries out "Curse the spinning and knitting! The devil may spin and knit for the squire, for what I care."

Forthwith an odd mannikin appears, who offers to do her work and give her the power to fulfil any wish she may have, on condition that

\* *Pop. Romances of the West of England*, p. 239.

at the end of three years she becomes his if she cannot find out his name. Such fame does this bring her that the squire, finding how the youths seek her hand, marries her himself. And a merry time she had till the three years neared their end, when sadness fell upon her. On the last day but one the squire came to her full of excitement, and told her that she would laugh could she have seen what he had seen. He then relates how he had heard the devil, surrounded by a pack of witches, singing this couplet:—

“Duffy, my lady, you’ll never know—what ?  
That my name is Terrytop, Terrytop—top.”

As the squire’s tale ends, the last hour of the three years arrives, and with it the mannikin, leering and bowing. Duffy, curtsying to him, makes the first guess. “Maybe your name is Lucifer?” The devil denies this, grins horribly, and reminds her that she has but two guesses left. “Perhaps my lord’s name is Beelzebub?” Again the devil grins, and says that Beelzebub is only a sort of cousin of his. Then, as he was about to seize Duffy, she said, “Perhaps you’ll admit that your name is Terrytop?” Whereupon the devil departed in fire and smoke, all his knitting suddenly turned to ashes, and the socks and suit spun by him fell from the squire, leaving him nothing but his shirt and his shoes.

Henderson, in his *Folklore of the Northern Counties*,\* quotes from Wilkie’s MS. collection of Border Customs, “in the old days, when spinning was the constant employment of women, and the spinning-wheel had its presiding genius or fairy.” A woman had one fair daughter who loved play better than work, and for punishment was given seven heads of lint to spin into yarn in three days. Her unskilled hands delayed the task, and after a night of weeping she wandered into the fields, where she espied a long-lipped woman “drawing out the thread” as she sat in the sun. When the old woman heard what troubled the girl she offered to spin the lint, and, taking it with her, vanished. The girl fell asleep, and was startled by the

\* *Folklore Soc.* Edition 1879, pp. 258—261.

sound of an uncouth voice near her, when laying her ear to a stone she heard these words, "Little kens the wee lassie on the brac-head that ma name's Habetrot." Then looking down a hole\* she saw an unsightly company busy with distaff and spindle, and heard Habetrot tell a hook-nosed sister, Scantlie Mab, to "bundle up" the lassie's yarn. The girl turned homewards, but was overtaken by Habetrot, who bade her not tell how the yarn was spun. Reaching home she found that her mother had gone to bed, but had left some black puddings hanging to dry. These the girl ate, and when the mother came down next morning she was vexed to find the puddings gone, but delighted to see the hanks of yarn. She ran from the house, crying :

" My daughter's spun sein, sein, sein,  
My daughter's eaten sein, sein, sein,  
And all before daylight !"

A laird who chanced to be riding by was puzzled at what he heard, and then, learning what had happened, he had the girl brought before him, and vowed that he would wed so good a spinner. After the marriage Habetrot still helped her, till one day she bade the bride bring her husband to the cell where the fairies spun that he might see how their faces were twisted by "drawing out the thread," and so it came to pass that he commanded his wife never to spin. The like sequel is found in a variant given in Chambers' *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, entitled "A Various Whuppity Stoorie,"† but a preceding tale, "Whuppity Stoorie,"‡ supplies closer parallels to Rumpelstiltskin. It tells of a man who "gaed to a fair ae day," and was never more heard of. His widow was left with a "sookin' lad bairn," and a sow that "was soon to farra." Going to the sty one day, she saw, to her distress, the sow ready "to gie up the ghost," and as she sat down with her bairn and "grat sairer than ever she did for the loss o' her ain goodman," there came an old woman dressed in green who asked what she would give her for curing the sow. Then they "watted thooms" on the bargain, by which the woman promised to give the

\* Thorpe's *Northern Mythol.* i. 156.

† P. 76.

‡ Pp. 72-75.

green fairy anything she liked, and the sow was made well. To the mother's dismay the fairy then said that she would have the bairn. "But," said she, "this I'll let ye to wut, I canna by the law we leeve on take your bairn till the third day after this day; and no then if ye can tell me my right name." For two days the poor woman wandered "cuddlin' her bairn," when, as she came near an old quarry hole, she heard the "burring of a lint-wheel, and a voice liltin' a song," and then saw the green fairy at her wheel, "singing like ony precentor,"

"Little kens our guid dame at hame  
That Whuppity Stoorie is my name!"

Speeding home glad-hearted, she awaited the fairy's coming; and being "a jokus woman," pulled a long face, begging that the bairn be spared and the sow taken, and when this was spurned, offering herself. "The deil's in the daft jad," quo' the fairy; "wha in a' the earthly world . . . wad ever meddle wi' the likes o' thee?" Then the woman threw off her mask of grief, and, making "a curchie down to the ground," quo' she, "I might hae had the wit to ken that the likes o' me is na fit to tie the warst shoe-strings o' the heich and mighty princess, *Whuppity Stoorie*." "Gin a fluff o' gunpowder had come out o' the grund, it couldna hae gart the fairy loup heicher nor she did; syne down she came again, dump on her shoe-heels, and whurlin' round, she ran down the brae, sraichin' for rage, like a houlet chased wi' the witches."

In the Swedish variant, given in Thorpe's *Yule-Tide Stories*, entitled, "The Girl who could spin Gold from Clay and Long Straw,"\* the mother sets her on the roof of their cot that she might be shamed by folks seeing her sloth. The king's son, as he rides by, sees the fair spinner, and, asking why she is there, is told by the mother ironically that she is so clever as to be able to spin gold out of clay and long straw. He then said that she should be his wife if this were true, and forthwith carried her to the palace to make proof of her skill. Left in her maiden-bower with straw and clay, she wept

\* Pp. xi. 169.



sore, when a deformed little old man appeared, and, asking why she sorrowed, gave her a pair of gloves wherewith she could spin gold, saying that he would return the next night and claim her as his wife if she could not tell his name. Despair made her consent, and forthwith she began to spin the stuff into gold. But although there was joy throughout the palace at this, there was grief in the maiden's heart, and this the prince sought to drive away when he came back from the chase in the evening, telling her how he had seen a little old man dancing round a bush, and singing this song :

“ To-day I the malt shall grind,  
To-morrow my wedding shall be.  
And the maiden sits in her bower and weeps ;  
She knows not what I am called.  
I am called Titteli Ture.  
I am called Titteli Ture ! ”

The maiden's gloom was now turned to gladness ; and at night, when the hunchback came, she sprang up, saying, “ Titteli Ture ! Titteli Ture ! here are your gloves.” Upon this the dwarf, furiously angry, leapt through the air, taking with him the roof of the house.

In the variant from German Hungary, a woodcutter is in such dire straits for food that he takes his daughter to the forest, promising, like the uncle in our classical “ Babes in the Wood,” to return to her soon. The child wandered flower-gathering, till, wearied, she fell asleep ; and on waking, finding herself alone, she wept bitterly, and ran hither and thither in search of her father. Then there appeared a dwarf, clad in grey, at sight of whom she was affrighted, but he so coaxed away her fears that she agreed to live with him as his daughter in the hollow of a great tree. One day the mannikin told her that he had recommended her to the queen as a waiting-maid ; and soon after this the queen's son came home from the wars and fell in love with her. When the dwarf heard this, he said that the king must find out his name before he would consent to the wedding ; and, returning to his tree-dwelling, lit his fire, and skipping round it, sang :

“ Boil, pot, boil !  
The king knows not—all the same—  
Winterkolble is my name.”

The king in his trouble had sent one of his servants in quest of the name ; and, as luck would have it, the servant heard the song, and ran back to the castle with the good news. When the dwarf came, the king greeted him with the words, "Welcome, Father Winter-kolble," and thereupon the outwitted one gave his consent.

In a Lower Austrian variant a king proclaims his wish to marry a girl, no matter how low-born, provided that she has eyes and hair jet black. Amongst the crowd that thronged before the king's palace not one could be found who had these charms. But a charcoal-burner's daughter, who was possessed of the coveted features, made her way to the castle, where a dwarf met her, and asked what she would give him if she became queen. "I have nothing," she replied. "Then," said he, "thou wilt be queen, but thou must know, at the end of three years, that my name is Kruzimügeli ; if not, thou art mine." The maiden found favour in the king's eyes, and happy were the days till, as the three years drew to an end, she found that she had forgotten the dwarf's name, and sadness fell upon her, the cause whereof she hid from the king. On the last day but one of the third year the king's forester went bunting, and saw a dwarf dancing in malicious glee before a fire, and singing :

"She knows not—oh, what jollity!—  
My name is Kruzimügeli."

This he told to the queen, who was well-nigh beside herself for joy ; and when the next day the dwarf came, he would give her but three guesses ; "and," said he, "if thou dost not guess right, thou art mine." The queen said : "It seems to me it is Steffel." The dwarf leaped for joy, and cried, "Missed !" Then the queen said : "It is Beitle." Again he made a bound, and cried again, "Missed !" Then the queen said, quite carelessly : "Then it is Kruzimügeli." When he heard this, he burst without a word through the wall into the open air, and since then all effort to fill up the hole has been vain.

In another Lower Austrian variant from Mödling a witch gives a girl fine dresses for the court ball, bargaining for her first child in

payment, or the alternative of finding out the witch's name within a year. The girl becomes a queen and a mother, and as the dreaded time for fulfilment of the contract draws near, she is relieved by a courtier telling her that he heard a witch in the forest singing over a cauldron a song of exultation that the queen does not know she is called Siperdintl.

A number of closely-corresponding stories from neighbouring districts could be cited, but it suffices to say that abstracts of them are given in the notes to Vernaleken's collection of folktales from Austria and Bohemia, from which the foregoing are quoted.\* In some of these stories the devil in disguise, as in the variant from Cornwall, takes the place of witch or fairy, granting certain favours on the condition that his name is found out within a given time, usually seven years. In the majority of cases he is outwitted. Probably some of the stories are echoes of the many medieval legends of the "stupid beast," as Pope Gregory the Great called him, the gullibility of the devil being the main feature in the popular conceptions of him in the Middle Ages. In connexion with this, the Austrian tale just cited, in which Krnzimügeli bursts through a hole in the wall, which could never be blocked up again, reminds us of one of the legends of a church-building devil given by Grimm. The fiend had bargained for the soul of the first who should enter, so a wolf was driven through the door, when the devil in a rage flies up through the roof, and leaves a gap that no mason can fill up.†

The Magyar variant of Rumpelstiltskin bears the title of "The Lazy Spinning Girl, who became a Queen."‡ A woman, angry with her daughter for disliking spinning, chased her from home. As they ran, a prince passed by in his carriage, and, hearing what was the matter, offered to take the girl to his mother. This done, he put her into a large shed filled with flax, and told her that he would marry her if she spun all of it within a month. For three weeks she sat

\* *In the Land of Marvls.* (Swan Sonnenschein and Co. 1884.)

† *Tent. Mythol.* 1621 (Eng. trans.)

‡ *Magyar Folktales.* Krupf and Jones, p. 46.

idle, fretting over the task, until one night a mannikin, but half an ell in height, slipped in and offered to spin the flax for her in a week if she would promise to go with him should she not find out his name within that time. She agreed, and one day in the last week a manservant who brought her food told her that he had seen a little man in the forest who was leaping from bough to bough, spinning a thread and humming to himself, "my name is Dancing Vargaluska. My wife will be good spinster Sue." The dwarf came that evening with part of his work done, and asked the girl if she had learned what his name was, but she said nothing. On the last night he brought the remainder of the work in a three-wheeled barrow, and on asking her to guess his name she answered, "If I mistake not, it is Dancing Vargaluska," whereupon he rushed off as if somebody had pulled his nose.

The sequel to this story in which three women-beggars, deformed in various ways through spinning, come to the wedding feast for alms, when the sight of them causes the king to command that every distaff, spinning-wheel, and spindle be broken and burnt, resembles the sequel to the variant from Henderson, and also to "A Various Whuppity Storie" in Chambers's collection, in which, after the laird has seen six wee wrymouthed spinning ladies, he orders that all the spinning wheels be burnt, lest his bride becomes disfigured by their use. The three spinners have their correspondences in Grimm's *Household Tales*, No. 14, in Dasent's "Three Aunts,"\* in "The Aunts" in *Portuguese Folk Tales*,† in "La Bella Impronta," or "The Beautiful Glutton," in *Tuscan Fairy Tales*,‡ "The Three Little Crows each with something Big" in Thorpe,§ Busk,|| and other collections.¶

In Wentworth Webster's collection of Basque Folktales,\*\* a mother is beating her lazy girl, when the lord of a castle hard by, who is passing at the time, asks why the girl cries, and was told that her

\* P. 198 (3rd Editn.)

† P. 79. *Folklore Soc.* 1882, p. 79.

‡ P. 43.

§ *Yule Tide Stories*, p. 170, also 312.

|| *Folklore of Rome*, p. 378.

¶ Cf. Henderson, p. 262, n.

\*\* *Basque Legends*, p. 56.

prettiness made her indolent. The usual incidents of the girl being offered marriage if she can do a certain amount of work within a given time, and of a witch who comes to her aid and bargains to complete the task if the girl can remember her name, Marie Kirikitoun, in a year and a day, follow. The wedding takes place, but sadness falls upon the bride as the year end draws near, despite grand festivals held to gladden her spirits. At one of these an old woman knocks at the door, when the servant tells her why so many feasts are given, and the woman says that if the lady had seen what she had seen she would laugh free enough. So the old woman is brought before the company and tells how she had seen an old woman leaping and bounding from one ditch to another, and singing all the time, " Houpa, houpa, Marie Kirikitoun, nobody will remember my name." Whereupon the bride became merry-hearted, rewarded the old woman, and told the witch her name when she came for fulfilment of the bargain.

Tracking certain common elements eastward, we have in *Sagas from the Far East*\*, a tale entitled "The Use of Magic Language," in which a king sends his son on travel that he may gain all kinds of knowledge. The prince is accompanied by the son of his father's chief minister, who, on their return, envious at the superior wisdom of the prince, entices him into a forest and kills him, the dying prince uttering one word Abaraschika. When the murderer reaches the palace he tells the king how the prince fell sick and died, and that he had but time to utter the above word. Thereupon the king summons his seers and magicians and threatens them with death if they do not within seven days interpret the meaning of Abaraschika. The time granted them had wellnigh expired when a student came beckoning to them, bidding them to weep not, for he had, while sleeping beneath a tree, heard a bird telling his young ones not to cry for food, since the Khan would slay a thousand men on the morrow, because they could not tell him the meaning of Abaraschika, which was this: "My bosom friend hath enticed me into a thick grove and hath taken away

\* P. 157.

my life." When this was made known to the king, he dismissed the condemned men with presents, and put the chief minister and his son to death.

In the Icelandic variant from Symington's *Pen and Pencil Sketches of Faroe and Iceland*,\* a peasant who has many sheep gives the wool to his wife to spin during the winter, but she is lazy, and neglects her work. An old witch comes begging, and in return for alms bargains to make the wool into cloth by the first day of summer, the wife agreeing to tell the witch's name in three guesses in lieu of any payment. As the summer nears, the wife becomes ill with anxiety about fulfilling her contract, and confesses the cause to her husband. Soon after this he loses his way in the mountains, and, overhearing a voice in the hollow of a cliff, peeps in, sees an old woman spinning, and hears her introduce her name, Gilitrutt, into her snatches of song. When he goes home he says nothing to his wife till the day that the witch is to bring back the cloth. On her arrival the wife gives two wrong guesses, but at the third guess suggests Gilitrutt, whereupon the witch falls down thunderstruck, and presently disappears to be nevermore seen.

The intimate correspondences, both in outline and detail, between certain of the foregoing variants which are found widely apart, as *e. g.*, the Magyar and the Scotch, tempt us to speculation concerning the origin and transmission of the tale. But one can only repeat the alternative theories which have been framed to explain the general question of folktale origin and diffusion, and it is pretty well agreed that this, with the profoundly interesting question of race movements, contacts, and mixtures, which lies at the back of it, cannot be dealt with until our materials are more complete, and subjected to the scientific treatment to which reference was made at the outset. This, however, does not hinder brief allusion to some possible germs of the "Rumpelstiltskin" story which may be detected in archaic legend.

In Northern Saga king Olaf desired to build a church greater than

\* Pp. 240-244.

any yet seen, but lacked the treasure withal. As he walked 'twixt hill and dale he met a troll, who, when he heard the king's wish, offered to build the church for him within a given time; stipulating that he was to have the sun and moon, or Olaf himself, in payment. The king agreed; the church was to be large enough to allow seven priests to preach in it at the same time without disturbing one another; and ere long the structure was finished, except the roof and spire. Perplexed at the terms he had acceded to, Olaf once more wandered over hill and dale, when suddenly he heard a child cry from within a mountain, while a giant-woman quieted it with these words, "Hush, hush, to-morrow comes thy father, Wind and Weather, home, bringing both sun and moon or saintly Olaf's self." Overjoyed at this discovery, Olaf turned home. Seeing that the spire was just fixed, he cried, "Wind and Weather, thou hast set the spire askew," when instantly the giant fell off the ridge of the roof with a fearful crash and burst into a thousand pieces, which were nothing but flintstones.\* In Swedish legend a giant promises to build a church for the White Christ if Laurentius can find out his name, otherwise he must forfeit his eyes. As in the Olaf legend, the giantess is overheard hushing her crying child and uttering the giant's name.†

Then there are the questions, partaking more or less of the nature of riddles, with penalties attaching to failure, which are a prominent feature of old northern poetry. Of these we may cite examples from the "Alviss-mal" and the "Wafthrudnis mal," adopting the versions given in Vigfusson and Powell's *Corpus Poeticum Boreale*, the one and unsurpassable authority upon Icelandic Sagas.

Allwise the Dwarf, having entrapped the gods into a promise of giving him Freya to wife, comes to claim her, but one of the Anses (probably Wingi, i. e., Woden, for the frank, blunt, character of Thor would by no means suit the part, though Wingthor is found in the MS.) contrives, by playing on his philological vanity, to keep him

\* Grimm, *T. M.* 547, 548.

† Cf. Arnason's *Icelandic Legends*, p. 49, where the story hinges on the name of the builder in "Who built Reynir Church"?

answering questions till the sun rises, and its rays, falling on him, turn him to stone.\*

In the "Wafthrudnis-mal," Woden, disguised as a mortal under the name of Ganger, visits the giant Wafthrudni (Web-strong) to find out what he knows of sacred lore. The disputants agreed that the one who failed to answer any question put to him by the other should forfeit his life. After a time, the pretended Ganger asks the giant, "What did Woden whisper into Balder's ear ere he was borne on the pyre?" when Wafthrudni has to confess himself vanquished.† One is reminded of the song-duel between the defeated Joukahainen and the storm-begotten Wäinämöinen in the third rune of the *Kalevala*.

We may leave such references, for whatever they may be worth, as clues to the origin of Rumpelstiltskin; and, reluctantly avoiding digressions on topics suggested by subordinate incidents of the story, as, *e.g.*, the origin of spinning, often ascribed to denizens of the forest and the under-world, deal with its philosophy as indicated by the central idea of all its variants, the nucleus round which the incidents have gathered. This, put into fewest words, is the notion that the name of any being, whether human or superhuman, is an integral part of that being; and that, to know it, puts its owner, whether he be deity, ghost, or man, in the power of another, often involving destruction to the named. It is a part of that general confusion between names and things which is a universal feature of barbaric modes of thought, an ever-present note of uncultured intelligence; a confusion which attributes the qualities of living things to things not living, and which lies at the root of all fetishism, and idolatry; of all witchcraft, shamanism, and other instruments, which were as keys to the invisible kingdom of the feared and dreaded. Such enlarged reference would, however, occupy a volume,‡ and it must suffice for our present purpose to deal, and even that very

\* *C. P. B.* i. 81; Thorpe's *Northern Mythol.* i. 8, *note.* *Ib.* i. 96, *note.*

† *C. P. B.* i. 69, and cf. "King Heidrek's Riddles," p. 92.

‡ An admirable summary is given by Dr. Tylor in the chapter on "Images and Names," in his *Early History of Mankind*.



briefly, with the superstitions clustering around names among barbaric and quasi-civilized peoples.

1. The belief in the interdependence of names and persons is evidenced in the mystical ideas of ancient peoples concerning the names of their deities. To the Mohammedan, "Allah" is but an epithet of the "great name," known only to apostles and prophets, who work miracles through it; deep reverence for the name "Yahweh," or "Jehovah," led the Jews to substitute "Adonai" in its place, in obedience to a supposed command in Leviticus, xxiv. 16. It generally appears simply as "the name" when referred to in Rabbinical writings. A rather doubtful tradition says, that "Jehovah" was uttered but once a year by the high priest on the Day of Atonement, when he entered the Holy of Holies, and, according to Maimonides, it was spoken for the last time by Simon the Just. Henceforth, says the Talmud, he who attempts to pronounce it shall have no part in the world to come. Jewish legend tells how Solomon, beginning to utter the sacred name, made heaven and earth quake; and the wonders wrought by Jesus are ascribed by an old Jewish writer, author of *Toldoth Jesu*, to his having abstracted the Ineffable Name and concealed it in his thigh. Vedic literature shows the important part played by the mystic word "Om" in the development of Brahmanism. The real name of the Chinese sage is so sacred that it is a statutable offence to pronounce it. Commissioner Yeh, in a conversation with Mr. Wingrove Cooke, said, "Tien means properly only the material heaven, but it also means Shang-Te, supreme ruler, God; for as it is not lawful to use his name lightly, we name him by his dwelling-place, which is in Tien." \* Cognate ideas account for the Roman practice of keeping the name of the tutelary deity of the city secret, the divulging of which is said to have cost Valerius Soranus his life. Pliny, † quoting an earlier author, says that it was a practice with the Romans, when besieging a town, to win the support of its tutelary deity by offering him a place in their Pantheon; and,

\* *Folklore Record*, iv. 76.

† xxviii. 4.

to secure themselves against a like danger of traitorous action on the part of their own guardian god, the name was never divulged. If we find such ideas prevalent among the higher races, we may *a fortiori* expect to find them among lower races; nor is the difference in such ideas always one of degree. The barbaric belief that the spirits know folk by their names is active among civilized people wherever anthropomorphic conceptions of deity prevail. To such it is not matter of doubt that He knows each one by name, as He is recorded to have known men of olden time, addressing them thereby, and even altering their name.\* If we incline to accept the testimony of spiritualists we may find like correspondences between barbarian and civilized in the belief that to name the spirits is to invoke their appearance, an idea surviving in the saying, "Talk of the devil and you'll see his horns," and illustrated by the legend of the Norse witches who tied up wind and foul matter in a bag, and then, undoing the knots, shouted "Wind in the devil's name," when the hurricane swept over land and sea; and also by the recipe for stopping a witch's dance and dispersing the dancers by uttering the name of God or Christ. We may not therefore feign surprise when we hear that in Borneo, when a child is ill, its name is changed so as to confuse or deceive the bad spirits, to whom all diseases and death, which last is rarely regarded as a natural event by the savage, are ascribed. Among some South American tribes, when a man dies, his friends and kinsmen change their names so as to elude death if he comes after them, or to prevent the departed spirits being attracted back to earth by hearing the old name.†

Intimately connected with this, therefore, is the universal reluctance among barbaric people to speak of the dead; a feeling shared in modified form by ourselves, as expressed in Mrs. Barrett Browning's lines on Cowper:

"Named softly as the household name of one whom God hath taken,"

The Fuegians, Darwin tells us, never mentioned the names of the

\* Gen. xvii. 5; xxxii. 28; Exod. xxiii. 17.

† Cf. Dorman's *Primitive Superstitions*, p. 154, for several illustrations of this.

dead; among the Connecticut tribes it was a capital offence; among the Northern tribes, when a death occurred, if a relation of the deceased was absent, his friends loitered along the road by which he was expected, so as to tell him the news and thus prevent him naming the dead on his return. Im Thurn says, that, although the Indians of British Guiana have an intricate system of names, it is of little use, in that owners have a very strong objection to telling or using them, apparently on the ground that the name is part of the man, and that he who knows it has part of the owner of that name in his power.\* Morgan says that among the Iroquois, upon the death of a man, his name could not be used again in the lifetime of his oldest surviving son without the consent of the latter.†

Illustrations of this could be multiplied *ad infinitum*, but it is obvious, without further evidence, that with a universal belief in spiritual agents, and the identification of name with being, such practices as those cited must arise, practices of which the adage, "De mortuis nil nisi bonum," *i.e.* lest his ghost harm you, embodies a survival. Hence the adoption of euphemisms, in which complimentary phrases are employed in place of such as might grate or annoy, "good-omen words," as the Cantonese call them,‡ the most familiar example of which is the title of Eumenides or "gracious ones" given to the Furies. The Dyaks of Borneo speak of the small pox as the "chief" or "jungle leaves," and the Cantonese call it "heavenly flower" or "good intention"; in Annam the tiger is called "grandfather" or "lord;" in the forty-sixth rune of the *Kalevala*, which celebrates the slaying of the bear, he is addressed in profuse, flowing metaphor, as "forest-apple," "golden light-foot," "honey-pawed." In Thorpe's *Northern Mythology*,§ a list of both dead and living things which are to be called by euphemistic names to arrest evil influences is given, and perchance a survival of this dread exists in the modern housewife's notion that if one comments upon some household god

\* *Among the Indians of Guiana*, p. 220.

† *Ancient Society*, p. 79.

‡ *Folklore Record*, iv. 80.

§ Vol. ii. p. 83. And see Callaway's *Zulu Tales*, p. 3, n.

quick destruction follows. "I was only yesterday," she will tell you, "talking about the years we had had that china service, and now it is smashed to atoms!"

2. The reluctance to utter names extends to those of the living in descending scale according to rank. For example, in China, the *ming* or proper name of the reigning emperor is sacred, and must be spelt differently during his lifetime.\* Although given in the prayer offered at the imperial worship of ancestors, it is not permitted to be written or pronounced by any subject. The Tahitians display like superstitious reverence by a custom termed *Te pi*. "They cease to employ in common language those words which form a part or the whole of the sovereign's name or that of one of his near relatives, and invent new terms to supply their place."† In Siam, Burmah, and other eastern countries, the like substitution of epithet for the royal name prevails, and "in Polynesia the prohibition to mention chiefs' names has even impressed itself deeply in the language of the islands."‡

In his *Tour to the Himalayas* § Fraser tells how in one of the despatches intercepted during the war in Nepaul, Gourée Sah sent orders to find out the British general's name. It was to be written on a piece of paper, the great incantation said over it three times, and the paper then burnt with plum-tree wood. Coming lower down, we find that the Australian has a strong reluctance to tell his real name to strangers. So has the Kaffir, and among this race no woman may pronounce the names of any of her husband's male relations in the ascending line, nor even any word in which the principal syllable of the name of her father-in-law occurs.¶ The Amazulu woman, when addressing or speaking of her husband, calls him "Father of So-and-so," mentioning one of his children,¶ and

\* *Folklore Record*, iv. 74.

† Max Müller, *Lect. on Language*, ii. 74.

‡ Tylor's *Early History of Mankind*, p. 142.

§ P. 530.

¶ Theal's *Kaffir Folklore*, 201.

¶ Callaway, *Religious System of the Amazulus*, p. 316.

in like manner a Hindoo wife speaks of her husband as "He," "Swamy," or "the Master," avoiding mention of his name. Dorman says that the New Mexican tribes never made known their own names or those of friends to a stranger, lest these should be used in sorcery. Among the Ojibways husbands and wives never told each others' names, and the children were warned that if they repeated their own names they would stop growing. Dobrizhoffer records that the Abipones of Paraguay would knock at his door at night, and when asked who was there, would not answer, lest enemy or sorcerer overheard their name. There must be like origin for the reluctance of which Gregor speaks in his *Folklore of the North-East of Scotland*,\* when folk "calling at a house of the better class on business with the master or mistress had a very strong dislike to tell their names to the servant who admitted them." The same author says that "in Buckie there are certain family names that fishermen will not pronounce;" the folk in the village of Coull speaking of "spitting out the bad name." If such a name is mentioned in their hearing, they spit or, in the vernacular, "chiff." One bearing the dreaded name is called a "chifferoot." If there is occasion to speak of anyone with such a name a circumlocution is used, as "The man it diz so in so," or "The laad it lives at such and such a place." If possible the men bearing these names of reprobation are not taken as hired men in the boats during the herring-fishing season; or, when hired before their names were known, have been refused their wages if the season has been a failure. "Ye hinna hid sic a fishin' this year is ye hid the last," said a woman to the daughter of a famous fisher. "Na, na, faht wye cud we? We wiz in a chifferoot's 'oose, we cudnae hae a fushin'." In some of the villages on the east coast of Aberdeenshire it was accounted unlucky to meet any one of the name of Whyte when going to sea. Lives would be lost, or the catch of fish would be poor.† In fine, for these illustrations may be cited to weariness, wherever the name is regarded as a part of the person or thing which it represents, there is no limit to the application. Such confusion could not be more perfectly illustrated than in an anecdote which Dr.

\* P. 80.

† Pp. 200, 201.

Tylor quotes from Dr. Lieber. "I was lately looking at a negro who was feeding young mocking-birds by the hand. 'Would they eat worms?' I asked; 'Surely not,' answered the man, 'they are too young, and they would not know what to call them.'"<sup>\*</sup> That negro would find a kindred spirit in the old lady who, after hearing a lecture upon astronomy, said that she could understand how the astronomers found out the distances and weights of the stars, but what puzzled her was how they found out their names!

3. The rites and ceremonies which have been practised at birth and infancy from time immemorial have survived long after their primitive meaning was forgotten, and new meanings whereby a quasi-sanctity has been imparted have been attached to them. The ideas which still cluster round name-giving are the disguised or transmuted superstitions akin to those already illustrated. The custom of naming children from some event happening at their birth has frequent reference in the Old Testament, as *e.g.* in Genesis xxx. 11, where Leah's maid gives birth to a son: "And she said, A troop cometh; and she called his name Gad." So Rachel, dying in childbed, calls the babe Ben-oni, "son of sorrow," but the father changes his name to Ben-jamin, "son of the right hand." Burckhardt speaks of a like custom among the Bedouins, the child's name being derived from some incident, or from some fancy of the mother,<sup>†</sup> while among the Kaffirs the name of the day on which the child is born, or the name of any beast whose roar is then heard, is given to it. The doctrine of baptismal regeneration must be claimed as the lineal descendant of the barbaric notions concerning the lustrations which still accompany the naming of the child. In Abyssinia the baptismal name is concealed throughout life, and in West Sussex it is considered unlucky to divulge a child's intended name before baptism.<sup>‡</sup>

Although I have sought, in collecting the scattered materials for illustration of the thesis of this paper, for points of fundamental

<sup>\*</sup> *Early History of Mankind*, p. 151.

<sup>†</sup> *Notes on the Bedouins*, p. 55, quoted in Capt. (now Sir George) Grey's *Travels in N.W. and W. Australia*, ii. 373.

<sup>‡</sup> And cf. Lang's *Custom and Myth: story of "Nicht, Nought, Nothing,"* p. 89.

difference between the higher and lower culture, the search has been vain. One can find variations in details, and in their applications, as these have been affected by the personal equation, as we may call it, of peoples, but not in general principles. As in the physical, so in the intellectual, there is no break in continuity. As in the various states of matter, so in the various phenomena of the mind, there is fundamental unity. As the higher organisms repeat in their embryonic condition the stages through which their ancestral forms passed, so the folktale, in the several changes which it undergoes in the process of transmission, preserves traces of the type to which it belongs. The magic letters "Abracadabra," which were believed to be a remedy for agues and fevers, are equated with that "blessed word Mesopotamia," in which the old lady found such spiritual balm. We have scampered across wide areas in our search after ideas common to those which lie at the heart of "Tom Tit Tot," and we find its variants, and the barbaric notions cognate to those ideas, contributing their evidence to that of the great cloud of witnesses testifying to the like attitude of the mind before like phenomena which frightened and bewildered it, until Science created sympathy between man and the objects of his undisciplined fears.

EDWARD CLODD.

NOTE.—Since revising the foregoing for press my friend Mr. H. Courthope Bowen sends me the following apposite story from Mr. J. H. Collens's *Guide to Trinidad*, published in 1887.—

A doctor in a remote district had one day assembled a number of negro children for vaccination. In the course of his operations he came to a little girl, and the following conversation ensued with the person bringing her:

*Doctor.* "Are you the child's mother?"

*Woman:* "Yes, sir—is me darter."

*D.* And what is your name?"

*W.* "Is me name?"

*D.* (rather impatiently): "Yes, I asked you what is your name?"

*W.* (hesitatingly) "Dey does caal me Sal."

*D.* "Well, Sal what?"

*W.* (assuringly, but with a suspicious side-glance at a neighbour who is intently taking all in): "Dey does allus caal me Sal."

*D.* (getting desperate): "Oh, botheration; will you tell me your proper name or not?"

VOL. 7.—PART 2.

M

W. (with much reluctance approaching the doctor, whispers in the lowest possible tone of voice): "Delphine Segard."

D. (with intense disgust): "Then why couldn't you say so!"

Mr. Collens remarks: "My medical friend now bears these little passages with more equanimity, for he has gained experience, and knows that the reason why the woman was so reluctant to utter her name aloud was that she believed she had an enemy in the room who would take advantage of the circumstance if she got hold of her true name, and would work her all manner of harm. It is a fact that these people (the negro population of Trinidad) sometimes actually forgot the names of their near relations from hearing and using them so little."

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I shall be very glad to hear of any other variants which have escaped  
notice in compiling the foregoing list.

E. C.

## JOHN GLAICK, THE BRAVE TAILOR.



THE following tale has been given me by Mr. W. Copland, schoolmaster, Tortorston, near Peterhead, Aberdeenshire. He learned it forty-five years ago from his father, who was seventy years of age, and lived in Strichen, a village in the parish of the same name in the north-east of Aberdeenshire. The reader will see that it is not told in the dialect of the district.

John Glaick was a tailor by trade, but like a man of spirit he grew tired of his tailoring, and wished to follow some other path that would lead to honour and fame. This wish showed itself at first rather in dislike to work of all kinds than in any fixed line of action, and for a time he was fonder of basking idly in the sun than in plying the needle and scissors. One warm day as he was enjoying his ease, he was annoyed by the flies alighting on his bare ankles. He brought his hand down on them with force and killed a goodly number of the plague. On counting the victims of his valour, he was overjoyed at his success; his heart rose to the doing of great deeds, and he gave vent to his feelings in the saying;—

“ Weel done! John Glaick.

Killt fifty flees (flies) at ae straik.”

His resolution was now taken to cut out his path to fortune and honour. So he took down from its resting-place a rusty old sword that had belonged to some of his forebears, and set out in search of adventures. After travelling a long way, he came to a country that was much troubled by two giants, whom no one was bold enough to meet, and strong enough to overcome. He was soon told of the giants, and learned that the king of the country had offered a great reward and the hand of his daughter in marriage to the man who should rid his land of this scourge. John's heart rose to the deed, and he offered himself for the service. The great haunt of the giants was a wood, and John set out with his old sword to perform his task. When he reached the wood, he laid himself down to think what course he would follow, for he knew how weak he was compared to those he had undertaken to kill. He had not waited long, when he saw them coming with a waggon to fetch wood for fuel. He hurriedly hid himself in the hollow of a tree, thinking only of his own safety. Feeling himself safe, he peeped out of his hiding-place, and watched the two at work. Thus watching he formed his plan of action. He picked up a pebble, threw it with force at one of them, and struck him a sharp blow on the head. The giant in his pain turned at once on his companion, and blamed him in strong words for hitting him. The other denied in anger that he had thrown the pebble. John now saw himself on the highway to gain his reward and the hand of the king's daughter. He kept still, and carefully watched for an opportunity of striking another blow. He soon found it, and right against the giant's head went another pebble. The injured giant fell on his companion in fury, and the two belaboured each other till they were utterly tired out. They sat down on a log to breathe, rest, and recover themselves. While sitting, one of them said, “ Well, all the king's army was not able to take us, but I fear an old woman with a rope's end would be too much for us now.” “ If that be so,” said John Glaick, as he sprang, bold as a lion, from his hiding place,

"What do you say to John Glaick wi' his aul roosty soord?" So saying, he fell upon them, cut off their heads, and returned in triumph. He received the king's daughter in marriage and for a time lived in peace and happiness. He never told the mode he followed in his dealing with the giants.

Some time after a rebellion broke out among the subjects of his father-in-law. John, on the strength of his former valiant deed, was chosen to quell the rebellion. His heart sank within him, but he could not refuse, and so lose his great name. He was mounted on the fiercest horse that "ever saw sun or wind," and set out on his desperate task. He was not accustomed to ride on horseback, and he soon lost all control of his fiery steed. It galloped off at full speed, but, fortunately, in the direction of the rebel army. In its wild career it passed under the gallows that stood by the wayside. The gallows was somewhat old and frail, and down it fell on the horse's neck. Still no stop, but always forward at furious speed towards the rebels. On seeing this strange sight approaching towards them at such a speed they were seized with terror, and cried out to one another, "There comes John Glaick that killed the two giants with the gallows on his horse's neck to hang us all." They broke their ranks, fled in dismay, and never stopped till they reached their homes. Thus was John Glaick a second time victorious. Happily he was not put to a third test. In due time he came to the throne and lived a long, happy, and good life as king.

WALTER GREGOR.

## THE CLEVER APPRENTICE.



THE following story was given me by Mr. A. Copland, school-master, Tyrie, Aberdeenshire. It is originally from Keith, a town and parish in Banffshire.

A shoemaker once engaged an apprentice. A short time after the apprenticeship began, the shoemaker asked the boy what he would call him in addressing him, "Oh, I would just call you master," answered the apprentice. "No," said the master, "you must call me master above all masters."

Continued the shoemaker, "What would you call my trousers?"

"Oh, I would call them trousers."

"No, you must call them struntifers."

"And what would you call my wife?"

"Oh, I would call her mistress."

"No, you must call her the fair Lady Permoumadam."

"And what would you call my son?"

"Oh, I would call him Johnny."

"No, you must call him John the Great."

"And what would you call the cat?"

"Oh, I would call him pussy."

"No, you must call him Great Carle Gropus."

"And what would you call the fire?"

"Oh, I would call it fire."

"No, you must call it Fire Evangelist."

"And what would you call the peatstack?"

"Oh, I would just call it peatstack."

"No, you must call it Mount Potāgo."

"And what would you call the well?"

"Oh, I would call it well."

"No, you must call it The Fair Fountain."

"And, last of all, what would you call the house?"

"Oh, I would call it house."

"No, you must call it The Castle of Mungo."

The shoemaker, after giving this lesson to his apprentice, told him that the first day he had occasion to use all these words at once, and was able to do so without making a mistake, the apprenticeship would be at an end.

The apprentice was not long in making an occasion for using the words.

One morning he got out of bed before his master, and lighted the fire: he then tied some bits of paper to the tail of the cat, and threw the animal into the fire. The cat ran out with the papers all in a blaze, landed in the peatstack, which caught fire.

The apprentice hurried to his master and cried out, "Master above all masters, start up and jump into your struntifers, and call upon Sir John the Great and the fair Lady Permoumadam, for Carle Gropus has caught hold of Fire Evangelist, and he is out to Mount Potāgo, and, if you don't get help from the Fair Fountain, the whole of Castle Mungo will be burned to the ground."

So ends the story of Carle Gropus.

I have heard, about Keith, the word Carle Gropus used as a bugbear to keep children quiet, and also for a big stupid man, youth, or boy.

WALTER GREGOR.

## A SOUTH AFRICAN RED RIDING-HOOD.

**T**HE following Bechuana tale has some points of likeness to the story of Little Red Riding-Hood. It was taken down by MM. Arbousset et Daumas (*Voyage d'Exploration au Nord-est de la Colonie du Cap de Bonne Espérance*. Paris, 1842. P. 119, *sqq.*)

A man had a daughter called Tsélané. One day he set off with his family and his flocks to seek fresh pastures. But his daughter would not go with him. She said to her mother, "I won't go. Our house is so pretty, with the white and red beads, that I can't leave it." Her mother said, "My child, since you are naughty, you may stay here all alone, but shut the door fast, in case the Marimos"—a tribe of cannibals—"come and eat you." With that she went away. But in a few days she came back, bringing food for her daughter. "Tsélané, my child, Tsélané, my child, take this bread, and eat it." "I hear my mother, I hear. My mother speaks like an *ataga* bird, like the *tsuere* coming out of the wood." For a long while the mother used thus to bring food to Tsélané. One day Tsélané heard a gruff voice saying, "Tsélané, my child, Tsélané, my child, take this bread and eat it." But she laughed and said, "That gruff voice is not my mother's voice; go away, naughty Marimo." The Marimo went away. He lit a big fire, took an iron hoe, made it red hot, and swallowed it to clear his voice. Then he came back and tried to beguile Tsélané again. But he could not, for his voice was still not soft enough. So he went and heated another hoe, and swallowed it red hot like the first. Then he came back and said in a still small voice, "Tsélané, my child, Tsélané, my chee-ild, take this bread and eat it." She thought it was her mother's voice, and opened the door. The Marimo put her in his bag and walked off. Soon he felt thirsty, and, leaving his bag to the care of some little girls, went to get some beer in a village. The girls, peeping into the bag, saw Tsélané in it, and ran to tell her mother, who happened to be near. The mother let her daughter out of the bag, and stuffed it instead with a dog, scorpions, vipers, bits of broken pots, and stones. When the Marimo got home with his bag and opened it, meaning to cook and eat Tsélané, the dog and the vipers bit him, the scorpions stung him, the potsherds wounded him, and the stones bruised him. He rushed out, threw himself into a mud-heap, and was changed into a tree, in whose bark the bees made honey, and in spring the young girls came and gathered the honey to make honey-cakes.

J. G. FRAZER.



Country.	Title.	Tabulator.
Finland	"Suomen Kansan satuja ja tarinoita," Tales and Stories of the Finnish people, collected by Salmelainen, published by the Finnish Literary Society.	HON. JNO. ABERCROMBY.
Germany	Grimm's "Household Tales," translated by Mrs. Margaret Hunt. 2 vols. 1884. (200 tales.)	MISS ROALFE COX.
Greece	Lauder's "Legends and Tales of the Harz Mountains." 1881. (71 tales.) Geldart's "Folklore of Modern Greece." 1884. (30 tales.)	
Hungary	Jones and Kropf's "Magyar Folktales." Folklore Society, 1889. (53 tales.)	MRS. GOMME.
Iceland	Arnason's "Icelandic Legends," translated by Powell and Magnusson. 2 vols. 1864-1866.	MR. EDWARD CLODD.
	Symington's "Pen and Pencil Sketches of Farøe and Iceland." 1862. (Folktales in Appendix.)	
Italy	Busk's "Folklore of Rome." 1874. (137 tales.) Busk's "Household Tales from the Land of Hofer." (Tirol.) 1871. (22 tales.) Crane's "Italian Popular Tales." 1885. (109 tales.)	MISS BARCLAY.
	"Tuscan Fairy Tales." n. d. (10 tales.) "Gesta Romanorum." 1877. (181 tales.)	MISS BARCLAY.
Norway	Dasent's "Popular Tales from the Norse." 1888 edition. (59 tales.) Dasent's "Tales from the Fjeld." 1874. (51 tales.) Thorpe's "Northern Mythology." Vols. 2, 3. 1851-1852.	MR. EDWARD CLODD.
	Thorpe's "Yule-Tide Stories." Bohn's edition. (74 tales.)	
Portugal	"Portuguese Folktales." F. L. S. 1882. (30 tales.)	
Roumania	"Roumanian Fairy Tales and Legends." 1881. (11 tales.)	
Russian and Slavonic	Ralston's "Russian Folktales." 1873. (51 tales.) Naake's "Slavonic Fairy Tales." 1874. (40 tales.)	
Serbian	Denton's "Serbian Folklore." 1874. (26 tales.)	
Spain	Busk's "Patrañas, or Spanish Stories." 1870. (51 tales.) Middlemore's "Spanish Legendary Tales." 1885. (30 tales.) Monteiro's "Tales and Popular Legends of the Basques." 1887. (13 tales.) Wentworth Webster's "Basque Legends." 1877. (15 tales.)	MR. J. W. CROMBIE. MR. J. W. CROMBIE.



Country.	Title.	Tabulator.
<b>ASIA.</b>		
Arabia (?)	Burton's (Lady) "Arabian Nights." 6 vols.	MR. W. F. KIRBY.
China	Deny's "Folklore of China." 1876. Chapters xii. and xiii. Giles's "Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio." 2 vols. 1880. ( tales.)	
India	"Bidpai," Fables of. (Ed. Jacobs.) (39 tales.) Davids's "Buddhist Birth Stories." Vol. 1. 1880. (40 tales.) Dr. Morris's translation of "Jatakas," in Folklore Journal, vols. iii. iv. Day's "Folktales of Bengal." 1883. (22 tales.) Frere's "Old Deccan Days." 1870. (24 tales.) "Hitopadesa," translated by Johnson. 1867. Sastri's "Folklore in Southern India." 1884-1886. Sastri's "Dravidian Nights' Entertainments." 1886. Stokes's "Indian Fairy Tales." 1880. (30 tales.) "Stream of Story." (Kathâ-sarit-Sâgara.) Temple's "Legends of the Panjâb." 1883. Temple's "Wide-Awake Stories." 1884. (47 tales.) (Captain Temple has supplied tabulations of these: vid. pp. 348-385.) Thornhill's "Indian Fairy Tales." 1888. (26 tales.)	} REV. DR. MORRIS.  MISS MENDHAM. MISS LARNER. MR. G. L. APPERSON.
Japan	Chamberlain's "Aino Folk Tales." Folklore Society. 1888. (43 tales.) Mitford's "Tales of Old Japan." 1874. (23 tales.)	MISS LARNER.  MISS MENDHAM.
Kashmir	Knowles's "Folktales of Kashmir." 1888. (64 tales.)	
Mongolia	Busk's "Sagas from the Far East." 1873. (23 tales.)	
Persia	Clouston's "Book of Sindibâd." 1884. (84 tales.) Comparetti's "Book of Sindibâd." Folklore Society. 1882. (26 tales.) Gibb's "History of the Forty Vezirs." 1886. (40 tales.)	
Tibet	Schiefner's "Tibetan Tales," translated by Ralston. 1882. (50 tales.)	

Country.	Title.	Tabulator.
<b>AUSTRALIA, ETC.</b> —		
Australia	Brough Smyth's "Aborigines of Victoria." Vol. I. pp. 423-483.	
New Zealand	Shortland's "Traditions and Superstitions of the New Zealanders." White's "Ancient History of the Maori." Vols. i. ii.	
Polynesia	Grey's "Polynesian Mythology." 1855. (23 tales.) Gill's "Myths and Songs of the South Pacific." 1876.	
<b>AFRICA.</b> —		
	Bleek's "Hottentot Fables and Tales." 1864. (42 tales.)	MISS KEY.
	Callaway's "Zulu Nursery Tales." 1864. (49 tales.)	MISS KEY.
	"South Africa Folklore Journal." Vol. I. 1879.	MR. G. L. APPERSON.
	Steere's "Swahili Tales." 1873. (18 tales.)	MISS KEY.
	Theal's "Kaffir Folklore." 1882. (21 tales.)	MISS KEY.
<b>AMERICA.</b> —		
	Brett's "Legends of British Guiana." n. d.	
	Leland's "Algonquin Legends." 1884. (72 tales.)	
	Rink's "Tales and Traditions of the Eski mo." 1875. (150 tales.)	
	Dasent's "Tales from the Norse," pp. 425- 443.	
	"Ananzi Stories." (NOTE.—The co-operation of the American Folklore Society in this work, so far as books on North and South American Folklore are concerned, is invited and, therefore, only three or four representa- tive collections are cited here.)	

Mr. John Robinson, Mr. Clouston, and the Rev. Walter Gregor have also sent their names in. The books they choose will be noted in the next number of the *Journal*.

## ANALYSIS OF CUSTOMS, &amp;c.

The following are the present arrangements for this work. Further assistance is required:—

Subjects of Analysis.	Name of Person Analysing.
Animal and bird superstitions . Rivér spirits . Fire superstitions .	} Mr. Gomme. } }
Folk medicine .	The Rev. E. P. Larken, Gatton Tower, Reigate.
Death and Burial customs	Rev. W. Gregor, Pitsligo, Frazerburgh, Aberdeenshire.
German parallels .	G. Langen, Cologne.

## NOTES AND QUERIES.

**Spanish Folklore.**—From Mr. G. E. Bonsor, who has been for some time engaged in excavating a Roman necropolis at Carmona, in Spain, I learned in conversation the following. At Carmona, on St. John's Day, the people make bonfires, and sit round them all night. On one day of the year boys of from seven to ten years are stripped naked, their bodies are smeared with glue, and in the glue feathers are stuck. Thus disguised, they are known as demons, and run about from house to house, the people trying to avoid them and to bar their houses against them. At a wedding sweetmeats are strewn on the floor, and the people dance on them. A Spanish gipsy will on no account look at a corpse or remain in the house with one. When one of his family dies, he immediately quits the house; if he is decoyed into a house where there is a dead body, and he discovers it, his horror is very great. The instrument which is used instead of the church-bell for sometime before Easter consists of a wooden wheel with tongues suspended within it. When the wheel is whirled round the tongues strike against it and produce a loud clattering noise. Every church-tower is provided with one of these clappers, as the church-bells may not be rung till the very moment when, it is calculated, the Resurrection took place; then the music peals and the bells ring out. This custom of substituting clappers for bells is now confined, Mr. Bonsor believes, to Spain, and is no longer practised in France; though, as I have shown (*Folklore Journal*, vi. p. 210), there is evidence that it was observed in France as late as the first quarter of this century. In an out-of-the-way place in Spain Mr. Bonsor once came upon some men engaged in divining by water. A glass vessel containing water stood in their midst, and one of them was interpreting to the rest the omens given by the water. The men were very much in earnest; and Mr. Bonsor found that any attempt to make light of the proceeding might have had serious consequences.

This mode of divination seems to be the *lekanomanteia*, or divination by water, described by Psellus. See Bouché-Leclercq, *Histoire de la Divination dans l'Antiquité*, i. p. 185. The poorer people sleep on the floor, where in summer they are liable to be attacked by vipers; to guard themselves against these creatures the people sleep with garlic in their pockets. Garlic is not commonly eaten in this part of Spain.

J. G. FRAZER.

**Breakfasting at the Plough Tail, etc.**—Mr. J. G. Frazer, of Trinity College, Cambridge, sends the following letters for insertion in the *Journal*:—

“41, Caledonian Crescent, Edinburgh, January 23, 1889.

“DEAR SIR,—I had not forgotten the Folklore, but I was waiting for information as to two dates. I like to be as exact as possible; and when I find when my grand-uncle died, who, I believe, was the last in the district, if not the last in Scotland, who observed that custom of breakfasting at the plough-tail on the first day that the plough was yoked in spring, and when the woman died who welcomed her visitors in the name of Freya, I shall write, with details.

“Meanwhile I shall quote the rhyme about the yellowhammer used by children in Aberdeenshire:

“Yellow, yellow, yarlin’,  
Drinks a drap o’ deevil’s-bleed,  
Ilka Monday mornin’.”

In Aird’s *Old Bachelor in the Old Scottish Village*, chap. xi., the following version is given as used by children in the west of Scotland:

“Half a paddock, half a toad,  
Half a yellow yorling,  
Cries for a drap o’ the deil’s bluid,  
Every Monday morning.”

“Supply the word *rather* after toad, and you have the usual number of halves to a whole.

"Do you know George Henderson's *Popular Rhymes, Sayings, and Proverbs of the County of Berwick, with illustrative Notes* (1856)? If not, the following quotation may interest you: 'We have been credibly informed, by an eye-witness of the fact, that the operation of scoring above the breath was inflicted, or attempted to be inflicted, upon the person of an old woman of the name of Margaret Girvan, residing in Auchencrow, so late as the commencement of the *present* century. This atrocious deed was done by a neighbouring laird, because he imagined that the poor woman, who was gleaning in his fields at the time, was guilty of raising a wind to shake his corn!'—the poor laird, doubtless, had heard the rhyme,

"In the town of Auchencraw,  
Where the witches bide a'."

repeated a hundred times in childhood, and been informed that 'scoring above the breath' (drawing a gash across the brow) would render their spells innocuous; and it is not everyone who is able to throw aside the teachings of childhood, even in times of 'advanced thought.'

"If I could be of any use in collecting folklore it would give me much pleasure.—Yours faithfully, "ROBERT MATHESON.

"41, Caledonian Crescent, Edinburgh, March 1, 1889.

"DEAR SIR,—I am sorry for the delay that there has been in sending you my remarks about *the strikin' o' the pleuch*. I have not been able to learn as yet the date of my grand-uncle's death, but certainly the custom in question would be continued down to at least 1828, for he was alive then.

"The first yoking of the plough in spring was formerly called *the strikin' o' the pleuch*, but it had lost this name before—I am sure—1845, otherwise I would remember hearing it. I never heard it except *twice*, from two different persons, on different occasions, and only with reference to the obsolete custom of breakfasting at the plough-tail at the first yoking in spring.

"They ploughed in those days with wooden ploughs and "owsen"—often with twelve oxen to a plough; and a *gaudeman* (or goadsman),

as well as a ploughman, was necessary. Each gaudsman had a peculiar whistle, known to the cattle in his charge. The gaudsmen prided themselves on their skill in whistling, and, as it differed in power as well as beauty, they were valued accordingly. A valley was made 'blithe with plough and harrow,' my uncle told me; quite otherwise in his young days than now. The phrase 'whistling at the plough,' refers, I think, to the gaudsmen, and not to the holders of the stils.

"My uncle told me that his father (it was at a farm called Newbigging, in the parish of Drumblade, Aberdeenshire) was once very angry with him for daring to propose that they should dispense with the ceremony of breakfasting at the plough, at a first yoking in the spring, on account of unpleasant weather: it was *indispensable* that the family should breakfast at the plough-tail; and cheese (never taken at breakfast on other occasions) was *indispensable*; and it was *indispensable* that the gaudsman, after breakfast, should get a 'knievelock o' cheese' in his pocket to gnaw at (chaw at) during the day.

"At first I took this *freit* of my grand-uncle's for a peculiarism, like Dr. Johnson's touching the lamp-posts; but a man in the neighbouring parish of Gartly told me that *his* father also observed the custom most religiously, and that the whole family, after breakfast, when the plough started again, exclaimed, 'Gweed (*i.e.* Lord), speed the plough!' Once, instead of saying *Gweed*, he most wickedly and unadvisedly said *Deil*, and his father chased him through the field, caught him, and gave him what made him feel and fear, and not do the like! This is all I know about 'the striking of the plough.' The question arises: Is it not the remains of some solemn sacrifice or religious ceremony in honour of a divinity presiding over agriculture? My uncle, when a lad, and this other man, when a lad, though they did not say so, would probably know that their fathers were *laughed* at for their conduct, and were desirous to put a stop to it. But as 'the auld mear maun dee in some man's harm,' so it is with old customs too.

"The following will perhaps interest you as much as the above.

VOL. 7.—PART 2.

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The late Mr. Charles B. Smith, rector of Montrose Academy, told me that his mother (who lived at Canonbie, in Dumfriesshire) had a habit of saying to visitors, on their entering the house, 'Come awa, Freya!' Mr. Smith was of opinion that it meant originally, 'Come awa, in the name of Freya' (the Scandinavian goddess). When he asked his mother what she meant by 'Freya,' she said, 'Oh! it's only juist a kind word.' I see from Vigfusson's Icelandic Dictionary that *Húsfreyja* means a *housewife, lady, mistress*, and so 'Come awa, Freya'—which, I may mention, Mrs. Smith pronounced *frey-ya*—might originally mean, 'Come awa, mistress.'

"In connection with the above, the word 'Ghyouw,' used by Carlyle's mother about the same time, in the same district, may interest you, *v. Carlyle's Life in London*, ii., p. 331.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

"ROBERT MATHESON."

**An old Scandinavian Custom.**—The ancient festival of Uphellya was celebrated on Tuesday evening at Lerwick. This festival dates back to Scandinavian times, and is generally supposed to be so named because it marked the termination of the Yule holidays, being the twenty-fourth day from Christmas. The occasion is generally celebrated at Lerwick by a torchlight procession of masqueraders, and the display on Tuesday night was one of the best that has been witnessed for many years. There were about 120 torches, borne by guizers dressed in motley and fantastic garbs.—From the *Scotsman* newspaper of 31st January, 1889.



## DEATH'S MESSENGERS.



RIMM'S story of "Death's Messengers" was known in Europe as early as the thirteenth century, but does not occur in the Greek or Latin fable-poets.

Grimm's legend, as Englished by Margaret Hunt, is as follows:

"In ancient times a giant was once travelling on a great highway, when suddenly an unknown man sprang up before him, and said, 'Halt, not one step further!' 'What!' cried the giant, 'a creature whom I can crush between my fingers wants to block my way? Who art thou that thou dares to speak so boldly?' 'I am Death,' answered the other. 'No one resists me, and thou also must obey my commands.' But the giant refused, and began to struggle with Death. It was a long, violent battle; at last the giant got the upper hand, and struck Death down with his fist, so that he dropped by a stone. The giant went his way, and Death lay there conquered, and so weak that he could not get up again. 'What will be done now,' said he, 'if I stay lying here in a corner? No one will die now in the world, and it will get so full of people they won't have room to stand beside each other.' In the meantime a young man came along the road, who was strong and healthy, singing a song, and glancing around on every side. When he saw the half-fainting one, he went compassionately to him, raised him up, poured a strengthening draught out of his flask for him, and waited till he came round. 'Dost thou know,' said the stranger, whilst he was getting up, 'who I am, and who it is whom thou hast helped on his legs again?' 'No,' answered the youth, 'I do not know thee.' 'I am Death,' said he; 'I spare no one, and can make no exception with thee; but that thou mayst see that I am grateful, I promise thee that I will not fall on thee unexpectedly, but will send my messengers to thee before I come and take thee

away.' 'Well,' said the youth, 'it is something gained that I shall know when thou comest, and at any rate be safe from thee for so long.' Then he went on his way, and was light-hearted, and enjoyed himself, and lived without thought. But youth and health did not last long, soon came sicknesses and sorrows, which tormented him by day and took away his rest by night. 'Die I shall not,' said he to himself, 'for Death will send his messengers before that, but I do wish these wretched days of sickness were over.' As soon as he felt himself well again he began once more to live merrily. Then one day some one tapped him on the shoulder. He looked round, and Death stood beside him, and said, 'Follow me, the hour of thy departure from this world has come.' 'What,' replied the man, 'wilt thou break thy word? Didst thou not promise me that thou wouldst send thy messengers to me before coming thyself? I have seen none!' 'Silence!' answered Death. 'Have I not sent one messenger to thee after another? Did not fever come and smite thee, and shake thee, and cast thee down? Has dizziness not bewildered thy head? Has not gout twitched thee in all thy limbs? Did not thine ears sing? Did not toothache bite into thy cheeks? Was it not dark before thine eyes? And besides all that, has not my own brother Sleep reminded thee every night of me? Didst thou not lie by night as if thou wert already dead?' The man could make no answer; he yielded to his fate, and went away with Death."—(Grimm's *Household Tales*, No. 177, vol. ii. pp. 277, 278, 456, 457.)

This bears a close resemblance to the Latin story with the same title in the *Æsop* of Joach. Camerarius, where Hercules is mentioned as the giant, and Phææus the young man who came to the aid of Death.

#### "DE MORTIS NUNTIIS.

"Cum Hercules reliquisset superatum Letum ad bustum Alcestidos, ubi illud jaceret anhelans et exanimatum, misertum illius quendam Phææum qui transiens aspexisset, recreasse ipsum et perfecisse ferunt, ut vires pristinas recuperaret. Ob hoc beneficium Letum promississe illi memoriam à se grati animi, et cum non prorsus parcere ei posset,

non tamen se oppressurum esse de improvviso benefactorem suum, sed missurum prius qui monerent quique indicarent quòd appropinquaret Letum. His pollicitis Pheræus elatus, animo securo vitam egit, cumque minimè metueret, Letum ad se auferendum adesse cognovit. Questus igitur ille grauissimè perhibetur, se circumuentum fraude arripi, et Lete vanitatem accussasse: neminem enim prænuntiasse aduentum ipsius. Cui Letum narrant demonstrasse, plurimos à se nuntios ad eum peruenisse. Nam et annos ante sex febris, et post duos rursum, grauedine ac destillationibus eum laborasse. Intereaque sæpe cum tussi, sæpe capitis doloribus conflictatum, proximè etiam anhelasse. Quibus omnibus ut accedentis Leti nuntiis non longissimè illud abesse commoneri debuerit. Quin etiam, inquit, paullo ante adventum meum, germanum fratrem ad te misi, veteranum illum soporem, in quo aliquantisper pro mortuo iacui. Ita probata fide sua, quodque promissum fecisset, Pheræum lamentantem et muliebriter eiulantem arripuit.

“Decemur de valetudine imbecillitate et morbis cognoscendam mortalitatem, neque mortem omnibus necessariò oppetendam, ninium perhorrescendam esse.”

The fable was not unknown in England. In *L'Estrange's Fables* (1694) we find a story (No. 350) entitled, “An Old Man that was willing to put off Death,” evidently derived from the 149th fable in the *Æsop* of *Abstemius* (1519):

“AN OLD MAN THAT WAS WILLING TO PUT OFF DEATH.

“There goes a story that Death call'd upon an old man, and bad him come along with him. The man excus'd himself that t' other world was a great journey to take upon so short a warning, and begg'd a little time only to make his will before he dy'd. Why (says Death) you have had warning enough one would think to have made ready before this. In truth, says the Old Man, this is the first time that ever I saw ye in my whole life. That's false says Death, for you have had daily examples of mortality before your eyes in people of all sorts, ages and degrees; and is not the frequent spectacle of other

peoples' deaths a *memento* sufficient to make you think of your own? Your dim and hollow eyes methinks, the loss of your hearing, and the faltering of the rest of your senses, should mind ye, without more ado, that Death has laid hold of ye already; and is this a time of day, d' ye think, to stand shuffling it off still? Your peremptory hour, I tell ye, is now come, there is no thought of a reprieve in the case of Fate.

[Moral.] "Want of warning is no excuse in the case of Death; for every moment of our lives either is or ought to be a time of preparation for 't."

"DE SENE MORTEM DIFFERRE VOLENTE.

"Senex quidam Mortem, quæ eum è vita ereptura advenerat, rogabat vt paululum differret, dum testamentum conderet, et cætera ad tantum iter necessaria præpararet. Cui Mors, cur non inquit, hæcenus præparasti, toties a me admonitus. Et quum ille eam nunquam a se visam amplius diceret, quum inquit, non æquales tuos modo, quorum nulli ferè iam restant, verum etiam iuvenes, pueros, infantes quotidie rapiebant, non te admonebam mortalitatis tuæ? Cum oculos hebescere, auditum minui, cæterosque sensus in dies deficere, corpus ingravescere sentiebas, nonne tibi me propinquam esse dicebam? et te admonitum negas. Quare ulterius differendum non est.

"Hæc fabula indicat ita viuendum, quasi mortem semper adesse cernamus."\*

La Fontaine's fable of "La Mort et le Mourant" (bk. viii. fab. i.) may be compared with the above, together with the following metrical Latin fable, entitled:

"SENEX ET MORS.

"Annos homo centum qui fere compleverat  
Demum advenire Mortem sensit; et, nimis  
Properanter illam sic agere secum, querens,  
Oravit, ut ne prius obire cogerit,  
Perfecta quàm essent sua quædam negotia:

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\* See also No. 99 in *Mythologia Æsopica*, by Neveletus (Franc. 1610).

Saltem expectaret, dum ex nepote filii  
 Brevi futuras conclusisset nuptias;  
 Factoque rite testamento, ab omnibus  
 Remotam rixis familiam relinqueret:  
 Quòd si migrandum hinc sibi fuisse tam citò  
 Præmonitus esset . . . Ille senem ultra Mors loqui  
 Non passa: Funeris habet mille nuntios  
 Senectus longa, dixit; et prædam abstulit.\*

There is also an old French version in the *Trois cent soixante et six Apologues d'Esopé*, par G. Haudent, 1547 (ed. Lorimer, Rouen, 1877), pt. ii. No. 156:

“ D'UN VIEIL HOMME ET DE LA MORT.

“ Comme la mort adiournait vn vieillard  
 Et pretendoit le naurer de son dard  
 Il lui pria qu'en ce val transitoire  
 Elle vouldist le laisser viure encoire  
 Veu qu'il n'auoit adonc testamenté  
 Aussi qu'en riens ne s'estoit dementé  
 De preparer ce qu'appartient de faire  
 Ainsque venir en tel cas & affaire  
 Luy requerant fort d'auoir patience  
 Que de son ame & de sa conscience  
 Eust a penser, auant que le saisir  
 Et qu'a son corps faire aulcon desplaisir,  
 Mais ceste mort luy demanda, pourquoy  
 Il n'auoit eu de ce regard en soy  
 Quand il voyoit chascun coup de ses yeulx  
 Qu'elle prenoit aultant ieunes que vieulx  
 Et qu'il n'y a plus aulcun personnage  
 Qui a present soit vivant de son eage  
 Qui estoit bien assez pour l'aduertir  
 Qu'il se debuait a mourir conuertir,  
 A quoy ne sceust ce vieillard contredire  
 Mais s'excusa tant seulement par dire  
 Qu'il n'auoit veue oncques icelle mort  
 Insinuant quau vray auroit grand tort  
 D'ainsi le prendre, a la quelle replicque  
 A l'heure mesme icelle mort replicque

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\* See *Fabulæ Æsopiæ*, by F. J. Desbillons, Bk. vii. No. xxiii. (Manheim, 1768). (Cf. *L'Hore di riercreatione*, p. 195, by Lodovico Guicciardini (Venice, 1580), or *Heures de récréation et après dîners*, by L. G. 1605, p. 139.

Quand de ton corps la force decliner  
 T'apparoissoit & tes sentz definir,  
 N'estoit ce pas chose a toy bien certaine  
 Que ie venoye et estois fort prochaine  
 Ouy pour tout vray pourtant estime & croy  
 Que ie n'auray en riens pitié de toy  
 Ains te feray mourir presentement  
 Malgré ton veul & ton consentement."

" LE MORAL.

" La fable nous peult demonstrer  
 Qu' ayons a viure en telle sorte  
 Que nous estimons rencontrer  
 Tonsiours la mort en nostre porte."

We have two metrical versions in English of "Death's Messengers": (1) in Arwaker's *Select Fables*, xiv. bk. iv. (1708), based on Abstemius; and (2) in Mr. Piozzi's *Autobiography* (1785), probably suggested by La Fontaine's fable already referred to.

I.

" THE OLD MAN LOTH TO DIE,

or,

CONSIDER YOUR LATTER-END.

" A Wretch, that on the World's uneasy Stage  
 Had acted long, ev'n to decrepit Age,  
 At the last Scene, thought he too soon had done ;  
 And when Death call'd him, begg'd he might stay on.  
 He said, His greatest Bus'ness was to do  
 And hop'd the Fates wou'd not surprise him so;  
 But spare him, that he might provision make  
 For that long Journey which he was to take.

Death ask'd him why he had that Work deferr'd,  
 Since he had warn'd him oft' to be prepar'd.  
 He answer'd, He had never seen his Face,  
 And hop'd he would allow him Days of Grace.  
 But Death reply'd ; You often saw me near,  
 My Face in sev'ral Objects did appear ;  
 I have not only your Coevals slain,  
 'Till but a few, a very few remain ;  
 But Young men, Children, New-born infants too,  
 And all to caution and admonish you:

All to remind you of your Mortal State,  
And that my Coming wou'd be sure, tho' late.

When you perceiv'd your Eye-balls sink away,  
Your Hearing fail, and ev'ry Sense decay;  
When you discern'd your Teeth forsake their Place,  
Your wrinkl'd Forehead, and your meagre Face;  
Then you my Visage, in your own, might see,  
Which every Day was representing Me.

When you observ'd your Blood begin to freeze,  
Your bowing Body, and your bending Knees;  
While scarce your feeble Legs your Weight cou'd bear,  
Did not these Symptoms tell you I was near?  
And can you yet pretend to be surpriz'd?  
Then Die, your Folly shou'd be thus chastis'd.  
If 'till to-morrow, I your Life reprieve,  
You 'till to-morrow will deferr to Live:  
As you have done, still you, from Day to Day,  
Repentance and Amendment will delay."

#### "THE MORAL.

"Since we must Die, but where, is not declar'd,  
We shou'd for Death's Approach be still prepar'd:  
Our Life's uncertain: Time shou'd so be pass'd,  
As if each Minute was to be our last:  
Since on the Way in which our Lives we spend,  
Our future Joys, or Miseries, depend;  
They best for Heav'ns reserv'd Abodes prepare,  
Who Living, keep their Conversation there.

They who in Endless Pleasures wou'd on High  
For ever Live, to Sin must daily die.  
If our Repentance we procrastinate,  
Our good Desires at last, will be too late.  
Virtue has got the Start in Life's swift Race,  
And, to o'ertake her, we must mend our Pace;  
Else, what we shou'd obtain, we ne'r shall find,  
While she still keeps before, and we behind."

## II.

#### "THE THREE WARNINGS.

##### "A Tale.

"The tree of deepest root is found  
Least willing still to quit the ground;

'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,  
That love of life increased with years.  
So much, that in our latter stages,  
When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,  
The greatest love of life appears.  
This great affection to believe,  
Which all confess, but few perceive,  
If old affections can't prevail,  
Be pleased to hear a modern tale.  
When Sports went round, and all were gay,  
On neighbour Dobson's wedding-day,  
Death call'd aside the jocund groom,  
With him into another room:  
And looking grave, You must, says he,  
Quit your sweet bride and come with me.  
With you, and quit my Susan's side?  
With you! the hapless husband cried;  
Young as I am; 'tis monstrous hard;  
Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared:  
My thoughts on other matters go,  
This is my wedding-night you know.  
What more he urged, I have not heard,  
His reasons could not well be stronger,  
So Death the poor delinquent spared,  
And left to live a little longer.  
Yet calling up a serious look,  
His hour-glass tumbled while he spoke,  
Neighbour, he said, farewell! No more  
Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour,  
And further to avoid all blame  
Of cruelty upon my name,  
To give you time for preparation,  
And fit you for your future station,  
Three several warnings you shall have,  
Before you're summoned to the grave:  
Willing, for once, I'll quit my prey,  
And grant a kind reprieve;  
In hopes you'll have no more to say,  
But when I call again this way,  
Well pleas'd the world will leave.  
To these conditions both consented,  
And parted perfectly contented.  
What next the hero of our tale befell,  
How long he lived, how wise, how well,  
How roundly he pursued his course,



And smok'd his pipe and strok'd his horse  
The willing muse shall tell:  
He chaffer'd then, he bought, he sold,  
Nor once perceived his growing old,  
Nor thought of Death as near:  
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,  
Many his gains, his children few,  
He pass'd his hours in peace;  
But while he view'd his wealth increase,  
While thus along life's dusty road,  
The beaten track content he trod,  
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares  
Uncall'd, unheeded, unawares,  
Brought him on his eightieth year.  
And now one night in musing mood,  
As all alone he sate,  
Th' unwelcome messenger of fate  
Once more before him stood.  
Half stilled with anger and surprise,  
So soon return'd! old Dobson cries.  
So soon, d'ye call it! Death replies.  
Surely, my friend, you're but in jest;  
Since I was here before  
'Tis six-and-thirty years at least,  
And you are now four-score.  
So much the worse, the clown rejoin'd,  
To spare the aged would be kind;  
However, see your search be legal,  
And your authority—Is't regal?  
Else you are come on a fool's errand,  
With but a secretary's warrant.  
Besides, you promised me three warnings,  
Which I have looked for nights and mornings;  
But for that loss of time and ease  
I can recover damages.  
I know, cries Death, that at the best,  
I seldom am a welcome guest;  
But don't be captious, friend, at least;  
I little thought you'd still be able  
To stump about your farm and stable;  
Your years have run to a great length,  
I wish you joy tho' of your strength.  
Hold, says the farmer, not so fast,  
I have been lame these four years past.  
And no great wonder, Death replies;

However, you still keep your eyes,  
 And sure to see one's loves and friends,  
 For legs and arms would make amends.  
 Perhaps, says Dobson, so it might,  
 But, latterly, I've lost my sight.  
 This is a shocking story, faith,  
 Yet there's some comfort still, says Death;  
 Each strives your sadness to amuse,  
 I warrant you have all the news.  
 There's none, cries he, and if there were,  
 I've grown so deaf, I could not hear.  
 Nay, then, the spectre stern rejoined,  
 These are unjustifiable yearnings;  
 If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,  
 You've had your three sufficient warnings;  
 So come along, no more we'll part;  
 He said, and touched him with his dart;  
 And now old Dobson, turning pale,  
 Yields to his fate—so ends my tale."

The subject is one that naturally attracts the attention of the preacher and moralist. In Hampole's *Pricke of Conscience* (1340), ll. 2020, 2024 we have the following allusion to it:

"Bot I rede a man he amende hym here,  
 Or þe dede (Death) come, or his messangere;  
 His messangere may be called seknes."

In *A Dialogue against the Fever Pestilence*, by William Bullein (1578), Mors thus addresses Civis:

"You are well ouertaken, I am glad that wee are mette together; I have seen you since you were borne; I have threatened you in all your sicknesse, but you did neuer see me nor remembred me before this daie."—(P. 115., *Early English Text Society's Extra Series*, No. lii.)

*Cf.* the following passage from the sermons of J. Gerson, Antwerp, 1706, vol. iii. col. 914:

"Vides signa iudicii tui per vniversum corpus tuum et animam tuam: caput tuum floret et fit canum lumen oculorum debilitatur memoria defecit, ingenium induratur."

A modern divine, addressing his youthful hearers, says: "The first

grey hair upon our heads is Death's finger laid upon our brow ; the first failure in our agility or our sensational acuteness is *Death's message* to us." \*

The following is a nineteenth-century version of the parable by the headmaster of one of our public schools :

"Death, says the story, and a certain man once made a bargain, the man stipulating that Death should send him so many warnings before he came. And one day, years thereafter, to his great amazement the King of Terrors stood before him. He had broken the bargain, so said the man, while he clung eagerly to life. Death, he alleged, had sent him no warnings.

"'No warnings!' was the answer ; his eyes were dim, and his ears dull of hearing, his gums were toothless, and on his bent and palsied head his grey locks were all but gone, these, the *Heralds of Death*, had come to him, but their voices had been unnoticed." †

It is worth noting that both Dr. Jessop and Dr. Percival refer only to *one* messenger—old age—leaving out the fact that the sickness and death of others are equally "*Heralds of Death*."

Grey hairs, as one of Death's messengers, is referred to in the *Anwār-i-Sahāit*, of which there is a French translation by David Sahid, of Ispahan, under the title of *Livre des Lumières ou la conduite des Royes, composé par le sage Pilpay* (Paris, 1644).

I give the passage from Eastwick's translation (p. 72):

"When the changing watch of age strikes the drum of deep distress  
The heart grows cold to joyous things, to mirth and happiness,  
The white hair comes, its message gives from Fate and terror's king,  
And the crooked back and stooping form Death's salutation bring."

In the *Mahādeva-jātaka* (No. 9, I. 173) we read : "These grey hairs that have come upon my head are *Death's messengers* appearing to me." (See *Dhammapada*, v. 235.)

*Death's messengers* in Pāli is *Deva-dūtā* = *Yama-dūtā* = *Maccu-dūtā*.

\* See Dr. Jessop's *Norwich School Sermons*, 1864, p. 169.

† *Some Helps for School Life*, by J. Percival, M.A., LL.D., 1880, pp. 121, 122.

*Yama* is, of course, Death, the ruler of the lower world.

The messengers of Death are three: Old Age, Sickness, and Mortality.

The earliest form of the fable is that found in the *Anguttara-Nikāya*, iii. 35, pp. 138-142 (ed. Morris for the Pāli Text Society), where it is used by Buddha to point a moral. The following is an abstract of the Pāli:

When an evil-liver in word, deed, and thought, says Buddha, disappeared from this world, and underwent re-birth in hell, he was brought before Yama, who sharply interrogated and questioned him. "Did you see Death's *first* messenger?" he asked. "I did not," replied the sinner. "What! did you never see an old man or woman bent down with age, palsied, wrinkled, and grey-headed?" "I have seen such a one," answered the man. "Did not you, a man of mature age and intelligence, take note that you were subject to old age, and would not escape it; and did you thereupon determine to conduct yourself well in word, deed, and thought?" "Through remissness, I did not take note of this," replied the man. Then Yama questioned the culprit as to Death's *second* messenger (the sight of a man or woman suffering from sickness and disease, or bed-ridden); and lastly, as to the *third* messenger—a dead man or woman in various stages of corruption. In each case the offender had to confess that, through negligence, he had not applied the sickness and mortality of his fellow-creatures to his own case. For his remissness he was condemned by Yama to the severest tortures, and handed over to hell's warders to undergo the sentence uttered against him.

The account of Buddha's "drives" previous to the "great renunciation" points the same moral lesson—namely, that old age, sickness, and death remind us that we are mortal (see *Anguttara-Nikāya*, iii. 38, 39). As the story of Buddha's life was well known very early in Europe through the popular versions of Balaam and Josaphat, it was probably through this channel that the legend of "Death's Messenger" found its way into the fable literature of Europe. It does not occur in the *Jātaka* book, the *Panca-Tantra*, or the *Kalilag* and *Damnag* literature.

There seem to be four distinct versions :

- (1.) The Buddhist sermon in the *Anguttara*.
- (2.) The classical version, like that of Camerarius, directly borrowed from a Buddhist source.
- (3.) The popular version, touched up by the moralist, like that by Abstemius.
- (4.) Modern versions, like that of La Fontaine's and Mrs. Thrall's.

RICHARD MORRIS.

## CAIRENE FOLKLORE.



E owe it to the late Librarian of the Khedivial Library at Cairo, Spitta Bey, that that rich vein of folklore and story-telling out of which sprang the tales of the Arabian Nights has once more been made available for European study. Spitta Bey drew attention to the fact that the Cairene storyteller still plies his trade, and that those who choose to listen to him may still hear the stories which in one form or another have been current for so many centuries in the Mohammedan world. At the end of his invaluable grammar of spoken Egyptian Arabic,\* he has printed eleven *Hikâyât* or tales taken down from the lips of Cairene story-tellers, and in a separate publication (*Contes arabes modernes*, Paris, 1883) he has given another series of twelve tales similarly transcribed as he heard them recited. The latter are provided with a French translation, but those at the end of his grammar have unfortunately never been rendered into any European language, which is the more regrettable as there are few scholars who have studied the Cairene dialect. I translated a portion of one of them in the *National*

\* *Grammatik des arabischen Vulgärdialectes von Ägypten* (Leipzig, 1880).

*Review* for September last year, but otherwise I am not aware that any translation of them has been made.

During the past winter, which I spent in Egypt, I was told a good many stories by my waiter on board a dahabiah, by name Mustafa 'Ali. Mustafa was a native of Helwân, but had been educated and brought up in Cairo since the age of eight or nine. The Arabic he spoke was that of the ordinary Cairene, who, unlike Spitta Bey's informants, make no pretensions to correct speaking. The dialect with them is unspoilt by admixture with literary forms and modes of pronunciation.

Unfortunately, I could not write rapidly enough to follow Mustafa's dictation, except where the story was a short one, especially as my attention was chiefly directed to recording the precise *nuances* of his pronunciation, and I did not, therefore, attempt to transcribe more than two of the stories he told me. They were by no means good samples of the rest, as they were short and somewhat feeble in character, though like most Cairene tales they were provided with a moral at the end. Such as they are, however, I lay them before the readers of the *Folklore Journal*, and hope that another year I may return to England with a larger supply.

No. 1. Fi kân wâhid sultân fellâti: ubâdên howa yeshûf wâhid sitt; yekhalli gôzah, râhh beled tâni: ubâdên howa râhh fil bêt. Fi wâhid wezir: 'ando wâhid sitt kwaiyis; ubâdên lamma howa síma', gai fil bêt es-sultân billêl: es-sitte betâ' el-wezir, lamma síma' es-sultân gai hineh, ishtéri samak wa-'amal ashkal ketir; ubâdên lamma gai es-sultân hatto el-akl 'al es-soffra 'oddâmo; ubâdên akal minno washâf et-tâm betâ' es-samak; ubâdên howa 'alêha: fi ashkal ketir, lâkin et-tâm samak; 'alet-lo: ya sultân, eihna kamân el-hharûm kûllo zê bâdo. Howa 'alêha: ana ma'amilshi hhâga battâl ebeden fil dûnya. Ubâdên lamna gai el-wezir, síma' es-sultân gai fil bêt; ubâdên mâ-nâm-shi way el-hharim betâ'o. Es sitt lêbis zê wâhid râgil, urâhh 'and' es sultân: en-nâs ma' arafûsh es-sitt; wa es-sultân 'âlo: 'au'z é, ya shâter? 'Âlo: ana li hhâga 'and el-wezir. Ba'at-lo el-wezir. Lamma gai el-wezir 'al-lo el wezir: ma'aggar minnî wâhid bostân; lamma eggar minnî el-bostân,

mûsh lâzim eddi-lo moyeh yishrab, wala hala yimûtt? el-wezîr 'âl: na'am, ana ma'aggir el-bostân, lâkin ana s'mêt séba' dakhal fil bostân; lâkin ana magdarshi alhûsh fil bostân bâd es-séba' la mayetla' el-bostân; ubâdên es-sultân 'âl-lo: na'am, es-séba' dakhal el-bostân, lâkin ma'arash el-ashgar: ubâdên el-wezîr yistanna fil lharîm betâ'o zê en-nehardeh.

"There was once a sultan of amorous proclivities, and it happened that he sees a lady:—she leaves her husband (and) departs to another town; then he returns home. Now there was a vizier; he had a pretty wife; when he hears that the sultan is come to the house during the night,—the vizier's wife, when she hears that the sultan is come here, buys some fish and prepares all kinds of things, and then when the sultan is arrived she placed the food for him on the table before him. Then he ate some of it and perceived that the taste was that of fish. So he said to her: 'There are plenty of things, but they all taste of fish.' She replied: 'O sultan, we also, we women, are all just the same.' He answered: 'I have never done anything in the world at all naughty.' Then when the vizier is come, he heard that the sultan has come to (his) house; so he did not sleep with his wives. The lady dressed herself like a man and went to the sultan; no one recognised that she was a lady. And the sultan said to her: 'What do you want, my clever fellow?' She replied: 'My business is with the vizier.' The vizier was brought to him: when the vizier was come, he said to him, namely, to the vizier: 'Some one hired from me a garden: when he hired the garden of me ought he not to have given it water to drink, otherwise it would have died?' The vizier answered: 'Certainly: I hired the garden, but I heard that a lion had entered the garden; but I could not enter the garden until the lion had quitted the garden.' Then the sultan said to him: 'Certainly; the lion entered the garden, but it did not injure the trees.' So the vizier remains among his women as is the case to-day."

No. 2. Kân fi wâhid 'Alî; lamma tegi 'adiyeh, yîgi waya hharamât, mâfish waya rigâlah. Ubâdên es-sitt betâ'o gai za'lân. 'Â'let liggâriyeh: ya bint! 'âlet: na'am! Khod arba' 'ersh we ruhhe fîssûq; ishtëri samak yekûn bhâi. Ishtëri es-samak yekûn bhâi.

Fî wâhid râgil; gâb battikh 'ande 'Ali: es-sitt tiksar el-battikh we-hott es-samak fil gûwa. El-'âdi gai fil ghada: 'âl lis-sitte betâ'o: hâtli wâhid battikh. Hott wâhid battikh wes-sikkîn: kassar el-battikhah; notta samak lhâi. El-'âdi 'âl: es-samak fil-battikh! hâtli kamân wâhid battikhah. Hott el-battikh: kassar el-battikhah; notte samak fil battikhah tâni. 'Al: khabberiyeh? samak fil battikh! lâzim tekallim lil-kûtubeh es-samak fil battikh: tilli'o fôq 'alashân yeshûf es samak fil battikh. Gâb lil-kûtubeh battikhah; kassâru el-battikhah: mâfish samak gûwa fil battikhah. Ubâdên 'âlu: el-'âdi magoûn waddoh fil muristân; ubâdên lamm' yisa'aloh: es-sana kam shahr? 'âl: etnâsher shahr: wâhid shahr kam yôm? ye'ûlohôm: telatîn: esh-shahr kam gomâ'? ye'ûlohôm sitteh: weg-gumâ' kam yôm? ye'ûl: t'manyah. Ye'ûloh: es-samak fên? ye'ûllohôm: fil battikh! 'âlu: el-'âdi lissa magnûn. Wâhid yôm es-sitte betâ'o sa'aloh: lamm' yisa'alûk, es-samak fên? 'ûllohôm: fil bahhr. 'Âl-lahâ: es-samak fil battikh. 'Âlet-lo: es-samak fil bahhr. 'Âllah: tayyib! Lamma gûm sa'aloh; 'âllohôm: es-samak fil bahhr. 'Âlu lil-'âdi: tayyib! mûsh magnûn. Lanma râhh fil bêt, 'âlet-lo 's-sitt betâ'o: lamma tegîlak 'âdiyeh, lâzim timshi doghri; ana hattêt es-samak fil battikh, 'alashân enta mâ timshish doghri. Ubâdên howa 'âllehâ: min en-nehar-deh ana amshi doghri.

"There was once a certain 'Ali; when he becomes a judge he consorts with women and not with men; so his wife grew angry. She said to her neighbour: 'My daughter!' She replied: 'Yes!' 'Take four piastres and go to the market; buy some live fish.' She bought the live fish. There was a man; he brought some water-melons to 'Ali's house. His wife cuts the melons in two and put the fish inside (them). The judge came to dinner: he said to his wife: 'Bring me a melon.' She brought a melon and the knife: he broke the melon in two: out jumped the live fish. The judge cried: 'The fish is in the melon! Bring me another melon.' She brought the melon; he broke the melon in two: out jumped another fish from the melon. He cried: 'What's the matter?—fish in melons!' 'You must tell the scribes that the fish are in the melons. Bring one of them up that he may see the fish in the melons.' A



melon was brought to the scribes; they broke the melon in two: there was no fish inside the melon. Then they said: 'The judge is mad; carry him off to the madhouse.' Then, when they asked him: 'How many months are there in the year?' He answered, 'Twelve months.' 'How many days in a month?' He replies to them, 'Thirty.' 'How many weeks in the month?' He replies to them, 'Six.\*' 'And how many days in the week?' He replies, 'Eight.' They ask him: 'Where are the fish?' He answers them: 'In the melons.' They said: 'The judge is still mad.' One day his wife asked† him: 'When they ask you where are the fish? tell them: In the sea.' He said to her: 'The fish are in the melons!' She replied: 'The fish are in the sea.' He answered: 'Very well.' When they came and asked him, he replied: 'The fish are in the sea.' They said to the judge: 'Good! he is no longer mad.' When he had gone home, his wife said to him: 'When a judgeship falls to you, you ought to walk uprightly. I put the fish in the melons, because you do not walk uprightly!' Then he said to her: 'From this day forth I will walk uprightly.'"

A. H. SAYCE.

## BREAD.

### I.

**F**ORTY or fifty years ago not much wheaten bread was used by the common people in the North of Scotland. Oat-meal—and barley-meal cakes—formed the chief bread.

When they were spoken of, they were not called "oat-cake," or "oat-cakes," but "brehd,"‡ "ait-brehd," or "behr-brehd,"

\* According to the Arabic mode of reckoning, the end of the last week of the previous month and the beginning of the first week of the next month being counted in.

† A slip of the narrator's tongue.

‡ Eh=*eh*, in German *sch*.

or "ait-breed," "bere-breed," according to the pronunciation of the district, while wheaten bread went by the name of "fite brehd," or "fite breed," *i.e.* white bread, and a slice of such went by the name of "a sheeve o' loaf," or "a sheeve o' fite brehd."

Oaten cakes are baked on a round piece of iron hung over a bright red fire. This utensil is named a "girdle." The oat-meal is mixed with water in a wooden or earthenware dish called "the bossie," and well wrought in it. It is then turned out on a square board called the "bake-brod," or "baking-brod," dusted over with meal, and again well wrought, and kneaded. It is then rolled out to a convenient size and thickness by "the roller," or "rolling-pin." The dry meal is then swept off the upper surface, and the cake is turned, either by placing another board over it, and reversing the boards, or by tossing it. The upturned side is next brushed clean of any dry meal on it. The cake is then placed on the "girdle." When sufficiently baked on one side, it is divided into four pieces by drawing the "baking-knife" through the centre, first from one side, and then from the other. The four pieces are called "quarters," or "quorters," according to the pronunciation of the district.

Old people looked with much reverence on "bread," as well as meal. To abuse either the one or the other was regarded as profane. To trample it under foot or cast the smallest quantity into the fire was set down as nearly allied to crime. Every crumb had to be most carefully swept up, and thrown forth as food for some of God's creatures. It was believed that any one guilty of casting meal or bread into the fire, or in any way destroying either the one or the other, would assuredly sooner or later come to want. Children were trained by parents who were well-disposed, honest, and thrifty to avoid the abuse of meal and bread in every way, and to look upon them as God's gift.\*

There were some who had very much the same respect for milk.

\* See *Folkshunde* (Gent), vol. ii. pp. 9-12.

## II.

1. If a young woman is in the habit of burning bread when baking, or letting the meal fall on the floor or in the fire, she will not prove a thrifty wife, and the saying is:

“Never mairry the lass,  
It (that) burns the bread or spills the meal,  
She’ll ne’er dee weel t’ child nor chiel” (man).  
(Corgarff.)

Of one that spills the meal when baking the saying was: “She’ll come to be glaid t’ lick the mill-waas (mill-walls).” (Pitsligo.) Told by one to whom the words have been said.

2. If the leaven is not properly made, holes break in the cake when being rolled out, and the baker is reproved with the words that “she is bakin’ oot the miller’s ee,” or “the miller’s een.” (Pitsligo.) Told by one to whom the words have been said.

3. Before Christmas, as much bread was baked as sufficed for the whole period of it. It was called “the Yeel brehd.” (Keith.) In Strathdon the cakes for the Christmas season had all to be baked before daybreak. The usual practice is to begin to bake by two or three o’clock in the morning, so as to have the work completed in proper time. In Pitsligo the baking of it began after all the household was settled up for the night, and finished before morning. Told by one who was in the habit of doing it.

4. A woman should not sing during the time she is baking. As long as she sings during the time she is baking she will greet (shed tears) before the bread is eaten. (Pitsligo.) The notion in Corgarff is that if a woman sings during the time of baking she will lose a near relative by death. The same notion is held with regard to the washing of clothes and the making up of a bed.

5. If the bread breaks in the act of being baked, strangers will share in the eating of it. (Corgarff, Pitsligo.)

6. A woman when baking should not allow the “girdle” to hang empty over the fire. As long as it hangs empty, so long will she have to sit on the “bride-steel” (bride-stool, *i.e.* the seat on which

the bride sat before the marriage ceremony began) waiting the coming of the bridegroom. (Pitsligo, Peterhead.)

7. A cake should not be turned twice on the girdle, and the baker is always most careful in lifting a corner of it and examining whether it is sufficiently "fired" (baked) before she cuts and turns it. (Pitsligo.) If an unmarried woman did so, she would become the mother of an illegitimate child. (Pitsligo.) If a woman great with child did so, her child would become "cake-grown," *i.e.* the child would become bent up, and the belly would rest on the thighs. (Aberdour.) Told by an old woman who, when a girl, has heard her mother and others speaking of it.

8. If the cakes are burnt in the baking, the baker will shed tears before they are eaten. (Peterhead.) In Pitsligo, burnt cakes mean that the baker will get something to cause anger before they are all used.

9. To break off "the croon (crown, *i.e.* top) o' the quarter," when first beginning to eat bread, was set down as a breach of good manners. One must begin with the broad end. (Keith, personal.) In other parts of the country (Inverurie, Corgarff) it was accounted unlucky to do so. The feeling still lingers in many places and with many I have spoken to on the subject, and I confess I have it strong myself.

10. In baking, the baker has to take carefully out of the "bossie" all the leaven of each cake. Unless this is done the leaven accumulates round its sides and contracts its size. Hence the saying, "Ye're baken' oot o' the bossie," which is applied in various ways, *e.g.* to one who leaves too little room to work in, commonly to one who has little skill and energy, or to one who surrounds himself or herself with so many things as to hinder free play for work.

11. When children were putting aside the small pieces of bread on the trencher, the reproof was, "Broken brehd (or breed) macks hale bairns."

12. The trencher on which the bread was placed was made of wood and called "the man," or "the breed man." (Pitsligo.)

WALTER GREGOR.

## KELPIE STORIES.



THE following stories were told me by Mr. J. Farquharson, a mason, Corgarff, on the river Don. He is a man of great intelligence, and a mine of Folklore.

### I.

It was before carts were much in use, and when everything had to be carried on the backs of horses. One dark night a man named M'Hardy set out from Brochroy to Garchory mill to fetch home some meal. On arrival at the mill he left his horse at the door, and entered to fetch out the bags of meal. No sooner was the animal left alone than he started for home. The farmer, on coming out to load his horse, found no horse. He was in much distress, as there was no meal at home; and he gave vent to his feelings in woeful words: "Ma wife an bairns 'ill be a' stervt for wint o' mehl afore I win hame. I wis (wish) I hed ony kyne (kind) o' a belist, although it war (were) a water kelpie." Hardly were the words spoken when a horse having a halter over his head appeared. The farmer approached him, and the horse allowed himself to be handled, and showed himself quite gentle, putting his head right on the man's breast. The man's distress was turned into joy, and the gentle horse was loaded, and led quietly to the farm-house. On arriving, the farmer tied him to an old harrow, till he should unload him, and carry the meal into the house. When he came out of the house to stable the animal that had done him the good turn, horse and old harrow were gone, and he heard the plunging of the beast in a big 'pool of the Don, not far from his house. He went to examine the stable, and found his own horse quietly standing in it.

## II.

A man had to cross the Don at the bridge of Luib, Corgarff. His wife was ill and supposed to be dying. So he made all haste, but a great fall of rain came, the river was flooded, and the bridge, which was then of wood, was carried away. When the man came to the river and found the bridge away, he was in great sorrow. It was impossible to cross. The wild, flooded river in all its force was rushing past, and he sat down, and cried. It was night, and he did not observe a very tall man approaching him. He was asked by the stranger what was the cause of his distress. "Ma wife's deen, an ma peer bairns may be mitherless afore I win hame," was the man's sad answer. The stranger tried to comfort him, and said to him, "Oh, peer man! a'll tack you across the watter." "Na," said the man, in his despair, "there's naebody born wid (would) cross the Don the nicht." "Oh! aye," quo' the kelpie, "I cam throw 't eh noo" (even now). The man was doubtful. "Are you weet," quo he, to satisfy himself of the truth. "Aye," quo the kelpie, "fin me" (feel or touch me). The man examined his clothes and found that he was wet up to the oxters (armpits). He now mounted on the back of his apparently kind friend, and all went well till the two reached the middle of the river. The carrier threw himself down into the roaring torrent, and tried to cast off his burden, crying out, "Droon, Johnnie; droon, Johnnie; droon. For ye'll never win hame t' yir wife and yir bairns." Johnnie clung hard to his false friend, and both rolled down the flood; sometimes the one uppermost, and sometimes the other. At last the current carried them to a shallow part, near the bank. The moment Johnnie felt himself touch the bottom, he let go his hold, jumped on the bank, and ran up a steep brae as fast as his feet could carry him. Kelpie, in disappointment and rage, tore a rock weighing 8 or 10 cwt. from the bottom of the river, and hurled it after the escaped man up the slope to a distance of about 80 yards. It went by the name of "the kelpie's stehn" (stone); and as each passer-by made it a point to cast a stone beside it, a cairn of considerable size arose round it, and it was called "the

kelpie's cairn." Some years ago my informant broke up the stone for building purposes. A stone bridge now spans the river. (Corgarff).

### III.

A kelpie in Braemar, on Deeside, had taken a liking for a woman that dwelt not far from the mill of Quoich. This woman fell out of meal, and had not very good means of supplying her want. Kelpie resolved to come to her help. So one night, on which he knew corn was being ground at the mill, he went to it after the miller had left it. In those old days mills ground very slowly, and it was not unusual for the miller to put as much grain into the hopper as would keep the mill at work till he got up next morning. So it was in this case. Kelpie entered the mill and patiently waited till the sack that received the ground grain was full. He then lifted the sack on his back, and left the mill. It was "the grey o' the morning," and the miller had left his bed, and was coming to the mill to see that all was going on well. He spied a tall man coming round the corner of the mill, carrying a sackful of meal on his back. Seizing the "fairy-whorl,"\* that was lying at one of the mill-corners, he hurled it at the man with the oath and threat, "Kelpie, or nae kelpie, G—d d— you, a'll brack your leg." The stone took effect and broke the leg. The kelpie made for the "mill-lead" (mill-race), tumbled into it, was carried by it into the river Dee, and drowned. This was the last kelpie that lived in the Braes o' Mar.

Told by D. McHardy in Ardjerige to my informant.

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\* A stone whorl was kept at each mill, which was fixed at night, when the mill was not in use, on the spindle, to prevent the fairies from setting the mill a-going.

## DORSETSHIRE CHILDREN'S GAMES, ETC.

By J. S. UDAL, F.R.HIST. Soc. (of the Inner Temple.)



WHILE the late Rev. W. Barnes (better known as "the Dorset Poet," the author of those delightful idylls of rural life which have made him the Burns of England) was lying on what proved to be his death-bed,\* I more than once discussed with him various matters of local folklore and antiquarian interest common to us both, an occupation in which he was oftentimes fond of indulging.

At that time he had recently, at my request, written an introduction to a contemplated work on *Dorsetshire Folklore* upon which I had for some time been engaged (and which I hope some day may yet see the light), and at one of these interviews he put into my hands a scrap-book of printed and manuscript folklore jottings, amongst which I found the account of several games and rhymes, with the directions or rules under which each was played by Dorsetshire children. Besides these the scrap-book contained a long letter written to Mr. Barnes early in 1874 by Mr. Amos Otis, of Yarmouth, Mass., U. S. A., a gentleman who evidently took a great interest not only in the folklore of New England, but in that of the old country as well, in which he acknowledged the receipt of some three or four games which the Dorset poet would seem to have sent him, and in which he pointed out the similarity to several in his own country. To these games I shall presently refer in the body of this paper. With this letter was a cutting from the *Yarmouth Register* of February, 1874, containing a paper contributed by Mr. Otis to that journal, in which an account of

\* He died in the autumn of 1886, a period of the year at which in one of his poems he beautifully expressed a wish that it might be his lot to die.



those games appeared, together with some interesting observations on the general subject of the folklore and children's games of Dorsetshire and New England. At this time I had myself collected some few items of a similar nature, which I had intended to weave into the larger subject of Dorset folklore generally, but the placing of this new material at my disposal immediately decided me to form a separate chapter upon "Children's Games and Rhymes."

This I have now endeavoured to do under the spur of an invitation by the Folklore Society to read a paper on this subject before its members.

Although it may be true, as Mr. Otis says in the paper before mentioned, that the fairy stories, the charms, and the games that pleased the children of the Pilgrims, now delight not only the children of New England, but of Dorsetshire and many other counties in Old England; that in our out-door sports no change seems to have occurred; that ball, hail-over, hide-and-hoop, or hide-and-seek, prison, prison-bar, pitch-fork, pins, I espy, or hide-and-hoop with tag to it, bunch of maggots,\* and many other games, have come down to the present time with little or no change from a remote antiquity; and that the same may be said of the charms, the dances, and games in which the girls take a part—still I have found no little trouble in obtaining exact information as to what the games of our country children are at the present day, and how they are played. The children nowadays seem to me to be more shy and more reluctant to afford information on the subject than they were in former days, and oftentimes when one comes suddenly upon a party of them playing at their games in a country lane or corner of a field (especially if you happen to belong to the class known as "gentry") they will either break off their game altogether, or, if they continue it, they do so in a subdued and half-hearted kind of way that shows to you more eloquently than words that your room would be far more preferable than your company. In short, it is rapidly becoming as difficult to get satisfactory information out of children as it is to elicit by an artfully-veiled cross examina-

\* Many of these games I think do not exist in Dorset at the present day, at all events under these names.

tion anything from "the oldest inhabitant" of a parish, who you have every reason to believe is the store-house of many a tale of superstition or witchcraft.

It may be that the greater facilities of communication that railways have now established between so many of the larger towns and the country districts have brought new and noisier games in the place of the simpler and old-world amusements of our grandparents' days, for one hears it frequently said that "them gëames is a-dien out a'together," and, in the words of a critical elder (as told by a correspondent), that "them childern, seemin' to I, dōan't play nothen the gëames we user't to do when *I* wer to schoōal!" I cannot help thinking, however, that the rapid spread of education and the institution of Board Schools in the country districts have much to do with this bashfulness and shyness on the part of the school children with regard to their games. They are beginning to think there is something almost to be ashamed of in their old-fashioned ways and sayings; and I verily believe that if it were not for the school-treats, where the restraint of personal supervision of the teachers is to a great extent relaxed or altogether removed, school children would soon be the last, instead of the first, to whom one should go for study and information on this interesting subject. I am told that in some parts of Germany, school-teachers (who are a-head of us in this as in most other things) are instructed to call upon the children in their classes to recount any stories of folk-tales which they may happen to know, and such tales when told, you may depend upon it, are carefully noted down and stored up for future tabulation. Could not some such system be brought to bear in our English country schools, whereby the games and pastimes of the young might be collected and preserved? If not taken out of their play-hours, I do not think the time covered by this inquiry would be grudged even by the children themselves. But, if this is to be done, it must be done quickly; it is more than probable that *their* children will have none to tell!

I have myself endeavoured to follow somewhat the principles of this plan, by obtaining the assistance of one or two ladies who have been in the habit of giving more or less of their time to visiting the

cottagers in their homes, and who would therefore know more of their families and their habits and modes of life than would the ordinary residents in a parish. The children, it is only reasonable to suppose, would be more likely to confide in those—although of a higher station in life—whom they frequently see about them, and would not hesitate, I think, to make some little return, such as I have suggested, to those who have shown by their actions that they take more than ordinary interest in the homes and in the lives of the poor.

The result of my experiment in my own particular district of West Dorset has been, on the whole, fairly satisfactory, and is responsible for several of the games or their variants which appear in the following pages.

When I had collected my materials the *classification* of them was the next difficulty, and for some time I was at a loss how to proceed on this score, but finally decided upon following that used by Miss Burne in her excellent and exhaustive work on *Shropshire Folklore* (the first part of which was published in 1883), and adapted it, so far as I was able, to my own materials.

Under this arrangement the games are divided into: (i.) Choral; (ii.) Dramatic; (iii.) Games of skill; (iv.) Christmas and indoor games; (v.) Rhymes, which I have again subdivided into (a) Rustic, (β) Nursery or Domestic, (γ) Counting out or "lot" rhymes; and (vi.) Riddles.

To Miss Burne also I am principally indebted for the resumé of the special characteristics that belong to the first four sections at all events.

In treating of what may appear to some such a trivial subject as Children's Games, I make no apology to an audience composed of members of the Folklore Society and their friends. They at all events see in them more than the mere idle amusements and pastimes of the day. At the same time, whilst I have omitted many games that are obviously known to be common to every county, and which are to be found in every book dealing with the subject of games, I fear I cannot claim for those I have recorded any absolute originality

or peculiarity to my own county, for, as we know, these games or their variants are largely spread over many counties. Like many other branches of folklore they are not to be confined within the area of geographical or other artificial limitations. On the other hand, were we to discard everything that is to be found beyond the boundaries of one particular county, a large mass of most interesting material would be left unchronicled altogether. By these games children keep up the continuity, so to speak, of a phase of social life the value of which is only beginning to be understood. In the words of Miss Burne, "They imitate the doings of their elders; and they even keep alive in the strangest manner things practised by their elders in former generations, but long since dropped by them as foolish and idle, if not superstitious, customs. The children's games of to-day show us, as in a mirror, the occupations and manner of life of our forefathers. They had their origin in the festive songs and dances of rustic pagandom, in the early beginnings of masque and drama, and in the obscure rites of divination and magic which attended the ancient popular assemblies." Viewed from such a standpoint, the study of children's games and rhymes no longer appears trivial or unworthy the attention of serious persons, and believing as I do that such a study cannot but prove not only interesting and amusing, but useful and instructive to the intelligent inquirers after the manners and customs of their fore-elders, I will now proceed to discuss in detail the various sections of the games I have been able to collect.

### I.—CHORAL GAMES.

These are played out-of-doors by parties of boys and girls, though inasmuch as boys are very often nowadays kept distinct from the girls during play-hours, they are usually played by girls only. There is nothing, as Miss Burne says, of the *game*, properly so called, about them; nothing, that is to say, of winning or losing. They consist for the most part of circular dances, accompanied by songs, in which one

player is called out after another, desired to choose a lover, kissed or embraced, and promised all kinds of good fortune.

(i.)—The first of these is the well-known *Sally Water* (or Walker). A party of children forms a circle, in the middle of which one of them, a girl, kneels alone ; the rest, taking hands, slowly move round and sing :

“ Sally, Sally Water,  
Sprinkle in the pan ;  
Rise, Sally, rise, Sally, (*she rises.*)  
And choose a young man.  
Choose [or bow] to the east,  
Choose [or bow] to the west,  
And choose [or bow to] the pretty girl [or young man]  
That you love best.”

Another version has :

“ Choose for the best one,  
Choose for the worst one,  
Choose for the pretty girl  
That you love best.”

The girl in the centre then selects her favourite, who is taken by her within the circle, where they kiss each other, the rest moving round in a circle the while. In some parts of Dorset they here sing :

“ And now you're married I wish you joy ;  
First a girl and then a boy ;  
Seven years after son and daughter ;  
And now, young people, jump over the water.”

The one that first knelt down now rejoins the circle, leaving the one she had chosen in the centre, who in turn, in response to the same invitation by the chorus, chooses his or her favourite. This is repeated until the whole party have had their turn, or are tired out before. (*Symondsbury.*)

(ii.)—*Little Girl of mine.*

This is similar to “ Sally Water,” and played in the same way.

*Chorus* : “ Here's a pretty little girl of mine,  
She's brought me many a bottle of wine ;

A bottle of wine she gave me too ;  
 See what this little girl can do.  
 On the carpet she shall kneel  
     *(Here the child must kneel.)*  
 As the grass grows on the fiel' ;  
 Stand upright on your feet ;  
     *(Here the girl rises up.)*  
 And choose the one you love so sweet."

Here the girl must select her favourite from the ring and lead her to the centre, whilst the others, moving round, continue their song :

"Now you are married I wish you joy;  
 First a girl and then a boy;  
 Seven years after, son and daughter;  
 Pray, young couple, kiss together."

Here the two must kiss and separate ; the first girl going to form part of the ring, whilst her companion takes her place in the centre, and the game goes on as before. Boys and girls often play this together, and then the words are changed to suit the circumstances. (*Symondsbury.*)

The following somewhat peculiar variant of this last was contributed by Miss M. G. A. Summers, of Hazelbury Bryan, to the *Dorset County Chronicle*, in April last :

"I had a bonnet trimmed wi' blue.  
 Why doesn't wëare it? Zo, I do;  
 I'd wëare it where I con,  
 To tēake a walk wi' my young mon.  
 My young mon is a-gone to sea,  
 When he'd come back he'll marry me.  
 Zee what a purty zister is mine,  
 Doan't 'e think she's ter'ble fine,  
 She's a most ter'ble cunnèn too,  
 Just zee what my zister can do.  
 On the carpet she can kneel,  
 As the grass grow in the fiel'."

The sister kneels in the centre of the circle, and they all dance round her, saying :

"Stand upright upon thy feet  
 And choose the prettiest you like, sweet."

She chooses one, and after she has caught her they go through the game again.

The game of "Sally Water" is common to many counties. Conf. variants in Miss Burne's *Shropshire Folklore*, p. 509; see *Folklore Record*, vol. v. p. 88, for a contribution from a Surrey source, and *Folklore Journal*, vol. i. p. 385, for a Derbyshire one.

(iii.)—*What are you weeping for?*

The children form a ring, and one of them (a girl) is chosen to stand in the centre, and pretends to cry, whilst the rest move round her singing :

"Pray, Sally, what are you weeping for—  
Weeping for—weeping for?  
Pray, Sally, what are you weeping for,  
On a bright shiny day?"

The girl in the middle answers :

"I am weeping for a sweetheart—  
A sweetheart—a sweetheart.  
I am weeping for a sweetheart,  
On a bright shiny day."

The chorus replies :

"Pray, Sally, go and get one—  
Go and get one—get one.  
Pray, Sally, go and get one,  
On a bright shiny day."

Here the girl in the centre must choose a boy (or girl if she prefers), the others still circling round and singing :

"Pray, Sally, now you've got one—  
You've got one—got one;  
Pray, Sally, now you've got one,  
On a bright sunny day."

The pair then kiss or embrace each other, as the others continue :

"One kiss will never part you—  
Never part you—part you;  
One kiss will never part you,  
On a bright sunny day."

The game then recommences as before, with a different girl in the middle.

(iv.)—*Rosy Apple, Lemon, and Pear.*

The children form a ring, and one of them is chosen to stand in the middle, as in the last game, whilst the rest circle round and sing :

" Rosy apple, lemon, and pear,  
A bunch of roses she shall wear;  
Gold and silver by her side,  
Choose the one shall be her bride.

" Take her by her lily-white hand,  
(*Here the one in the centre chooses one from the  
ring to stand by her.*)  
Lead her to the altar ;  
Give her kisses, one, two, three,  
To old mother's runaway daughter."

On these last words being uttered, the one who was first standing in the middle must run away and take a place in the ring as soon as she can. The second one remains in the centre, and the game is repeated over and over again until all have been chosen. (*Symonds-bury.*)

(v.)—*Here we go round the Mulberry\* Bush.*

The children form a ring, and, taking hands and slowly moving or dancing round the while, sing :

" Here we go round the mulberry bush—  
The mulberry bush—the mulberry bush ;  
Here we go round the mulberry bush,  
Of a cold and frosty morning."

The children then unloosen hands, and, pretending to wash their faces with their hands, sing:

" This is the way we wash our face—  
Wash our face—wash our face ;  
This is the way we wash our face,  
Of a cold and frosty morning."

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\* Sometimes called the *goosecherry* bush, as in a variant in the *Folklore Record*, vol. iv. p. 174, from a West of Scotland source.



They then quickly take hands again, and dance round, singing as before :

“ Here we go round the mulberry bush,” &c.

They next make pretend they are brushing their clothes as they sing :

“ This is the way we brush our clothes—  
Brush our clothes—brush our clothes ;  
This is the way we brush our clothes,  
Of a cold and frosty morning.”

A similar pantomime is gone through to represent brushing their boots, combing their hair, or any other act that may happen to strike their childish fancy, each verse ending with the refrain :

“ Here we go round the mulberry bush,” &c.

The two last verses are generally those describing their going to and their coming from school, the former being signified by covering their faces with their hands, and the latter by unbounded skipping and jumping, testifying to the exuberance of their joy, during which the ring is broken up, and, as often as it is thought desirable, the game recommenced.

This game, of course, is by no means peculiar to Dorset.

Another version, which has the appearance of a fragment merely, is as follows :

“ All round the mulberry bush,  
Maidens all together,  
Give a kiss and take a kiss,  
And curtsy all together.” (*Symondsbury.*)

(vi.)—*Kiss-in-the-ring.*

In order to play this universally popular game a ring is formed, and one of the players (usually a girl), carrying a handkerchief, commences to walk slowly round the outside of the ring, repeating these words :

“ I sent a letter to my love,  
And on the way I dropped it ;  
And one of you has picked it up  
And put it in your pocket.”

Touching each one with her handkerchief as she passes, she says, "Not you," "not you," "not you," &c., &c., till the favoured individual is reached, when it is changed to "*But you!*" and his or her shoulder lightly touched at the same time. The first player then runs round the ring as fast as she can, pursued by the other, who, if a capture is effected (*as is nearly always the case*), is entitled to lead the first player back into the centre of the ring and claim a kiss. The first player then takes the other's place in the ring, who in turn walks round the outside repeating the same formula.

(vii.)—*Drop the Handkerchief.*

A variant under this title, commenced in the same way as the last, is as follows :

" I wrote a letter to my love ;  
 I carried water in my glove ;  
 And by the way I dropped it—  
 I dropped it, I dropped it, I dropped it," &c.

This is repeated until the handkerchief is stealthily dropped immediately behind one of the players, who should be on the alert to follow as quickly as possible the one who has dropped it, who at once increases her speed and endeavours to take the place left vacant by her pursuer. Should she be caught before she can succeed in doing this she is compelled to take the handkerchief a second time. But if, as it more usually happens, she is successful in accomplishing this, the pursuer in turn takes the handkerchief, and the game proceeds as before.\* (*Symondsburgy*.)

In this last it will be noticed there is no kissing, and I am assured by several persons who are interested in Dorset Children's Games that the indiscriminate kissing (that is, whether the girl pursued runs little or far, or, when overtaken, whether she objects or not) with which this game is ordinarily associated, as played now both in Dorset and in other counties, was not indigenous to our county, but is merely a pernicious after-growth or outcome of later days, which had its origin in the various excursion and holiday fêtes, which the facilities of rail-

\* Conf. a Shropshire variant in Miss Burne's book, p. 512.

way travelling had instituted, by bringing large crowds from the neighbouring towns into the country. I am told that thirty years ago such a thing was unknown in the country districts of Dorset, when the game then usually indulged in was known merely as "Drop the Handkerchief."

(viii.)—*My little Dog Buff.*

This game, which is but a variant of the last, and seems to partake somewhat of the nature of a "counting out" rhyme,\* is best played by a party consisting of as many boys as girls, who must join hands and form a ring.

The eldest boy or girl must choose whom he or she likes to go outside the ring, who must thereupon go round the circle carrying a handkerchief, with which he or she touches each one in passing, and saying or singing the following lines :

"Mr. Monday was a good man,  
He whipped his children now and then,  
When he whipped them he made them dance,  
Out of Scotland into France ;  
Out of France into Spain,  
Back to dear old England again.  
O. U. T. spells 'out,'  
If you please stand out.

"I had a little dog and his name was 'Buff,'  
I sent him after a penn'orth of snuff,  
He broke the paper and smelled the stuff,  
And that's the end of my dog 'Buff.'

"He shan't bite you—he shan't bite you—he shan't bite you, &c., &c.—he *shall* bite you all over."

This is so arranged that on coming round to the one he or she loves best the handkerchief is thrown upon that one, and with the words "he *shall* bite you all over" the speaker runs away, pursued by the other as soon as the handkerchief is secured. The pursuit is kept up until the first one is caught, when the two return to the centre of the

\* As to which see *post* p. 257.

ring and kiss each other. The pursuer then takes the place of the captive in the ring and goes round singing as before.

The game is repeated until all have had their turn or have had enough of it.

(ix.)—*Cat after Mouse*. . Sometimes called *Threading the Needle*.

This game, which may be said to come under the same category as the last two, is played by children forming a ring, with their arms extended; one—the “mouse”—goes outside the circle and gently pulls the dress of one of the players, who thereupon becomes the “cat,” and is bound to follow wherever the mouse chooses to go—either in or out of the ring—until caught, when he or she takes the place formerly occupied in the ring by the “cat,” who in turn becomes “mouse,” and the game is recommenced.

(x.)—*Green Gravel*.

A party of boys and girls join hands and form a ring. A boy or girl stands in the middle and says or sings this verse :

“ Green gravel, green gravel, the grass is so green,  
The fairest young lady that ever was seen ;  
Ah ! Mary, ah ! Mary, your true love is dead ;  
I send you a letter to turn round your head.”

As soon as the boy or girl has sung this verse, and called out the name of one of the ring, the one so called upon must turn his or her back to the inside of the circle, and, still holding hands as before, continue the game facing outwards; and so on until all have been called upon and have their backs to the centre, when the whole ring dances round in a chorus.

In some parts of Dorset the game is called “Silly Gravels,” and the girl is called upon as :

“ Oh ! Silly, oh ! Silly, your true love is dead,\*  
I send you a letter to turn round your head.”

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\* Conf. the Shropshire variant in Miss Burne's book, p. 510. See also *Folklore Record*, vol. v. p. 84, for a Surrey one.

This was one of the games Mr. Barnes had sent an account of to Mr. Amos Otis, as I have already mentioned, and in Mr. Otis's reply he says it is called the "Needle's Eye" in New England.

(xi.)—*Wall-flowers.*

This is a similar game to the last, and is a very popular one at the present day. The children form themselves into a ring, and as they dance round say or sing :

" Wally, wally, wall-flower,  
A-grown up so high,  
All we children be sure to die,  
Excepting (*naming the youngest*),  
'Cause she's the youngest.  
Oh ! fie ! for shame ! fie ! for shame !  
Turn your back to the wall again."

The youngest child now turns round, still retaining the hands of her companions, but with her face in an opposite direction to theirs. This is gone through again until all have their faces on the outside of the circle, when they reverse the order, and gradually resume their old positions.\* Another version is as follows :

" Wall-flowers, wall-flowers, growing up so high,  
We are all living, and we shall all die,  
Except the youngest here. (*naming her*).  
Turn your back to overshed" (?)

(This last line is repeated three times.) (*Symonds bury.*)

## II.—DRAMATIC GAMES.

These too are games which are principally played by girls out of doors. The players are not called by their own names, but personate characters, such as a mother and her daughter, dukes, knights, fox and geese, hen and chickens, &c. Their ditty is a dialogue, not a song ; and a great deal of dramatic effect is often given to their acting. Instead of dancing in a ring, they form lines, facing each

\* Conf. *Shropshire Folklore*, p. 513.

other. We still have nothing of winning or losing, except in those games of this class where, as in the case of "Oranges and Lemons," the game ends by one party or side pulling the other over a boundary or division line.

(i.)—*Oranges and Lemons.*

This is a very favourite game with Dorset children, and can be played with any large number of them. Two of the tallest of the party are chosen to be "Orange" and "Lemon"; but the rest must not know which child is "Orange" and which is "Lemon." The two stand facing one another, and taking each other hold by both hands (the right hand of the one taking the left of the other, and *vice versa*) raise them as high as their shoulders. The rest of the party then form into a line or string, one behind the other, holding only the frock or jacket of the one immediately in front of them, and in this form pass once round "Orange" and "Lemon," who are standing erect in the midst. They then creep underneath their raised arms, singing meanwhile :

"Oranges and Lemons,  
Say the bells of St. Clemen's.  
I owe you five farthin's  
Say the bells of St. Martin's.  
When shall I pay you ?  
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday,  
Thursday, Friday, Saturday,  
Or Sunday ?"

It should be so arranged that the end of the line should be about to pass under the improvised archway just when they come to the word "Sunday," then the raised arms drop and enclose within their grasp the last one of the line. This one they keep fast whilst the others pass on still singing as before. The captive then is asked which she will have, "Orange or Lemon?" (This should be asked and the answer given in a whisper so that none of the others can hear.) On her making her choice she is told to go behind the one she has selected and clasp her round the waist. By this time the rest of the children ought to be ready to pass under again, and again the last one of the

line is caught as before at the word "Sunday." This is repeated until all are caught. The new captives in turn select their favourites—Oranges or Lemons—and take up their positions behind their leaders according as they have chosen. Then begins the tug-of-war between the Oranges and Lemons, each still holding on firmly by the waist of the one in front. Whichever side pulls the other over wins the game. (*Symondsburry*.)

A variant of the rhyme which obtained at Broadwinsor many years ago is as follows :

"I owe you five farthings.  
When will you pay me,  
To-day or to-morrow?  
Here comes a candle to light you to bed;  
Here comes a chopper to chop off your head."\*

(ii.)—*Fox and Goose*.

One of the party called the "Fox" takes one end of the room or corner of a field (for the game was equally played indoors or out); all the rest of the children arrange themselves in a line or string, according to size, one behind the other, the smallest last, behind the tallest one, called "Mother Goose," with their arms securely round

\* Conf. no doubt a London version:

"Oranges and Lemons,"  
Said the bells of St. Clement's;  
"You owe me five farthings,"  
Said the bells of St. Martin's;  
"And when will you pay me?"  
Said the bells of Old Bailey;  
"When I grow rich,"  
Said the bells of Shoreditch;  
"When will that be?"  
Said the bells of Stepney;  
"I do not know,"  
Said the big bell of Bow.

See also *Folklore Record*, vol. v. p. 86, for a Surrey variant; the *Folklore Journal*, vol. i. p. 386, for a Derbyshire one. Also Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes*, No. cclxxxi.

the waist of the one in front of them (as in the last game), or sometimes by grasping the dress.

The game commences by a parley to this effect :

MOTHER GOOSE (to Fox) : " What are you after this fine morning ? "

Fox : " Taking a walk. "

M. G. : " With what object ? "

Fox : " To get an appetite for a meal. "

M. G. : What does [will] your meal consist of ? "

Fox : " A nice fat goose for my breakfast. "

M. G. : " Where will you get it ? "

Fox : " Oh ! I shall get a nice morsel somewhere ; and as they are so handy, I shall satisfy myself with one of yours. "

M. G. : " Catch one if you can. "

A lively scene follows. The Fox and Mother Goose should be pretty evenly matched ; the " mother " with extended arms seeking to protect her " brood," whilst the Fox, who tries to dodge under, right and left, is only allowed in case of a successful foray or grasp to secure the last of the train. Vigorous efforts are made to escape him, the " brood," of course, supplementing the " mother's " exertions to elude him as far as they are able, but without breaking the link. The game may be continued until all in turn are caught.

This game was sometimes called " Hen and Chickens. " A good illustration of the way in which it was played may be obtained from the charming picture, bearing this title, by G. D. Leslie, R.A., which was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1881.\*

(iii.)—*When first we went to School.*

The children form a circle, and moving round and round to the right, sing :

" When first we went to school—to school—to school—

How happy was I !

(*Each girl here takes the side of her dress or skirt by the right hand and just lifts it, singing the while :*)

'Twas this way, and that way,

How happy was I !

---

\* See *Folklore Journal*, vol. i. p. 386, for a variant from a Derbyshire source.



"Next I went to service—to service—to service—  
How happy was I!

*(The dress is now let go, and sometimes an imitation  
of scrubbing or sweeping with a long broom is  
introduced, as they sing:)*

'Twas this way, and that way,  
How happy was I!

"Next I had a sweetheart—a sweetheart—a sweetheart—  
How happy was I!

*(Here they break the ring, and walk round in couples,  
singing:)*

'Twas this way, and that way,  
How happy was I!

"Next I got married—got married—got married—  
How happy was I!

*(Still walking round in couples.)*

'Twas this way, and that way,  
How happy was I!

"Next I had a baby—a baby—a baby—  
How happy was I!

*(Here their arms swing to and fro as they walk  
round, as if nursing or trying to quieten a baby.)*

'Twas this way, and that way,  
How happy was I!

*(At the conclusion of this verse the circle is re-formed.)*

"Next my husband died—he died—he died—  
How sorry was I!

*(Here they put their pinafores to their eyes, crying.)*

'Twas this way, and that way,  
How sorry was I!

"Next my baby died—she died—she died—  
How sorry was I!

*(Still crying.)*

'Twas this way, and that way,  
How sorry was I!"\*

(iv.)—*Garden Gate.*

One girl is chosen from the group to represent the mother, and the rest, as her daughters, stand in front of her. The eldest of them is selected to address the mother.

\* Conf. several Shropshire variants in *Shropshire Folklore*, p. 514.

DAUGHTER : "Mother, mother, may I go to play?"

MOTHER : "No! daughter, no! for fear you should stay."

D. : "Only as far as the garden gate,

To gather flowers for my wedding day."

M. : "Make a fine curtsy, and go your way."

Upon this they all curtsy and scamper off, appearing delighted at being allowed to go, and before out of hearing of the mother exclaim, "Now what shall we do?" and proceed to plan some mischief or game to play as soon as they are out of sight. Presently they return to the mother looking rather crestfallen, pretending they have stayed away too long; then the mother asks them sharply:

"Now where have you been?"

D. : "Up to Uncle John's."

M. : "What for?"

D. : "Half a loaf, half a cheese, and half a pound of butter."

M. : "Where's my share?"

D. : "Up in cupboard."

M. : "'Tisn't there then!"

D. : "Then the cat eat it."

M. : "And where's the cat?"

D. : "Up on the wood." (*i.e. the faggots.*)

M. : "And where's the wood?"

D. : "Fire burnt it."

M. : "Where's the fire?"

D. : "Water douted it." (*i.e. put it out.*)

M. : "Where's the water?"

D. : "Ox drank it."

M. : "Where's the ox?"

D. : "Butcher killed it." \*

M. : "And where's the butcher?"

D. : "Behind the door cracking nuts, and you may eat the shells of them if you like."

Here the mother becomes very indignant and runs after her daughter.

\* A great deal of this is similar to the widely-known story of the "Old Woman and her Pig."

ters, endeavouring to catch them, which they use strenuous efforts to avoid.

(v.)—The following version, called "*May I go out to play?*" is very similar to the last and is played in much the same way.

The Daughter says: "Please may I go out to play?"

MOTHER: "How long will you stay?"

D.: "Three hours in a day."

M.: "Will you come when I call you?"

D.: "No."

M.: "Will you come when I fetch you?"

D.: "Yes."

M.: "Make then your curtsies and be off."

The girls then scamper off as before, and as they run about the field keep calling out, "I won't go home till seven o'clock," "I won't go home till seven o'clock." After they have been running about for some five or ten minutes the mother calls *Alice* (or whatever the name may be) to come home, when the one addressed will run all the faster, crying louder than before, "I won't go home till seven o'clock." Then the mother commences to chase them until she catches them, and when she gets them to any particular place in the field where the others are playing, she says:

"Where have you been?"

D. "Up to Grandmother's."

M. "What have you done that you have been away so long?"

D. "I have cleaned the grate and dusted the room."

M. "What did she give you?"

D. "A piece of bread and cheese so big as a house, and a piece of plum cake so big as a mouse?"

M. "Where's my share?"

D. "Up in higher cupboard."

M. "It's not there."

D. "Up in lower cupboard." \*

\* Conf. similar lines in my paper on "Christmas Mummers in Dorsetshire" in *Folklore Record*, vol. iii. p. 109.

M. "It's not there."

D. "Then the cat have eat it."

M. "Where's the cat?"

D. "Up in heath?"

M. "Where's the heath?"

D. "The fire burnt it."

The rest is the same as in the last. The mother then chases the daughters as before.

(vi.)—*The Duke of Rideo.*

In this game the children stand in a group; one is chosen for the Duke, and he must stand opposite to and at some little distance from the rest of the party, who say or sing:

"Here comes the Duke of Rideo—  
Of Rideo—of Rideo—  
Here comes the Duke of Rideo,  
Of a cold and frosty morning."

The Duke answers:

"My will is for to get married—  
To get married—get married—  
My will is for to get married,  
Of a cold and frosty morning."

CHORUS:

"Will any of my fair daughters do—  
Fair daughters do—daughters do-o-o?  
(The word "do" must be said in a drawing way.)  
Will any of my fair daughters do,  
Of a cold and frosty morning?"

DUKE:

"They are all too black or too proudy,  
They sit in the sun so cloudy,  
With golden chains around their necks,  
That makes them look so proudy."

CHORUS (indignantly):

"They're good enough for you, Sir!  
For you, Sir! for you, Sir!  
They are good enough for you, Sir!  
Of a cold and frosty morning."

Here the Duke steps forward and says or sings :

" I'll walk the kitchen and the hall,  
And take the fairest of them all ;  
The fairest one that I can see  
Is Miss ——— (naming her)  
So Miss ——— come to me."

The one chosen then becomes a Duke, and the game is repeated, the chosen ones, each in turn, becoming Dukes, until there is only one of the party left, when they sing :

" Now we've got this pretty girl—  
This pretty girl—this pretty girl—  
Now we've got this pretty girl,  
Of a cold and frosty morning."

Whilst singing this last verse they come forward and claim the last girl, and embrace her as soon as they get her over to their side. (*Symondsburys*.)

(vii.)—The following variant of this last game, called "*A Young Man that wants a Sweetheart*," was one of those that Mr. Barnes sent an account of to Mr. Otis, and appeared in the *Yarmouth Register* (Mass.) for February, 1874, before alluded to.

The players consisted of a dozen boys standing hand in hand on one side, and a dozen girls standing in a row facing them. The Boys commence by singing as they dance forward :

" There's a young man that wants a sweetheart—  
Wants a sweetheart—wants a sweetheart—  
There's a young man that wants a sweetheart,  
To the ransom tansom tidi-de-o.

" Let him come out and choose his own—  
Choose his own—choose his own—  
Let him come out and choose his own—  
To the ransom tansom tidi-de-o."

The Girls reply :

" Will any of my fine daughters do—  
Daughters do—daughters do ?  
Will any of my fine daughters do,  
To the ranson tansom tidi-de-o ?"

Boys :

" They are all too black and brawny,  
They sit in the sun uncloudy,  
With golden chains around their necks,  
They are too black and brawny."

Girls :

" Quite good enough for you, Sir !  
For you, Sir—for you, Sir !  
Quite good enough for you, Sir !  
To the ransom tansom tidi-de-o."

Boys :

" I'll walk in the kitchen, and walk in the hall,  
I'll take the fairest among you all,  
The fairest of all that I can see,  
Is pretty Miss Watts, come out to me.  
Will you come out ? "

Girls :

" Oh, no ! oh, no !

Boys :

" Naughty Miss Watts she won't come out—  
She won't come out—she won't come out ;  
Naughty Miss Watts she won't come out,  
To help us in our dancing.  
Won't you come out ? "

Girls :

" Oh, yes ! oh, yes ! " \*

(viii.)—*Gathering Nuts away.*

The players should be divided into two equal divisions (each from eighteen to twenty in number if possible), and between them should be drawn a mark or boundary line upon the ground. The two parties

\* Mr. W. W. Newell, in his *Games and Songs of American Children* (New York, 1884), reviewed in *Folklore Journal*, vol. ii. p. 243, says that the "Knights of Spain," which he gives as the American variant of this game, is still acted, not only throughout England and the United States, but also in Spain and Sweden, in Italy and Ireland, among the Baltic Finns and the Moravian Slavs. He believes that it was originally based on the idea of a courtship conducted in the strictly mercantile spirit which probably pervaded the next stage of marriage-making after the primitive carrying off of the bride. Conf. also two variants in *Shropshire Folklore*, pp. 516, 517, called "The Knights of Spain," and "Here come three Dukes a-riding." See also *Folklore Record*, vol. iii. p. 170, for an Essex variant, and vol. v. p. 89, for a Welsh one. Also Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes*, No. cccxxxiii.

stand opposite one another, and the one on the right-hand side, joining hands, advances up to the line and retires again, singing :

“ Here we come gathering nuts away—  
Nuts away—nuts away ;  
Here we come gathering nuts away,  
On a bright and sunny morning.”

On the conclusion of this verse, the opposite party, which had been standing, hand in hand, perfectly still and silent, now advances in turn to the boundary line and retires again, singing :

“ Pray, who will you send to fetch them away—  
To fetch them away—fetch them away ?  
Pray, who will you send to fetch them away,  
On a cold and sunny morning ? ”

The first party, who in the meanwhile had remained quiet and silent in its turn, now advances again as before, singing :

“ I'll send Miss Bishop to fetch them away—  
To fetch them away—fetch them away ;  
I'll send Miss Bishop to fetch them away,  
On a bright and sunny morning.”

As soon as this verse is finished the other party says, “ Will you come ? ” and on their opponents replying “ Yes,” the first girls on either side stand up to the boundary line, and taking each other's right hand commence to pull against each other, assisted by those behind, much in the same way as in “ Oranges and Lemons ” (*ante*), and the side which succeeds in pulling the other over the mark wins the game.

(ix.)—A variant of this game, called “ *Here we come gathering Nuts to-day*,” in which two children named in the verse are deputed to pull each over instead of the whole sides contending, is played by the school children at Symondsbury, in West Dorset, and as there are other interesting variations in it, I give it in full.

Two leaders are chosen, who proceed to pick their sides by alternately selecting them from the group of children till all have been chosen. Then the two parties, with their leaders at the end, each holding hands, stand in a line facing each other, with a distance of

two or three yards between them. One party, still holding hands, advances towards the other, singing the while :

“ Here we come gathering nuts to-day—  
Nuts to-day—nuts to-day;  
Here we come gathering nuts to-day,  
So early in the morning.”

On its retirement, the other line advances and retires in the same way, singing :

“ Pray, whose nuts will you gather away—  
Gather away—gather away ?  
Pray, whose nuts will you gather away,  
So early in the morning ? ”

Before the first line advances again, an understanding has to be arrived at as to whose nuts are to be asked for from the opposite party, when it again approaches and retires, singing :

“ We'll gather Miss A——'s nuts away—  
Nuts away—nuts away;  
We'll gather Miss A——'s nuts away,  
So early in the morning.”

To this the other party, again advancing and retiring as before, replies :

“ Pray, who will you send to take them away—  
To take them away—take them away ?  
Pray, who will you send to take them away,  
So early in the morning ? ”

Again a consultation must be held in the ranks of the first party as to which of their number is considered fairly equal in strength to endeavour to draw or pull over Miss A——, and when one has been decided upon they once more advance, singing :

“ We'll send Miss B—— to take them away—  
To take them away—take them away ;  
We'll send Miss B—— to take them away,  
So early in the morning.”

Thereupon A. and B, the two children before named, now advance, and clasping each other by the right hand, each endeavours to pull or draw her opponent over to her own side, a boundary line having



generally been drawn at equal distances between the contending parties. As soon as one is drawn over, she has to be "crowned" immediately (by the conqueror putting her hand on her head); for if this is not done at once the captive is at liberty to return to her own party. On the crowning taking place, the captured one takes up her position at the end of the line, and henceforth is considered to belong to the side of her conqueror. The game is now recommenced in the same way as before; but the second line advances first this time, and so on alternately until one side has drawn all the others over to it, or one has become too weak to continue the game.

Another version runs:

"Here we come gatherin' nuts away,  
Here we come gatherin' nuts away,  
On a could and frasty marnen."  
(*Hazelbury Bryan.*)

(x.)—*The Lady of the Land.*

An account of this game, which for want of a better appellation I call by the above title, is contained in the *Somerset and Dorset Notes and Queries*, vol. i. part v. pp. 133, 134 (1889). In this two girls are chosen, the one to represent a lady and the other a mother, who is supposed to be taking her children out to service. She has one or more of them in each hand, and leads them up to the lady, saying or singing:

"Here comes the Lady of the Land,  
With sons and daughters in her hand;  
Pray, do you want a servant to-day?"

The lady answers:

"What can she do?"

The mother replies:

"She can brew, she can bake,  
She can make a wedding cake  
Fit for you or any lady in the land."

The lady then says:

"Pray leave her."

The mother then leaves her child, and says :

" I leave my daughter safe and sound,  
And in her pocket a thousand pound,  
And on her finger a gay ring,  
And I hope to find her so again."

This is repeated until all are similarly disposed of. A few days are supposed to pass, after which the mother calls to see her children, when the lady tells her she cannot see them. At last she insists upon seeing them, and the children are all "sat down" behind the lady, and the mother asks one child what the lady has done to her ; and she tells her "that the lady has cut off her nose, and made a nose-pie and never give her a bit of it." Each one says she has done something to her and made a pie, and when all have told their tale "they all turn on her and put her to prison."

(xi.)—The following variant was contributed by Miss M. G. A. Summers, of Hazelbury Bryan, to the *Dorset County Chronicle* (April, 1889), to whom I am also indebted for the next two games.

One child takes seven or eight others whom she pretends are her children. Another child, presumably a mistress in want of servants, stands at a distance. The first child advances, holding the hand of her children, saying :

" There came a lady from other land,  
With all her children in her hand—  
Please, do you want a sarvant, marm ? "

The supposed mistress answers :

" Leave her."

The mother before retiring says :

" I leaves my daughter zafe and zound,  
And in her pocket a thousan pound,  
And on her finger a goulden ring,  
And in her busum a silver pin.  
I hopes when I return,  
To see her here with you.  
Don't'e let her ramble ; don't'e let her trot ;  
Don't'e let her car' \* the mustard pot."

---

\* Carry.

Just as the woman and her children are supposed to be out of hearing the mistress says :

"She shall ramble, she shall trot,  
She shall carry the mustard pot."

This is gone through again until the mistress has engaged all the children as her servants, when she is supposed to let them all out to play with the mustard pots, which are represented by sticks or stones, in their hands.

(xii).--*Queen Anne.*

A large party of children form themselves into two ranks ; to one of these parties is given a ball. The rank to whom the ball is entrusted all hold their hands behind their backs, so that the opposite party should not know who has the ball in her possession.

The first rank advances and retires, saying :

"Queen Anne, Queen Anne,  
She sot in the sun ;  
So fair as a lily,  
So white as a nun ;  
She had a white glove on,  
She drew it off, she drew it on."

Those in the second rank, who have nothing in their hands, say :

"Turn, ladies, turn."

The opposite party turns round, saying :

"The more we turn, the more we may,  
Queen Anne was born on Midsummer Day ;  
We have brought three letters from the Queen,  
Wone of these only by thee must be seen."

The other party replies :

"We can't rēade wone, we must rēade all,  
Please (*naming some one*), deliver the ball."

If they guess the right person, they change sides and go through the game as before.\*

\* See *Folklore Record*, vol. v. p. 87, for a variant from a Surrey source. Conf. also Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes* (ed. 1846), No. ccxxxvi.

(xiii.)—*An Old Woman from the Wood.\**

This is also called "*Dumb Motions.*"

Here again the children form themselves into two ranks, as in the last game.

The first rank says :

"Here comes an old 'oman from the wood."

The second party answers :

"What cans't thee do?"

*First Party :*

"Do anythin' "

*Second Party :*

"Work away."

This the children proceed to do, some by pretending to sew, some to wash, some to dig, some to knit, without any instruments to do it with. If the opposite guess what they are doing they change sides.

These last two games, Miss Summers believes, are very old ones, and have been played by several generations in the village of Hazelbury Bryan.

(xiv.) *How many Miles to Gandigo?*

This is another of the games mentioned in the *Yarmouth Register* (*ante*) as having been sent to Mr. Otis by Mr. Barnes. It is played by as many as like standing, two and two, opposite each other, each of them taking with the right hand the right hand of the other; then the two that are the king and queen say or sing :

"How many miles to Gandigo?"

The others answer :

"Eighty-eight, almost or quite."

The king and queen reply :

"Can I [we] get there by candle-light?"

*Chorus:*

"Yes, if your legs are long and light."

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\* Called in Sussex "A Man across the Common."

*King and Queen :*

"Open the gate as high as the sky,  
And let the king and his queen go by."

Then all the other pairs hold up their hands as high as they can, and the king and queen run through the archway and back again, and so on with the next pair, and other pairs in turn.

According to Mr. Otis this game is known as the "Quaker's Dance" in New England, where the last line runs:

"And let King George and his queen go by." \*

(xv.) *Basket.*

In this game the children all follow one who is styled the "mother," singing :

"I'll follow my mother to market,  
To buy a silver basket."

The mother presently turns and catches or pretends to beat them.

## III.—GAMES OF SKILL.

These are usually played by boys ; and here the element of loss or gain comes uppermost, though sometimes something of a dramatic form may still be traced. The use of implements of play, such as bats and balls, comes in here for the first time. The governing principle of this class of games is doubtless to be found in young men's natural delight in sportive trials of strength and skill. In the following game these two qualities are predominant.

\* Conf. a variant in *Shropshire Folklore*, called "How many Miles to Barley Bridge?" which is played more in the manner of "Oranges and Lemons," ending in one party pulling against the other. See *Folklore Record*, vol. v. p. 88, for a Welsh variant. Also Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes*, No. ccxxviii. (ed. 1846), No. cccxxx.

(i.) *Lamploo.*

The following account of this game, which was a favourite school-boy amusement in the west country half a century ago, is contributed by a correspondent to the *Somerset and Dorset Notes and Queries*, vol i. part iv. p. 186 (1888).

A goal having been selected and bounds determined, the promoters used to prepare the others by calling at the top of their voices :

“Lamp! Lamp! Laa-o!  
Those that don't run shan't play-o!”

Then one of the “spryest” lads is elected to commence, thus: first touching the goal with his foot or leaning against it, and clasping his hands so as to produce the letter W in the dumb alphabet, he pursues the other players, who are not so handicapped, when, if he succeeds in touching one without unclasping his hands, they both make a rush for the goal. Should either of the other boys succeed in overtaking one of these before reaching that spot, he has the privilege of riding him home pick-a-back. Then these two boys (*i.e.* the original pursuer and the one caught) joining hands, carry on the game as before, incurring a similar penalty in case of being overtaken as already described. Each successive boy, as he is touched by the pursuers, has to make for the goal under similar risks, afterwards clasping hands with the rest, and forming a new recruit in the pursuing gang, in whose chain the outside players alone have the privilege of touching and thus adding to their numbers. Should the chain at any time be broken, or should the original pursuer unclasp his hands, either by design or accident, the penalty of carrying a capturer to the goal is incurred and always enforced. Of course a great deal of mirth is caused by a big boy capturing a little one, and having to ride him home; by cleverly dodging a fast runner, as a hare does a greyhound; and by other events in a game, success in which is the result of superior agility.

In West Somerset the pursuing boys after starting were in the habit of crying out the word “brewerre” or “brewarre;” noise appearing to be quite as essential to the game as speed.

About twenty years ago the game was common in some parts of Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire, where it was sometimes called "Chevy Chase;" and amongst English boys even in Brussels.\*

Another correspondent to the same periodical (i. v. 204) says that an almost identical game was played at the King's School, Sherborne, some fifty years ago. It was called "*King-sealing*," and the pursuing boy was obliged by the rules to retain his hold of the boy seized until he had uttered:

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten,  
You are one of the king-sealer's men."

If the latter succeeded in breaking away before the coup saw finished the capture was incomplete.

(ii.)—*Marrels*.

The ancient game of "nine men's morris" is yet played by the boys Dorset. The boys of a cottage, near Dorchester, had a while ago carved a "marrel" pound on a block of stone by the house. Some years ago a clergyman of one of the upper counties wrote that in the pulling down of a wall in his church, built in the thirteenth century, the workmen came to a block of stone with a marrel's pound cut on it. "Merrels" the game was called by a mason. (Barnes's *Additional Glossary*.)

I have been unable to find out from any Dorsetshire source how this game was played, but probably it was much in the same way as it is described to have been played in the Midlands in Brand's *Popular Antiquities* (ed. 1813, vol. ii. p. 297), where we are told that the shepherds and other boys dig up the turf with their knives to represent a sort of imperfect chess-board. It consisted of a square, sometimes only a foot in diameter, sometimes three or four yards. Within this was another square, every side of which was parallel to the external square; and these squares were joined by lines drawn from each corner

\* See *Shropshire Folklore*, p. 523, for a very similar game called "Stag-warning."

of both squares and the middle of each line. One party, or player, had wooden pegs, the other stones, which, placed by turns in the angles, and playing alternately, they moved in such a manner as to take up each other's "men" as they were called; and the area of the inner square was called the "pound," in which the men taken up were impounded. He who could play three in a straight line might then take off any one of his adversary's where he pleased, till one, having lost all his men, lost the game. These figures were by the country people called "nine men's morris," or "merrils," and were so called because each party had nine men. These figures were cut upon the green turf, or leys, as they were called, or upon the grass at the end of ploughed lands, where in rainy season it never failed to happen that, in the words of Shakespeare (*Midsummer Night's Dream*, act ii. sc. 2.),

"The nine men's morris is filled up with mud." \*

(iii.)—*Hop-frog*.

This is a very curious amusement. You must bend as though about to sit on a *very low* stool; then spring about with your hands resting on your knees.

(iv.)—*Cat-and-kitten*.

The common game of "tip-cat" was so called by Dorset children. The long stick represented the "cat" and the small pieces the "kitten."

The following interesting account of schoolboy games in a middle-class day-school in Dorset at the beginning of the present century formed the subject of a paper called "School Days in a Country School" in *Longman's Magazine* for March, 1889, contributed by Mr. Edmund Gosse, from the unpublished papers of his father, the late Mr. Philip H. Gosse, F.R.S., depicting the latter's childhood at school in Poole in 1818.

\* See Strutt's *Sports and Pastimes* (ed. 1831), p. 317, where the game is fully described, and an engraving of a "merelles" table also appears.



"Slight as they are," says Mr. Edmund Gosse, "and desultory, they give very realistically and vividly a sketch of conditions which are extinct to-day as the dodo is, and almost as remote; nor am I aware that there exists any similar trivial record of life among boys of a country day-school at the beginning of the present century." \*

The following extracts from this very interesting paper fittingly find a place in a record of Dorset children's games.

"We played games in the streets as well as in the play-ground. The thoroughfares of Poole were not so crowded with passengers as to make this practice any public nuisance. Scourge-tops, peg-tops, and humming-tops were all patronised; the last-named, however, chiefly within doors.

"Marbles of course upon the pavement; of these we used chiefly three sorts. The most highly prized were the 'alleys' of veined white marble, highly polished, the purest having often pink veins. Those of a yellow sort were called 'soap-alleys.' Others, made of a compact blue or grey limestone, went by the name of 'stoners.' There was also an inferior sort rudely moulded out of red and white clay, and baked, which were named 'clayers.'

"A game called 'Long-galls' (? goals) was a favourite with the boys, but I never heard of it elsewhere than in Poole. I never cared for it; it was something like 'prisoner's base.' Another, named 'ducks off,' † consisted in setting on a large flat stone a round stone as big as one's fist, which from a certain distance one strove to knock off by bowling at it a stone of similar size. Two boys or more did this in turn, with certain conditions and results determined by rules.

"Birds-nesting, egg-stringing, squailing at birds, flinging stones at anything or nothing, throwing a flat stone across water to produce 'ducks and drakes,' these of course were common. We used the term 'jellick'—no doubt a corruption of 'jerk'—to denote a mode of pro-

\* Mr. E. Gosse must have forgotten William Howitt's delightful *Boys' Country Book*, published in 1839, giving most charming scenes of schoolboy life in the beautiful Derbyshire Peak district.

† Still played, Mr. Thomas Hardy tells me, as "cobbs off" in the interior of the county. (Note by Mr. E. Gosse.)

jecting a stone as the arm came suddenly against the ribs, or, by a more fantastic trick still, against the thigh of the lifted right leg.

"Saturday afternoon was our only holiday, and in summer bathing in the sea was in vogue on these occasions. We never used the word 'bathe' however, but invariably 'get into water,' and this strange periphrasis never seemed strange to me until after I had left Poole."

A correspondent of the *Dorset County Chronicle* for this present month of May sends a list of games which he had seen the children play in their village playground, but from want of space no details were given. They were: "Orange and Lemon," "Stag," "Last Tat," "Cross Tag," "Dibs," "Cobb," "Hop-Scotch," "Fool, fool, go to School," "Cat and Dog," "High Cock-a-lorum," "Cat in Hole," "Puss in the Corner," "Pat Back," "Poor Mary's a-weeping," "Here comes a Duke a-riding," "Who's that walking round my Sheepfold?" The above were more often played by the girls than the boys, whose games were played all over the country. He says that the following games he had seen played by the village lads in such a hearty manner as only country boys could: "Hockey," which he believes was sometimes called "Bantey" (? Bandy), "Prisoner's Base" (sometimes called "Chivoy," or "Chevy," or "Conrage"), this being a capital game to bring out a boy's mettle, "Leap-frog," "Blind Man's Buff," "Duck-stone" "Follow the Leader," and last but not least "Marbles" and "Tops." The boys used string-tops, not whip. Of course the nobler games of "Cricket" and "Fox and Hounds" ought to be mentioned, though "Cricket" was too slow for the village lads, who much preferred the more dashing game of "Tip and Run."

Of the above games several of them will be found in detail in this paper, some of them under other names; for the rest, especially those which may be uncommon or curious, I can only regret that fuller and better particulars of them are not forthcoming.

#### IV.—CHRISTMAS AND INDOOR GAMES.

The class of games known as indoor games was generally played at Christmastide or in the long winter evenings, but occasionally these

games were played at other seasons of the year, and sometimes, when the weather permitted, even out of doors. It is this difficulty which prevents one from classifying children's games absolutely into "out-door" and "in-door." In these a distinctly mirthful character predominates, and in many of them the element of winning and losing has so strongly asserted itself that humorous penalties are oftentimes imposed on the losers. Those games with forfeits attached to them are, Miss Burne thinks, a decidedly later stage of development. Many of these games have a word-formula attached to them.

(i.)—*Mending the Shoe.*

A party of children, thirty or forty in number if possible, must sit in a ring or half-circle on the floor (or, if the weather admit of it, on the grass) as closely as they can together, with both their hands hidden under their legs, so as to be able to pass the shoe from one to the other without being noticed. One of the party, who carries a shoe or slipper, is selected to go round and ask one of the group sitting in the ring, "Please can you mend my shoe?" who answers, "Yes." The shoe is then handed over, and the first one proceeds: "When can I have it again?" to which the other replies, "To-morrow, about twelve o'clock. The inquirer then says, "Thank you, good morning, and I'll be off," and leaves for a moment, but presently, having counted "one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve," returns and asks the one who had received the shoe to be mended if her shoe is done, when the girl will say in answer, "I passed it to my next-door neighbour." The inquirer then goes to the next person and says, "If you please I am come for my shoe," and will be told by each one she asks that "my next-door neighbour has got it." If the questioner is not very sharp and manages to detect by the movement of the arms where the hidden shoe is, she may have to go round the ring five or six times, or even more, in quest of it. If any one is detected with the shoe in her possession she will have to take the place of the girl in the middle and go through the same formula. This is a very favourite game with children, and is sometimes kept up with great spirit for an hour or more,

(ii.)—A very similar game is called "*The Cobbler*," and is played in much the same way. One of the party says :

"Cobbler, cobbler, mend my shoe,  
And get it done by half-past two."

Then as the rest sit in a ring on the floor or grass, she leaves her shoe and goes outside the circle, calling once or twice to know if the shoe is finished.

After being told two or three times that the shoe is not quite finished, the owner of the shoe gets impatient and demands it, but it cannot be found, as those seated are secretly passing it from one to another. A scramble ensues, and the one that is discovered with the shoe has to take the other's place outside the ring.

It is also, and perhaps more commonly, known as "*Hunt the Slipper*." \*

(iii.) *Truckle the Trencher*.

This used to be a standard game for winter evenings. A circle was formed, and each one was seated on the floor, every player taking the name of a flower. One player stood in the midst and commenced to spin the trencher round on the floor as fast as possible, at the same time calling for one of the flowers represented by the other players seated in the ring. The bearer of the name had to rush forward and seize the trencher before it fell to the ground, or else pay a forfeit, which was redeemed in the usual manner at the close of the game.

This game was entered into with the greatest vivacity by staid and portly individuals as well as by their juniors.

(iv.) *Buff*.

The players in this game sit in a circle, and the one who is selected to commence takes a stick or poker and knocks on the floor, when

\* And "*The Lost Slipper*" in *Shropshire Folklore*, p. 525.

the person who is sitting next to him or her on the left-hand side exclaims:

"Who's there?" or "Who is it?"

The first player answers:

"Buff."

2nd Player:

"What says Buff?"

1st Player:

"Buff says 'Buff' to all his men,  
And I say 'Buff' to you again."

2nd Player:

"I think Buff smiles."

1st Player:

"Buff neither laughs nor smiles,  
But gives the staff to you again."

And suiting the action to the word, "Buff" hands the stick or poker to the next player, who is bound to receive it, and becomes "Buff" in turn. Should the first player, however, at any time during the foregoing dialogue smile before the staff is actually handed over, a forfeit is incurred.\*

#### (v.) *Forfeits.*

Playing forfeits was a very favourite amusement with Dorset folk during the long winter evenings, and more particularly at Christmas-tide, when the family circle had generally more than its usual complement. There should be if possible twenty or thirty present to play forfeits properly, who arrange themselves round the room as conveniently as possible, and should be careful to be provided with some trifling article wherewith to pay forfeits should any be incurred. In some places the players sit in two lines opposite each other, each holding in his or her hand a piece of paper, or pencil, or thimble, or some such slight article wherewith to pay their forfeit in case they should make a mistake in answering.

A common form of playing forfeits was that of a game which involved a question and answer. Two persons sat in front of the

\* Conf. variant in *Shropshire Folklore*, p. 526.

party, one of whom says as follows: "Here's a poor old sailor just come from sea, pray what have you got to give him?" Whoever is called upon to answer the question must be careful not to mention the word "red," "white," "blue," or "black," or even sometimes give the name of any colour at all, and must not say "yes" or "no," in default of which he or she will have to pay a forfeit. The questioner then passes on to the next one, and says, "Here's a poor old sailor just come from sea, pray what have you got to give him?" The one questioned must be careful only to answer, "Nothing at all." The other replies, "Nothing at all!" and with an insinuating attempt to obtain an answer that will subject the speaker to a forfeit will add, "Not a red coat?" or "Not a blue hat?" On the person interrogated persisting in replying, "Nothing at all," the other moves on, in the hope of getting a more favourable response out of another player, and so on until the questioner has gone all round. After this has been done, any forfeits that may have been obtained have to be redeemed by those persons who have been so unfortunate as to incur them.

Another form of playing forfeits was called "*Yes, No, Black and White*;" these being the four words that *must* not be mentioned in the answer. In this game any kind of question was permitted.

The redemption of the forfeits takes place in the following way. Two persons, as before, remain in front of the others, the one sitting in a chair facing the party, the other kneeling down and laying his or her head in the lap of the other, with the face downwards. The person sitting in the chair will hold the forfeited article that is about to be redeemed over the bent head of the person kneeling in front of her, and will say as follows: "Here's a thing, and a very pretty thing! What must the owner of this pretty thing do to redeem it again?" or, "What must the owner do to receive it again?" Whatever the person who has his or her head in the other's lap (and who of course cannot see what or whose is the article held up) says, the owner of that article must do, or the forfeit cannot be redeemed, let it never be so much prized. The penalties of redemption sometimes oblige the ordeal of crawling up the chimney, or at least attempting to do so; or giving a sweetheart's name; or she or he

may be told to "run the gauntlet" or "to go through purgatory," both of which have specific penalties attached to them by Dorset players; or to sing in one corner of the room, cry in another, laugh in another, and dance in another. Sometimes the task imposed is either something which is apparently impossible to perform, such as being told "to bite an inch off the poker," or "to put yourself through the key-hole," or else it is designed to make the victim ridiculous, as when he is made to lie on his back on the floor and say :

"Here I lie,  
The length of a looby,  
The breadth of a booby,  
And three parts of a blockhead."\*

There are many ways and means suggested by which the forfeits may be redeemed, and much amusement is frequently caused before the forfeited articles can be reclaimed. The game is often kept up with spirit for several hours.

A favourite form which the game of forfeits will sometimes take is that of making persons in turn repeat in their proper order various lines of a jingle or rhyme, when, if it were not correctly rendered, a forfeit was claimed.

The following is an example :

One of the company who knows the game (all being seated round the fire) commences by saying :

"Ragged-and-tough."

And this having gone the circuit of the company, he or she begins the second round with :

"Not Ragged-and-tough, but Huckem-a-buff,  
First cousin to Ragged-and-tough."

This being duly honoured, he or she begins again :

"Not Ragged-and-tough, nor Huckem-a-buff, first cousin to Ragged-and-tough, but Miss Grizzle, maiden-aunt to Huckem-a-buff, first cousin to Ragged-and-tough."

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\* See *Shropshire Folklore*, p. 527.

This is continued through the following rounds :

" Not Ragged-and-tough,  
Nor Huckem-a-buff, first cousin, &c.  
Nor Miss Grizzle, maiden-aunt, &c.  
But Goody Gherkin, grandmamma to Miss Grizzle, &c.

" Not Ragged-and-tough,  
Nor Huckem-a-buff, first cousin, &c.  
Nor Miss Grizzle, maiden-aunt, &c.  
Nor Goody Gherkin, grandmamma, &c.  
But little Snap, favourite dog of Goody Gherkin,  
grandmamma, &c.

" Not Ragged-and-tough,  
Nor Huckem-a-buff, first cousin, &c.  
Nor Miss Grizzle, maiden-aunt, &c.  
Nor Goody Gherkin, grandmamma, &c.  
Nor little Snap, favourite dog, &c.  
But the Whip that tickled the tail of little Snap,  
Favourite dog of Goody Gherkin,  
Grandmamma of Miss Grizzle,  
Maiden-aunt of Huckem-a-buff,  
First cousin to Ragged-and-tough."

Each person, in turn, has to repeat this jingle, gradually increasing in length, going backwards through the list, a new character being introduced each round ; so that by the time the last lines have been reached, some one's memory is sure to become confused and a mistake be made in the repetition, for which, amidst general laughter, a forfeit is claimed.

Another form the game would sometimes take was that of a "word puzzle," when an outlandish single word, or curiously involved sentence, had to be repeated so many times (seven or nine was the usual number) without a mistake, on failure of which a forfeit was exacted.

The following is a specimen of such a word :

" Aldibirondifosdiforniosdikos."

And this of a sentence :

" Of all the saws I ever saw saw, I never saw a saw saw as that saw saws."

*(To make this intelligible the tool "saw" should be understood.)*



Another form of a rhyme or jingle is the following, which is repeated in the same way as "Ragged-and-tough":

" A gaping, wide-mouthed, waddling frog.  
Two pudding-ends won't choke a dog.  
Three monkeys tied to a log.  
Four mares stuck in a bog.  
Five puppy-dogs and our dog " Ball,"  
Loudly for their breakfast call.  
Six beetles on a wall,  
Close to an old woman's apple-stall.  
Seven lobsters in a dish,  
As good as any heart could wish.  
Eight cobblers, cobblers all,  
Working with their tools and awl.  
Nine comets in the sky,  
Some are low and some are high.  
Ten peacocks in the air,  
I wonder how they all got there—  
You don't know, and I don't care.  
Eleven ships sailing on the main,  
Some bound for France and some for Spain,  
I wish them all safe back again.  
Twelve hunters, hares, and hounds,  
Hunting over other men's grounds." \*

Here is another similar rhyme of an alliterative character, repeated in the same way:

" One old ox opening oysters.  
Two toads totally tired trying to trot to Tewkesbury.  
Three tame tigers taking tea.  
Four fat friars fishing for frogs.  
Five fairies finding fire-flies.  
Six soldiers shooting snipe.  
Seven salmon sailing in Solway.  
Eight elegant engineers eating excellent eggs.  
Nine nimble noblemen nibbling nonpareils.  
Ten tall tinkers tasting tamarinds.  
Eleven electors eating early endive.  
Twelve tremendous tale-bearers telling truth." †

The following Christmas lines were contributed by the late Mr. Barnes to the *Dorset County Chronicle* in February, 1882.

\* Conf. a slight variant in Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes* (ed. 1846, No. ccli.).

† Conf. a very different variant in Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes* (ed. 1846), No. ccxxvii.

"The first day of Christmas my true love sent to me :

- (i.) The sprig of a juniper tree.  
The second day of Christmas, &c.
- (ii.) Two turtledoves (and No. 1).  
The third day, &c.
- (iii.) Three French hens (and Nos. 2 and 1).  
The fourth day, &c.
- (iv.) Four coloured birds (and Nos. 3 to 1).  
The fifth day, &c.
- (v.) Five gold rings (and Nos. 4 to 1).  
The sixth day, &c.
- (vi.) Six geese a-laying (and Nos. 5 to 1).  
The seventh day, &c.
- (vii.) Seven swans a-swimming (and Nos. 6 to 1).  
The eighth day, &c.
- (viii.) Eight hares a-running (and Nos. 7 to 1).  
The ninth day, &c.
- (ix.) Nine bulls a-roaring (and Nos. 8 to 1).  
The tenth day, &c.
- (x.) Ten men a-mowing (and Nos. 9 to 1).  
The eleventh day, &c.
- (xi.) Eleven dancers a-dancing (and Nos. 10 to 1).  
The twelfth day, &c.  
Twelve fiddlers a-fiddling.  
Eleven dancers a-dancing.  
Ten men a-mowing.  
Nine bulls a-roaring.  
Eight hares a-running.  
Seven swans a-swimming.  
Six geese a-laying.  
Five gold rings.  
Four coloured birds.  
Three French hens.  
Two turtledoves.  
And the sprig of a juniper tree." \*

The last should be said all in one breath.

A version of the following lines was claimed by Mr. G. C. Boase in *Notes and Queries* (6th Series, xii. 484) as being a carol sung in East Cornwall at Christmastide. Miss R. H. Busk, however (*Notes and Queries*, 7th Series, i. 96), mentioned that she had heard an almost identical one sung in Wiltshire at harvest-time, and I myself showed (i. 315), that it was also sung by children in Dorset in their games.

\* Conf. a variant in Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes* (ed. 1846). No. ccl.

Neither am I aware that it was used at any particular time, though no doubt this kind of game-rhyme or forfeits would prevail more largely at Christmas time than at any other. At the last reference I stated that I had had the music or score of the refrain or burden of the song or low chant (as it almost sounded on the piano) given me in MS. together with two versions of the libretto, which varied in detail from those given by Mr. Boase and Miss Busk. These latter I now reproduce, adding in brackets the words where one version differs from the other.

First voice :

"Come and I will sing to you."

Second voice :

"What will you sing to me?"

First voice :

"I will sing you one-o."

Second voice :

"What may [will] your one-o be?"

First voice :

"One and one are [is] all alone,  
And evermore shall be so."

These lines are repeated at the commencement of every verse, with the alteration of "one-o" into "two-o," &c., &c., and as each succeeding verse is reached, the preceding ones are gone through again until the twelfth and last is arrived at. Then the whole song or carol becomes complete as follows :

"Twelve are the twelve apostles.  
Eleven and eleven go to heaven.  
[Eleven the eleven that went to heaven.]  
Ten are the ten commandments,  
Nine and nine are the brightest shine [so bright that shine].  
Eight are [the] Gabriel angels [gable-rangers].  
Seven are the seven stars in the sky.  
Six are the six bold waiters.  
[The other version is wanting here.]  
Five are the flamboys [*framboises*] under the brow [bough].  
Four are [the] gospel preachers.  
Three of them are drivers [thrivers].  
Two of them are little [lily] white babes,  
A-clothed all in green-o.  
One and one are [is] all alone,  
And evermore shall be so."

Some of the allusions in the lines are pretty well evident, and in a version that used to be sung at Oxford suppers more than thirty years ago, and may sometimes still be heard in London, some of the more mystic allusions are said to be referable to Talmudic legends.

(See editorial note to Mr. Boase's reference.)

Another version beginning "Sing all over" is given in *Somerset and Dorset Notes and Queries* (I. v. 213), the allusions in which are evidently intended to describe events in the life of our Lord, and vary considerably from those given above.\*

It is to be noted that these illustrations of forfeit rhymes or jingles are very similar in their cumulative or backward repetition or refrain to the widely known *The House that Jack built*, a system of games or rhymes to which we may fairly attach considerable antiquity, if we believe that the original of our old friend (in the style of the well-known *Old Woman and her Pig*) is to be found in the Chaldean language, and that another of the same is in existence in a Hebrew MS.†

(vi.)—*Christmas Mummers.*

Chief amongst the dramatic games of Dorset lads was the spirited play in which the "mummers" or "guisers" indulged at Christmas-tide. The performance, however, was not merely confined to lads as such. Only a few years ago I witnessed and welcomed in my own hall at Symondsbury in West Dorset three distinct classes of performances of mummers at one Christmas season by (i.) quite small boys of the village, (ii.) by full-grown lads of the neighbourhood, and (iii.) by a more highly-organised party from Bridport and its vicinity, which contained several grown-up men. If I remember rightly, the play in each case contained some interesting variations.

Generally, however, the party would consist of a set of youths who

\* Conf. various readings given in *Western Antiquary*, vol. vii. pp. 214-215, 239-240, and 267, where the above references in *Notes and Queries* are noticed.

† Cont. a variant in Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes*, No. cexl. See also notes to No. cccxcix. (ed. 1846), where the interpretation of the symbols of the various animals introduced is given.

went about at Christmas time, and would act in the houses of those who would like to receive them a little drama, mostly, though not always, representing a fight between St. George and a Moham-medan leader, and commemorative therefore of the Holy wars. One of the characters with a hump-back represented Old Father Christmas, who sometimes appeared mounted on a wooden horse covered with trappings of dark cloth, from which the old man is generally more than once thrown. The character of his wife, Old Bet, was taken by a boy with a shrill voice dressed as a very old woman in a black bonnet and red cloak. The rest of the party was decked out as befitted the character each was intended to assume, garnished with bows and coloured strips of paper, caps, sashes, buttons, swords, helmets, &c.

The representation of the play concluded with a song or songs.

The libretto of the play is much too long to reproduce here, but as I treated this subject rather exhaustively in a paper I read before the Folklore Society in April, 1880—in which I gave two different versions of the Mummer plays—I will now merely refer such of my readers who may be interested in this subject to the print of that paper in the *Folklore Record*, vol. iii. p. 87.

## V.—RHYMES.

These I have subdivided into (a) Rustic, (β) Nursery or Domestic, (γ) Counting out or "Lot" rhymes.

The first were sometimes used merely as a rhyme or jingle attached to a game or trick; sometimes as a means of divination by which children—both boys and girls—would attempt to foretell their future life, or to gain a peep into their matrimonial future; sometimes by way of invocation to or apostrophe upon some object of natural history in which they were interested, or upon which they were experimenting; and sometimes apparently without reference to any special subject or object.

Those of the second class appear to be mostly confined to very

young children, and nearly all that I have come across were applicable to the case of the mother or nurse and the infant on her knee.

The third class—the “counting-out,” or “lot” rhymes, as they are called in Dorset,\* were commonly used by country children as a means of selecting by chance or lot those of their number upon whom is first to fall the burden or honour of playing a disagreeable or a distinguished part in their games. I would refer those who are interested in comparing the counting-out rhymes of various countries to Mr. H. C. Bolton's exhaustive work on the subject, called *The Counting-Out Rhymes of Children* (published in New York in 1888), from which I gather that variants of several of those I give here are common in the United States of America, and especially in New England; a circumstance which perhaps it is only natural to expect from the large share that Dorset is supposed to have had in contributing to the early settlers of that colony.

(a.)—*Rustic.*

It is the custom in agricultural districts for boys and men to keep birds off cornfields until the seeds are up, and the stalks high enough for protection. For this purpose an old gun is sometimes provided, or sometimes “clackers,” but more often the “bird-keepers” have to depend solely upon their own vocal powers. At such times songs or rhymes sung in a loud voice are frequently indulged in, and the following, heard by a passer-by in the neighbourhood of Halstock, is given as a specimen:

“Vlee away blackie-cap,  
Don't ye hurt meister's crap,  
While I vill my teätie-trap,  
And lie down and teäk a nap.”†

In the rural districts of Dorset the country folk have a great

\* Called “chapping out” or “titting out” in Scotland.

† See *Notes and Queries* (2nd Series, vii. 313).

affection and veneration for the robin and the wren, and the following couplet affords proof of this :

" The robin and the wren  
Are God Almighty's cock and hen."

To which is sometimes added :

" The martin and the swallow  
Are God Almighty's bow and arrow."

In some parts of Dorset the poor people say:

" If 'twere not for the robin and the wren,  
A spider would overcome a man."

Children sometimes catch large white moths or " millers," and, having interrogated them on their taking of toll of flour, make them plead guilty and condemn them in these words :

" Millery, millery, dusty poll,  
How many zacks hast thee a-stole ?  
Vow'r-an'-twenty, an' a peck—  
Hang the miller up by's neck."

This has been said to have reference to the unfair way in which the monkish owners of tithes exacted their dues of corn or flour ; or to the exorbitant charges they made in granting permission to the people to grind their own corn at the monastery or abbey mill.

Children often catch lady-birds, and, placing them on the tips of their fingers, encourage them to fly away by the following words:

" Leädy-bird, leädy-bird, vlee away home,  
Your house is a-vire, your children wull burn [roam]."

The supposed virtues of plants and flowers for purposes of weather prognostications, or for foretelling future events or fortunes, are widely known and believed in amongst our country children, and abundant scope is afforded them by the flowery hedgerows of Dorset for indulging in the harmless amusements connected with these beliefs. The kernels or pips of pomaceous fruit are often playfully shot from the thumb and forefinger, as the young folks repeat :

" Kernel, come, kernel, hop over my thumb  
And tell me which way my true love will come.  
East, west, north, or south,  
Kernel, jump into my true love's mouth "

Sometimes the pips are placed in the fire, when the children, as they anxiously watch the effect, exclaim:

"If you love me, pop and fly;  
If you hate me, lay and die."

The pimpernel, called the poor man's weather-glass, is often apostrophised as follows:

"Pimpernel, pimpernel, tell me true,  
Whether the weather be fine or no.  
No heart can think, no tongue can tell,  
The virtues of the pimpernel."

A ball consisting of cowslip blossoms tied in a globular form called a "tissty-tossty," is often used by children as a means of divining their future, when the following lines are repeated whilst they play with it:

"Tissty-tossty, tell me true,  
Who shall I be married to?"

The names of A. B. C., &c., are mentioned until the ball, which is being tossed about, drops. And again:

"Tissty-tossty, four and foarty,  
How many years shall I live hearty?"

The numbers one, two, three, four, &c., &c., are called out until the ball drops as before.

In addition to pretending to tell the time by blowing off the seeds of the dandelion—each puff counting as an hour—children, and especially girls, seek to divine their future prospects of marriage by pulling off the petals of a flower or a flowering stalk of grass, whilst repeating some variant of the well-known lines:

"Tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor,  
rich man, poor man, beggarman [or gentleman], thief."

The following lines were often used by children in the endeavour to charm snails out of their holes:

"Snail, snail, come out of your hole,  
Or else I'll beat you so black as a coal."



It was customary when a crow or rook was seen to shout :

“Crow, crow, get out of my sight,  
Or else I'll have your liver and light,”

and it was always thought that however far off the bird might be it would immediately obey.

The following rhyme is used by children who have occasion to make a division of anything whilst they hide the article behind them and say :

“Handy-pandy,  
Jack-a-dandy,  
Which hand will you have ? ”

It is also used as a formula inviting a small wager, when a child hides a marble or other trifle in one hand, and holds out both fists, then if the other guesses right he wins the marble, or if wrong he pays one.\*

The following rhyme was often heard among school children, sung to a particular tune:

“Went out in garden,  
Picked up a pin,  
And asked if any one was in.  
No one in, and no one out,  
Out in the garden walking about.”

The same, with the following :

“Turn about, and wheel about,  
And do just so,  
And every time we turn about,  
And jump Jim Crow.”

Few children would at first recognise in the following queer couplet that the sweet woodruff (*Asperula odorata*), called by the rustics “woody-ruffy,” was intended :

“Donble u, double o, double d, e,  
R, o, double u, double f, e.” (Woodderowffe.)

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\* This infantine form of gambling, says Miss Burne (*Shropshire Folklore*, p. 530), is alluded to as “handy-dandy” in *Piers Plowman*, and also in *King Lear*.

That rhymes were as common in the amusements of schoolboys as in that of girls we may learn from the following account of some rhyme games given by Mr. Gosse from the same source I have before stated. He there states that rude doggerel rhymes were repeated on occasions among the boys and learned from one another. Thus a boy would come suddenly behind another, and seizing him by the shoulder proceed to dig his knee into the posterior of the other, at every line of the following :

" I owed your mother  
A pound of butter ;  
I paid her once—  
I paid her twice—  
I paid her three times over,"

the last line accompanying a kick of double vehemence.

The word FINIS at the end of books was turned into the following poetic flight:

" F for Finis,  
I for Inis,  
N for Nuckley Bone,  
I for Johnny Waterman,  
S for Samuel Stone."

And the variant I have heard is :

" F for Fig,  
I for Igg,  
N for Nickle bones (Nickley Boney),  
I for John the Waterman,  
S for Sally Stones (Stoney)."

The next the boys no doubt learnt from their little sisters, since the imagery, as Mr. Gosse says, is of a decidedly feminine cast :

" My needle and thread,  
Spells Nebuchadned ;  
My bodkin and scissors  
Spells Nebuchadnezzar ;  
One pair of stockings and two pair of shoes  
Spells Nebuchadnezzar the king of the Jews."

---

\* Conf. *Shropshire Folklore*, p. 575.

One boy meeting another would address him with these queries, the other giving the replies :

" ' Doctor, Doctor, how's your wife ? ' "

' Very bad upon my life. ' "

' Can she eat a bit of pie ? ' "

' Yes, she can as well as I. ' " \* "

Having gathered a tuft of the shepherd's purse (*thlaspi bursa pastoris*), so abundant by waysides, a boy would invite his unsuspecting fellow to pull off one of the triangular capsules. Then he would immediately cry :

" Pick-pocket, penny nail,  
Throw the rogue into gaol, "

suiting the action to the word by catching him hold and dragging him off.

There were certain tricks or catches that could be practised on the same person only once. Of this kind were two insidious verses always held in reserve for a fresh boy. One of the initiated would attack the newcomer with an invitation to play at a petty game, saying :

" Now I'll begin : I one my mother. "

The other is to reply :

" I two my mother. "

And they run the cardinals in alternation till the unsuspecting urchin comes to :

" I eight my mother. "

Immediately the artful tempter shouts :

" Here's a wicked footer ! He says he hates his mother ! " "

Or the device would be varied thus. The dialogue would run down the alphabet, beginning :

" I'll go to A, " "

" I'll go to B, " "

till the stranger in due course comes to

" I'll go to L, " "

---

\* Conf. variant of this given amongst " counting out " rhymes, *post*, p. 259.

when as before a cry of affected surprise is raised :

"Lor' ! What do you think ? He says he'll go to hell !"

In both cases the trifling difference of the absence of the aspirate is considered as being of no moment.

A similar catch which I give from another source is attempted by the questioner beginning :

"I went up one stair."

Ans: "Like I."

"I went up two stairs."

"Like I."

(*And so on to the sixth stair.*)

"I went into a room."

"Like I."

"I looked out of the window."

"Like I."

"I saw a monkey——"

Here of course the answer is still desired to be "Like I," but if the boy that is being practised upon be not taken unawares, he turns the tables on his questioner by replying "Like you."\*

Here is another similar catch :

Question. "I am a gold lock."

Answer. "I am a gold key."

Q. "I am a silver lock."

A. "I am a silver key."

Q. "I am a brass lock."

A. "I am a brass key."

Q. "I am a lead lock."

A. "I am a lead key."

Q. "I am a monk lock."

A. "I am a monkey ! " †

or Q. "I am a don lock."

A. "I am a donkey ! "

(β)—*Nursery or Domestic.*

The rhymes which children indulge in, in their nursery games and amusements, are of great variety, and range from lines which are in-

\* Conf. similar version in Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes* (ed. 1846), No. ccx.

† See Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes* (ed. 1846), No. cci.

tended to represent a story, or a series of questions and answers, such as I have first mentioned, to a mere collection of nonsense verses, from which it is impossible to evolve any connected thread or idea whatever.

The following is often said by boys and girls as a general rhyme, but in some districts of Dorset it is adopted as a nursery one, when the nurse or other person on taking off a child's boots pretends to knock nails into its foot, saying :

“ ‘ [John Smith] fellow fine,  
Can you shoe this horse of mine ? ’  
‘ Yes, good sir, that I can,  
As well as any other man.  
Here's a nail and here's a prod,  
And now, good sir, your horse is shod. ’ ” \*

The next is common, with its variants, to many countries :

“ One, two,  
Buckle my shoe ;  
Three, four,  
Open the door ;  
Five, six,  
Pick up sticks ;  
Seven, eight,  
Lay them straight ;  
Nine, ten,  
A good fat hen ;  
Eleven, twelve,  
Let them delve ;  
Thirteen, fourteen,  
Maids a-courtin' ;  
Fifteen, sixteen,  
Maids a-kissin' ;  
[Maids in the kitchen ; ]  
Seventeen, eighteen,  
Maids a-waitin' ;  
[I'm a-waitin' ; ]  
Nineteen, twenty,  
My stomach's empty ;  
Please, mother, give me some dinner. ” †

\* Conf. two variants of this rhyme in Gregor's *Folklore of North East of Scotland*.

† Conf. similar lines in Gregor's *Folklore of North East of Scotland*, p. 20. Also Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes* (ed. 1846), No. xxxv.

Also the following :

" Rain, rain, go away,  
Come again another day,  
—— and I want to play."  
[A—— B—— wants to play.]

" Great A, little a,  
Bouncing B,  
The cat's in the cupboard,  
And can't see me."

A common amusement is to tap the forehead of a young child whilst saying:

" Knock at the door,  
And peep in ;  
(*Pulling up the eyelids.*)  
Lift up the latch,  
(*Raising up its nose.*)  
And walk in."  
(*Putting a finger into its mouth.*)

Sometimes it is repeated in this form :

" Knock at the door.  
(*Tapping the forehead.*)  
Ring at the bell,  
(*Pulling a lock of hair, or sometimes an ear.*)  
Lift up the latch,  
(*Raising the nose.*)  
And walk in.  
(*Putting a finger in the mouth.*)  
[or, Peep in.]  
(*Lifting up the eyelids.*)

A similar and equally common amusement practised on a young child or infant to its invariable and infinite delight, was to take hold of its toes, one by one, beginning at the big toe, and say :

" This little pig went to market,  
This little pig stayed at home,  
This little pig had roast beef,  
This little pig had none,  
This little pig cried, wee ! wee ! wee ! all the way home."

Sometimes the nurse, having taken off the little one's shoes and socks, would turn its feet to the fire and say :

"Shoe the little horse, and shoe the little mare,  
But let the little colt go bare, bare" (*touching each foot*).

Another well-known way of amusing a little child is to pat its hands or feet, and repeat :

"Pat a cēake, pat a cēake, bēaker's man,  
Mēake me a cēake as fast as you can,  
Pat it and prick it, and mēark it with T,  
And put it in oven for [baby] and me."

An equally popular amusement was to seat a child on your crossed foot, and repeat :

"This is the way the little girl walks,  
*(Moving the foot gently.)*  
This is the way the little boy trots,  
*(A little faster.)*  
This is the way the lady canters,  
*(Faster still.)*  
This is the way the gentleman gallops."  
*(As fast as possible, and ending by tilting off the rider.)*

The following variant has a more rustic sound.

"Little boys and girls walk, walk, walk,  
Farmers go trit trot, trit trot, trit trot,  
Ladies go canter, and canter, and canter,  
Gentlemen go gallop, and gallop, and gallop,  
And then they fall off."  
*(Here the action being suited to the words the infantile rider invariably comes to the ground.)*

(γ)—Counting-out, or "Lot" Rhymes.

These rhymes were especially in vogue in those games, Mr. Gosse says, in which one lad was set in antagonism to the rest, or had to be "he" as it was termed, such as the game of "touch," where the in-

dividual was determined by all standing in a ring while one within repeated the following nonsense, touching a boy in succession at every word ; and so going round and round the circle, when the one on whom the last word fell was " he."

" One-ry, oo-ry, ick-ry, an,  
Bipsy, bopsy, Solomon San.  
[Little Sir Jan.]

Queery, quawry,  
Virgin Mary,  
Nick, tick, tolonon tick,  
O. U. T. out,  
Rotten, totten, dish-clout,  
Out jumps ' He.' "

The following are some further examples which I have obtained from various sources.

" Hoky, poky, wangery, fum,  
Polevee (?), kee, ky, balum, kum,  
Wungery, fungery, wingery, wum,  
King of the Cannibal Islands."

" One a zoll, zen a zoll, zig a zoll, zan,  
Bobtail vinegar, tittle tol tan,  
Harum scarum, Virgin Marum,  
Blindfold."

" Onery, yonery, ickery, Ann,  
Phillisy, phollissy, Nicholas Jan,  
Queeby, quanby, Irish Mary,  
Buck." \*

" Onery, twory, Dickery, Davy,  
Harry mo crackery, nickery, navy.  
Usque (?) dandum, merry cum time,  
Humbledy, bumbledy, twenty-nine."

" Hokey, pokey, winkey, wum,  
How d'ye like your t'aties done ?  
All to pieces, that's the fun—  
Can't ye now jest gie I wone ? "

---

\* Conf. a Romany variant of this one quoted in Mr. Bolton's book (*ante*).



The following old favourite is well known :

" Dickory, dickory, dock,  
The mouse ran up the clock,  
The clock struck one, the mouse ran down,  
Dickory, dickory, dock."  
" Whippence, whoppence,  
Half a groat, want two-pence,  
More kicks than half-pence."

A correspondent in the *Dorset County Chronicle* for last April said that many years ago a thoroughly Dorset rustic was heard singing to a little child the following curious conglomeration of nonsense verses, which seem to form a collection of counting-out rhymes in themselves :

" Oon, two, dree, vour,  
Bells of Girt Toller (Great Toller),  
Who can mēake pancēake  
'Thout fat or vlour ? "  
" ' Gargy, Pargy, how's yer wife ? '  
' Very bad upon my life.'  
' Can she ait a bit o' pie ? '  
' Ees, sa well as you or I.' " \*  
" Zee zaw, Margery Daw,  
Swold her bed an' laid in straw,  
Wadden she a dirty slut,  
Da zell her bed and lay in dirt ? "  
" 'Pon my life an' honner !  
As I was gowine to Toller,  
I met a pig a'thout a wig,  
'Pon my life an' honner ! "

## VI. RIDDLES.

Very much akin to the tricks or catches before mentioned under " Rustic Rhymes " (*ante*), and often quite as amusing, are the riddles that children especially are so fond of asking each other, particularly those which contain a catch in themselves.

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\* Conf. *ante*, p. 253.

The following is a thoroughly rustic but somewhat coarse example, which as in the other cases is generally attempted to be played upon children upon first going to school.

- (i.) "Which would you rather have, a rusty rag, a sunburnt cake, or a blackbird under the bush?"

To the initiated, these alternatives signified a rusty piece of bacon, a piece of dried cow-dung, and the devil! Great merriment was caused should the unsuspecting urchin choose either of the two latter.

- (ii.) "As white as milk, an' 'tish' milk;  
As green as grass, an' 'tish' grass;  
As red as blood, an' 'tish' blood;  
As black as ink, an' 'tish' ink?"

(*Answer*: The four stages of a blackberry.)

- (iii.) "Long legs, crooked thighs,  
Little head, and no eyes?"

(*Answer*: A pair of tongs.) [Common.]

- (iv.) "There is a little house; and in that little house there is a little room; and in that little room there is a little shelf; and on that little shelf there is a little cup; and in that little cup there is something I would not take all the world for?"

(*Answer*: The heart's blood.)\*

- (v.) "There was a thing just four weeks old,  
And Adam was no more;  
Before that thing was five weeks old,  
Adam was fourscore."

(*Answer*: The moon.)

- (vi.) "There was a king met a king  
In a narrow lane;  
Said the king to the king,  
'Where have you been?'  
'I have been a-hunting  
The buck and the doe.'  
'Will you lend me your dog?'  
'Yes, I will do so.'

---

\* Nos. iii. and iv. are also to be found in *Shropshire Folklore*.

' Call upon him, call upon him.'

' What is his name ?'

' I have told you twice,

And won't tell you again.' "

(*Answer*: " Bean." ) \*

(vii.) " Little Miss Etticott,  
In a a white petticoat,  
And a red nose ;  
The longer she stands,  
The shorter she grows."

(*Answer*: A candle.)

(viii.)—The answer to the following riddle or puzzle is to be found by altering the punctuation, when it will be seen that the whole sense is completely changed.

" I saw a fish-pond all on fire,  
I saw a house bow to a squire,  
I saw a parson twelve feet high,  
I saw a cottage near the sky,  
I saw a balloon made of lead,  
I saw a coffin drop down dead,  
I saw two sparrows run a race,  
I saw two horses making lace,  
I saw a girl just like a cat,  
I saw a kitten wear a hat,  
I saw a man who saw these too,  
And said though strange they all were true." †

I think I cannot do better in closing this last section of Dorsetshire children's games and rhymes than quote at length a humorous poem by the late Mr. Barnes, called " Riddles," which contains very fair specimens of that kind of ingenious word-puzzling which affords so much amusement to the peasant youth of both sexes and in most countries.

\* These last two riddles, with slight variations, are to be found in Gregor's *Folklore of North East Scotland*.

† For another specimen of the same kind see Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes* (ed. 1846), No. cccclxxxv.

*Riddles.\***(Anne an' Joey a-ta'ken.)*

- A. A plagne ! thease cow won't stand a bit ;  
 Noo sooner do she zee me sit  
 Agëan her, than she's in a trot,  
 A runnen to zome other spot.
- J. Why 'tis the dog do scëare the cow,  
 He worried her a-vield benow.
- A. Goo in, ah ! *Liplap*, where's your tail ? †
- J. He's off, then up a-thirt the rail.  
 Your cow there, Anne, 's a-come to hand  
 A goodish milcher.
- A. If she'd stand ;  
 But then she'll steüre an' start wi' fright  
 To zee a dumbledore in flight.  
 Last week she let the päil a-flought,  
 An flung my meal o' milk half out.
- J. Ha ! ha ! But, Anny, here what lout  
 Broke half your small päil's bottom out ?
- A. What lout indeed ! What, do ye own  
 The neäme ? What dropped en on a stwone !
- J. Hee ! hee ! well now he's out o' trim  
 Wi' only half a bottom to en,  
 " Could you still vill en to the brini,  
 An' yit not let the milk run drough en ? "
- A. Aye, as for nonsense, Joe, your head  
 Do hold it all so tight's a blather ;  
 But if 'tis any good, do shed  
 It all so leäky as a lather.  
 Could you vill päils 'ithout a bottom,  
 Yourself that be so deeply skilled ?
- J. Well, ees I could, if I'd a-got 'em  
 Inside o' bigger woones a-villed.

---

\* This is taken from the first complete edition of Mr. Barns's poems—that of 1879—as it contains several riddles which are not to be found in the previous editions of 1859 and 1863, in which this poem appeared.

† To ask a dog where his tail is, is considered to cast the greatest indignity or reproach upon him.

- A. La ! that *is* zome'hat vor to hatch !  
 Here answer me theäse little catch :  
 " Down under water an' o' 'top o't  
 I went an' didden touch a drop o't."
- J. Not when at mowèn time I took  
 An' pulled ye out o' Longmèad brook,  
 Where you'd a-slidder'd down the edge  
 An' zunk knee-deep beside the zedge,  
 A-tryèn to reäke out a clote.\*
- A. Aye, I do hear your chucklèn droat.  
 When I athirt the bridge did bring  
 Home water on my head vrom spring,  
 Then under water an' o'top o't  
 Wer I, an' didden touch a drop o't.
- J. O Lauk ! What thik wold riddle still !  
 Why that's as wold as Dunccliffe Hill !  
 " A two-lagg'd thing do run avore  
 An' run behind a man,  
 An' never run upon his lags  
 Though on his lags do stan'."  
 What's that ? I don't think you do know.
- A. There idden sich a thing to show.
- J. Not know ! Why yonder by the stall  
 'S a wheel-barrow beside the wall ;  
 Don't he stand on his lags so trim,  
 An' run on nothèn but his wheel's wold rim ?
- A. There's horn vor goodman's eye-zight sēake ;  
 There's horn vor goodman's mouth to tēake ;  
 There's horn vor goodman's ears, as well  
 As horn vor goodman's nose to smell.  
 What horns be they then ? Do your hat  
 Hold wit enough to tell us that ?
- J. Oh ! horns ! but no, I'll tell ye what  
 My cow is hornless, an' she's knot.†
- A. Horn vor the mouth's a hornèn cup.
- J. An' cäle's good stuff to vill en up,

---

\* The yellow water-lily (*Nuphar lutea*).

† A term used to signify a hornless cow.



## NOTES.

**Devonshire Notes.** A paper by Sir John Bowring, on *Language, with special reference to the Devonian Dialects*, printed in the Transactions of the Devonshire Association, vol. i. part 5 (1866), pp. 13-38, contains the following Folklore notes:

"Hobby-horse, by which at Combemartin they are said to commemorate the tradition of the wild man of the woods." (P. 37.)

"The belief in the *Yeth-hounds* (headless dogs) being the spirits of unbaptized children was widely spread in North Devon a generation ago. *Pixies* present a topic very insufficiently explored, as do *Gallitrap*s, the mysterious circles, into which any guilty person having trod is doomed to be delivered over to justice." (P. 38.)

T. N. BRUSHFIELD, M.D.

Salterton, Devon.

**May Day Custom.**—Mr. Alexander Mackenzie, of 16, Braidburn Terrace, Edinburgh, remembers that in his boyhood cottages in Strath Nairn (near Inverness) used to be decorated in the interior with birch branches at the end of April; and on the 1st of May (Old Style), which they called Beltane Day, the children used to roll eggs, coloured blue, yellow, etc., down a hill. Does any reader know other cases of rolling eggs on May Day? The custom of rolling eggs on the Saturday before "Peace Sunday" in the N.E. of Scotland is mentioned by the Rev. Walter Gregor in his *Folklore of the North-East of Scotland*. The undersigned would be glad to hear of any living superstitious customs or beliefs about parasitic plants, especially the mistletoe.

J. G. FRAZER.

Trinity College, Cambridge.

## NOTICES.

*A Group of Eastern Romances and Stories from the Persian, Tamil, and Urdu.* With Introduction, Notes, and Appendix, by W. A. Clouston. Privately printed, 1889. 8vo. pp. xl. 586.

This new volume issued by Mr. Clouston is a worthy successor to the *Bakhtyār Nāma* and the *Book of Sindibād*. Like them it has been issued to subscribers only; and its contents are chiefly, like theirs, reprints of translations now become rare of genuine Oriental tales. One of the stories, however, is presented for the first time to an English reader, having been translated from the Tamil at Mr. Clouston's suggestion by Natésa Sástrí, who is already known to Folklore students by his collection of Folktales from Southern India, and by his version of the *Madanakámarú jankadai*, a Tamil romance. The introduction lays before us a short account of the tales comprised in the body of the work, with some bibliographical information which might perhaps have been rendered a little more complete. This is not of much importance, except in the case of the Persian stories which conclude the work, because the edition is in other respects so good that it will doubtless supersede the older ones both for scientific and literary purposes. The Persian stories, we are told, are a selection of a selection published in English by Mr. Edward Rehatsek at Bombay as recently as 1871, from the Persian work *Mahbúb ul-Kalúb*, under the title of *Amusing Stories*. Now here, we confess, we should like to have had a more complete account of the volume called *Amusing Stories*, which would certainly have been useful to students. To expect full particulars of the Persian original would be beyond the mark; but the samples which are given us are such as to lead us to hope that some scholar may ere long give the Western world a complete version of it.



Mr. Clouston is one of the most prominent disciples in this country of Benfey; and the contributions which he has made to the controversy, though chiefly indirect, have been substantial and valuable. It has not been his to take much part in the actual combat. He has been rather, like an engineer, engaged in the equally strenuous work of undermining the enemy's position or strengthening his own. It has been his business to unearth Eastern tales and mediæval fabliaux, and thus, over and over again, to surprise the advocates of the anthropological theory with new problems, or to pile up further difficulties in their way. In the volume before us, for instance, little controversial matter can be found; but it is not for nothing that it contains the story of the Rose of Bakāwalī. This tale, though it comes to us in a Moslem guise and from a Persian source, has been derived from India; or at least it contains Hindoo elements. What else, for example, can be made of the sentences which open its seventh chapter? "Indian writers say that there was a city called Amarnagar, whose inhabitants were immortal, the king of which, named Indra, passed his days and nights in joyful festivities. \* \* \* His sway extended over all the world of the jinn, and his court was constantly attended by the parīs, who danced before him." Here not only are Indra and Amarnagar (as the capital of the Swergha is called in Urdu) mentioned by name, but "Indian writers" are referred to as the authority for the statements made. Moreover, the incident of Indra's punishment of Bakāwalī, and her subsequent new birth, is unmistakably Indian in form; and others might easily be cited. Nor does Mr. Clouston forget in a quiet way to point the moral in the direction he favours, both in this and other instances—not always, perhaps, with the same amount of reason.

This is not the place for entering into the controversy. We are only concerned to show that the book is one which ought not to be overlooked by any who are interested in the problem of the origin of Folktales. One of the most valuable portions of the work is the Appendix, in which Mr. Clouston has brought together a great number of variants of the stories in the text. These are often from recondite sources, and students cannot fail to find them useful.

*Teutonic Mythology.* By Jacob Grimm. Translated from the fourth edition. With Notes and Appendix by J. S. Stallybrass. Vol. iv. London (Bell and Sons) 1888. 8vo, pp. iv. 1277—1887.

We congratulate English folklorists upon the finish of this most important work. The original is tough reading for even good German scholars, and this translation is so good that it is a real boon. Something has been said about the rhyming formulæ and incantations not having been translated, but we prefer them standing in their original form, because any one taking up this branch of folklore must, to do their work properly, use the original words. All Grimm's notes and appendices are given in this volume, so that now we possess a worthy edition of this great work. Lately we have had some expressions about "mere superstition" as a classification of this branch of English Folklore, and we venture to think that Grimm's work for Germany has not been taken into account by those indulging in this loose talk. If some one would give us an English Grimm it would go a great way towards establishing some landmarks in English Folklore. All our members will now be able to complete their set of this great German work, and Messrs. Bell have earned a considerable debt of gratitude by the way it has been accomplished.

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Mr. W. F. Kirby, a member of the Council of this Society, has been engaged for some time upon an annotated translation of the *Kalevala* from the original Finnish, and he has been elected a Corresponding Member of the Finnish Literary Society at Helsingfors.

## TABULATION OF FOLKTALES.



THE following is a List of Books which the Society is desirous of having tabulated as soon as possible. The names of those who have undertaken to do certain volumes are set opposite the titles of the books in the column provided for the purpose. The remaining volumes, where there is no name of a tabulator inserted in the column, require volunteers, and any one desirous of assisting in the work is requested to communicate to the Director the name of the volume or volumes chosen.

Country.	Title.	Tabulator.	Tales completed.
<b>EUROPE.</b>			
<b>Austria</b>	Vernaleken's "In the Land of Marvels," Folktales from Austria and Bohemia. 1884. (60 tales.)		
<b>Britain and Ireland</b>	Campbell's "Popular Tales of the West Highlands," 1860. 1862 (80 tales.)	<b>MR. ALFRED NUTT.</b>	
	Chambers' "Popular Rhymes of Scotland," 1841. (pp. 48-108.)		
	Folklore Society's publications: chiefly "Record" and "Journal."	<b>MR. ORDISH.</b>	
	Guest's "Mabinogion." 1877.		
	Halliwell's "Nursery Rhymes and Nursery Tales of Old England." (pp. 146-204.)	<b>MR. EVANS.</b>	
	Hunt's "Popular Romances of the West of England."	<b>MR. J. J. FOSTER.</b>	
	Croker's "Fairy Legends of Ireland," 1825-1826. (38 tales.)	<b>MR. H. B. WHEAT- LEY.</b>	
	Joyce's "Old Celtic Romances" 1879.		
	Kennedy's "Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts." 1866. (10 tales.)		
	Kennedy's "Fireside Stories of Ireland." 1870. (51 tales.)	<b>MRS. GOMME.</b>	
	Kennedy's "Bardic Stories of Ireland." 1871. (10 tales.)		
	Wilde's "Ancient Legends, Mystic Charms, and Superstitions of Ireland." 2 vols. 1887.		

Country.	Title.	Tabulator.	Tales completed.
Finland	"Suomen Kansan satuja ja tarinoita," Tales and Stories of the Finnish people, collected by Salmelainen, published by the Finnish Literary Society.	HON. JNO. ABERCROMBY.	
Germany	Grimm's "Household Tales," translated by Mrs. Margaret Hunt. 2 vols. 1884. (200 tales.)	MISS ROALFE COX.	17
Greece	Lander's "Legends and Tales of the Harz Mountains." 1881. (71 tales.)		
	Geldart's "Folklore of Modern Greece." 1884. (30 tales.)		
Hungary	Jones and Kropf's "Magyar Folktales." Folklore Society, 1889. (53 tales.)	MRS. GOMME.	
Iceland	Arpason's "Icelandic Legends," translated by Powell and Magnusson. 2 vols. 1864-1866.	MR. EDWARD CLODD.	
	Symington's "Pen and Pencil Sketches of Farøe and Iceland." 1862. (Folktales in Appendix.)		
Italy	Busk's "Folklore of Rome." 1874. (137 tales.)	MISS BARCLAY.	
	Busk's "Household Tales from the Land of Hofer." (Tirol.) 1871. (22 tales.)		
	Crane's "Italian Popular Tales." 1885. (109 tales.)	MISS BARCLAY.	
	"Tuscan Fairy Tales." n. d. (10 tales.)	MR. G. L. APPERSON.	
Norway	"Gesta Romanorum." 1877. (181 tales.)		
	Dasent's "Popular Tales from the Norse." 1888 edition. (59 tales.)		
	Dasent's "Tales from the Fjeld." 1874. (51 tales.)	MR. EDWARD CLODD.	
	Thorpe's "Northern Mythology." Vols. 2, 3. 1851-1852.		
	Thorpe's "Yule-Tide Stories." Bohn's edition. (74 tales.)		
Portugal	"Portuguese Folktales." F. L. S. 1882. (30 tales.)		
Roumania	"Roumanian Fairy Tales and Legends." 1881. (11 tales.)	MAJOR S. CLEMENT SOUTHAM.	
Russian and Slavonic	Ralston's "Russian Folktales." 1873. (51 tales.)		
	Naake's "Slavonic Fairy Tales." 1874. (40 tales.)		
Serbian	Denton's "Serbian Folklore." 1874. (26 tales.)		
Spain	Busk's "Patrañas, or Spanish Stories." 1870. (51 tales.)	MR. J. W. CROMBIE.	
	Middlemore's "Spanish Legendary Tales." 1885. (30 tales.)	MR. J. W. CROMBIE.	
	Monteiro's "Tales and Popular Legends of the Basques." 1887. (13 tales.)		
	Wentworth Webster's "Basque Legends." 1877. (45 tales.)		

Country.	Title.	Tabulator.	Tales completed.
<b>ASIA.</b>			
Arabia (?)	Burton's (Lady) "Arabian Nights." 6 vols.		
China	Deny's "Folklore of China." 1876. Chapters xii. and xiii. Giles's "Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio." 2 vols. 1880. ( tales.)	.	
India	"Bidpai," Fables of. (Ed. Jacobs.) (39 tales.) Davids's "Buddhist Birth Stories." Vol. i. 1880. (40 tales.) Dr. Morris's translation of "Jatakas," in Folklore Journal. Vols. iii. iv. Day's "Folktales of Bengal." 1883. (22 tales.) Frere's "Old Deccan Days." 1870. (24 tales.) "Hitopadesa," translated by Johnson. 1867. Sastri's "Folklore in Southern India." 1884-1886. Sastri's "Dravidian Nights' Entertainments." 1886. Stokes's "Indian Fairy Tales." 1880. (30 tales.) "Stream of Story." (Kathâ-sarit-Sâgara.) Temple's "Legends of the Panjâb." 1883. Temple's "Wide-Awake Stories." 1884. (47 tales.) (Captain Temple has supplied tabulations of these: vid. pp. 348-385.) Thornhill's "Indian Fairy Tales." 1888. (26 tales.)	} REV. DR. MORRIS.  MISS MENDHAM. MISS LARNER. MR. G. L. APPERSON.          MISS LARNER.          MISS MENDHAM.	
Japan	Chamberlain's "Aino Folk Tales." Folklore Society. 1888. (43 tales.) Mitford's "Tales of Old Japan." 1874. (23 tales.)		
Kashmir	Knowles's "Folktales of Kashmir." 1888. (64 tales.)		
Mongolia	Busk's "Sagas from the Far East." 1873. (23 tales.)		
Persia	Clouston's "Book of Sindibâd." 1884. (84 tales.) Comparetti's "Book of Sindibâd." Folklore Society. 1882. (26 tales.) Gibb's "History of the Forty Vezirs." 1886. (40 tales.)		
Tibet	Schiefner's "Tibetan Tales," translated by Ralston. 1882. (50 tales.)	R. F. S. ST. JOHN.	

Country.	Title.	Tabulator.	Tales completed.
<b>AUSTRALIA, ETC.</b>			
Australia	Brough Smyth's "Aborigines of Victoria." Vol. i. pp. 423-483.		
New Zealand	Shortland's "Traditions and Superstitions of the New Zealanders." White's "Ancient History of the Maori." Vols. i. ii.		
Polynesia	Grey's "Polynesian Mythology." 1855. (23 tales.) Gill's "Myths and Songs of the South Pacific." 1876.		
<b>AFRICA.</b>			
	Bleek's "Hottentot Fables and Tales." 1864. (42 tales.)	MISS KEY.	11
	Callaway's "Zulu Nursery Tales." 1864. (49 tales.)	MISS KEY.	
	"South Africa Folklore Journal." Vol. i. 1879.	MR. G. L. APPERSON.	
	Steere's "Swahili Tales." 1873. (18 tales.)	MISS KEY.	
	Theal's "Kaffir Folklore." 1882. (21 tales.)	MISS KEY.	
<b>AMERICA.</b>			
	Brett's "Legends of British Guiana." n. d.		
	Leland's "Algonquin Legends." 1884. (72 tales.)		
	Rink's "Tales and Traditions of the Eski- mo." 1875. (150 tales.)		
	Dasent's "Tales from the Norse," pp. 425- 443.		
	"Ananzi Stories."		
	(NOTE.—The co-operation of the American Folklore Society in this work, so far as books on North and South American Folklore are concerned, is invited, and therefore only three or four representa- tive collections are cited here.)		

## ANALYSIS OF CUSTOMS, &amp;c.

The following are the present arrangements for this work. Further assistance is required:—

Subjects of Analysis.	Name of Person Analysing.
Animal and bird superstitions . River spirits . Fire superstitions .	} Mr. Gomme.
Folk medicine .	
Death and Burial customs	
German parallels .	
	The Rev. E. P. Larken, Gatton Tower, Reigate.
	Rev. W. Gregor, Pitsligo, Frazerburgh, Aberdeenshire.
	G. Langen, Cologne.

## THE CONGRESS OF FOLKLORISTS AT PARIS.



THE first Congress of Folklorists has been a decided success, for pleasure as well as usefulness. It began in Paris at the Trocadero on the 29th of July. There were present French, Spaniards, Italians, Russians, Poles, Finns, Swedes, Americans, and Chinese. The regrettable absence of Germans may be better understood than that England should be only represented by Transatlantic cousins.

The officers chosen for the Congress were : President, M. Charles Ploix ; Vice-Presidents, Bruyère, de Rialle, Leland, Dragomanor, Nutt, Prato, Nyrop Tcheng ki Tong ; Secretary, Sebillot ; Assistant-Secretaries, Blemont, Rosières, Andrews, Krohn. After some formal work, the Society were shown by Dr. Hamy, the curator, the excellent French Ethnological and Anthropological Museum, containing much of interest in our studies.

The subsequent meetings were at the Mairie of the Sixth Arrondissement, near St. Sulpice. There was considerable discussion on the origin and diffusion of legends, mythological and popular.

Notwithstanding the arguments of MM. Ploix and Cesquin, the general sense of the speakers appeared to favour anthropological and *polygenetic* explanations.

M. Krohn described the extensive work done in Finland, presenting a collection of printed volumes on the subject. Considerable progress appears to have been made there in the analysis of Folklore.

The questions of classification, tabulation, and analysis were referred to a committee. There was hardly enough time to consider it thoroughly ; many members had no definite views. The scheme of this Society was pressed by Mr. J. B. Andrews with apparent



approval by the most part. Another system of analysis was suggested by M. Ploix, having exceedingly minute divisions and subdivisions. M. Cordier was to make a report. It was strongly urged that the English proposal should be at least described, if not actually recommended.

It was proposed with general approbation that Congresses should be regularly held every two or three years, the next in London.

The members of the Congress were hospitably entertained, both officially and privately. Prince Roland Bonaparte gave them a sumptuous dinner, while they listened to the wild music of the Roumanian gypsies. There were official receptions at the Ministries, a most interesting international Folklore concert at the Salle de Sociétés Savantes, Quartier Latin, under the scholarly direction of M. Jules Tiersot, of the Conservatoire, and a Mother Goose's dinner at the historic Café Corazza, in the Palais Royal, where the excellence of the menu was surpassed by the good humour and enjoyment of the guests. Many a song was sung; not the least amongst those applauded was M. Leland's gypsy ballad with the finger chorus, in which all joined.

In fact, the Congress passed off remarkably well. All departed with a confirmed sense of the importance of their work, with a vigorous impulse to continue working, and a desire to meet again.

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## THE WITCH.

### I.

#### SAFEGUARDS AGAINST THE WITCH.\*

##### (A) *Cows.*



**C**ROSSES made of "rawn-tree" (rowan, mountain ash) were placed over the doors of all the houses of a farm on Lammas day (August 1st, O.S.) at noon. This ceremony had to be gone through by the one that did it without the knowledge of any one, and without the utterance of a word to any one that might be met. (Tyrie.) In Strathdon pieces of "rawn-tree" were put into every byre on the "Reed day"—Rood day—(May 2nd, O.S.) by the goodman after sunset. This had to be done in secret.

Pieces of it were placed over the stable door to prevent the witches from entering to take out the horses for their midnight rides. (Strathdon, Corgarff.)

On Beltane eve a cross made of rowan tied with red thread was placed in each opening in the walls of the byre. Next morning the crosses were tied to the tails of the animals when they were driven to the grazing grounds on the hills, and each "hird" received a rowan wand to drive them. My informant told me that on one occasion when the "hirds" were driving home their cattle they were obliged to leave a weakly one behind them. After housing the animals the "hird" to whose care the animal was committed set out to bring it home. An old man called him back, gave him a rowan club with a cross cut on the end of it, and told him everything would now go well. (J. Farquharson, Corgarff.)

\* See *Folklore of the North-East of Scotland*, pp. 71, 188, 189, 192.

To save a newly-calved cow from the power of the witch :—

(A) The apron of a married woman who was a mother was placed for a short time over the horns or head of the cow, and a “seal,” i.e. a binding, was tied round her neck. This “seal” was allowed to remain round her neck for some weeks. The first draught of water that was given her was warm, and into it was thrown a live coal. (Corgarff.)

(B) Some made it a practice to cut off a little of the hair of the cow's tail just as she was going out through the door for the first time after calving. (Pitsligo.)

(C) Others put both salt and a shilling into the milkin' cog the first time the cow was milked after dropping the calf. (Pitsligo.)

(D) To keep away the evil influence of the witch in butter-making, some had the habit of putting salt on the lid of the churn round the hole through which the stalk of the “plumper” passed. This was done in Pitsligo by a farmer's wife who died some years ago.

#### (B) *Horses.*

When a mare was taken from the stable the first time after foaling, a rowan cross was tied with red thread to her tail. My informant, J. Farquharson, has seen mares ploughing carrying such crosses. (Corgarff.)

A horse would not have been put into an open shed over night lest witches might come and take him for their dark purposes. If necessity compelled a horse to be left in such a house over night, a cross of rowan tied with red thread was tied to the animal's tail. (Corgarff.)

Mr. —, Corgarff, bought a horse, and when the servant brought the animal home he tied him up in the shed, as there was no room for him in the stable. “Fahr (where) ha'e ye pitten (put) him?” said the farmer to the servant. “I' the shed,” was the answer. “He winna (will not) need t' be there a' nicht,” rejoined the farmer. The animal was accordingly taken to the stable of a neighbouring farmer.

(c) *Man.*

If one gets the "first word" of a witch, or of one having an "ill fit," or any supernatural being bent on evil, all power to injure is taken away. J—— R——, a farmer in Strathdon, was returning home one wild stormy night in winter. When he came to a place called Dabrossach, he saw a creature that looked like a child cross the road in front of him. He at once cried out, "Peer (poor) thing! Ye're far fae hame in sic a stormy nicht." The creature disappeared. The farmer was convinced that mischief was intended to be done to him. (Told by Mr. Michie, Strathdon.)

Take a silver pin, conceal it between the finger and thumb of the left hand, contrive in some way to meet the witch in the morning "atween the sin (sun) an the sky," pass her on the right side, in passing draw blood from above the eyes with the pin; keep the pin covered with the blood, and the witch has no power over you. (J. Farquharson, Corgarff.)

## II.

## HOW TO FIND OUT THE WITCH.

1. Put a quantity of new pins into a pot, and as much of the milk of the cow which is under the spell as can be drawn from her over the pins. Place the pot with its contents over the fire, and let them simmer, but not boil. The one that has wrought the evil, if an opportunity can be snatched, will go to the house and take the pot off the fire. (Peathill, Pitsligo.)

2. When a cow's milk failed, and the work of a witch was suspected, a pair of the "guedeman's breeks" was put over the cow's horns. She then made straight for the house of the witch and lowed at the door. (Strathdon.)

## III.

## MODES OF UNDOING HER WORK.

1. Mrs. Michie, Coull of Newe, Strathdon, began one day to make butter, but no butter could she get, though she churned from three o'clock in the afternoon till late at night. The cream was given to the pigs, but they turned away from it. On three separate occasions the same thing took place. Something was judged to be far wrong. Peter Smith, a man of skill, that lived in the adjoining parish of Towie, was sent for. He was fond of a glass of whisky, and on his arrival he was treated to one and a little more. So refreshed, he said, "Noo (now), a'm (I am) fit for wark (work)." He asked if there was any myrrh in the house. There was not. My informant, Mr. W. Michie, the present farmer, then a boy, was sent to the gardens of Castle Newe—not far distant—in search of the herb. He got a small quantity. The "skeely man" examined it, smelt it, and said, "There's nae muckle o't, bit (but) its gueede (good)." He then ordered a large copper to be placed over the fire and half filled with water. He put the myrrh and some ingredients he took from his pocket into the copper. He sat down and watched the mixture boiling for about three hours. The copper was then removed from the fire, and the mixture was allowed to cool. When it was cooled, a bottleful of it was given not only to each cow, but to each of the cattle on the farm. A small stream, or "burn," runs alongside the farm. He asked Mrs. Michie to go to it and to gather from it a quantity of "water-ryack" and to place it over the door of the cow-byre. He gave instructions that if there was any difficulty (which there might be) in the butter-making when the cream was next churned, a little rennet should be put into the churn. He asserted there would be no difficulty again.

Mrs. Michie asked Peter if he knew who had wrought the mischief. He said he did, but he refused to tell her as "it wid (would) only cause dispeace amon' neebours (neighbours)."

He was in the habit of saying that he had got the secret from his wife before she died, and that he could give it before he died to a woman. It was the common belief with regard to these occult powers that they could only be given just before death to one of the opposite sex. (Told by Mr. Michie.)

2. H—— S——, Peathill, Pitsligo, when a girl, was one morning churning butter. A woman that lived close by, and was noted for her uncanny powers, came in at the time. On entering, her eye caught the cotton curtains of the bed, and she made the remark, "Eh! Sic a bonnie print." She then cast a quick glance on the churn, and, without speaking another word, rushed from the house. The cream was churned all that day, into night, and all next day, but no butter was got. The cream did only "ramp," *i.e.* rise in froth. Several churnings were tried as the cream was collected, but there was the same result. A man noted for his skill, who went by the nickname of "Sautie," was sent for. He came. After hearing all the facts of the case, he got a three-girded cog and a half-crown. With these he went to the well from which the family drew the supply of water, and went through some ceremonies. He returned, and went to the byre and performed some other ceremonies with the cow, which my informant unluckily could not describe. He ordered the "guedewife" to get every morning from a neighbouring farmer's wife a mutchkin (an imperial pint) of newly-drawn milk and "sey" it amongst her own cow's till she was put forth to grass, for the thing took place in the early part of the year not long after the cow had dropped her calf. When the animal was put to grass, the "seal" or binding that bound her to the stall had to be fastened or tied as when round her neck every time she was driven forth to graze. (Told by H—— S——.)

3. In the houses of the common people up to a period not very far back the couples were placed on upright posts fixed in the ground, and built into the walls. These upright posts were called in Corgarff "couple-reets," *i.e.* couple-roots. In many if not almost in all houses one of the couples was made of rowan-tree.

When a cow's milk was taken away, "the canny woman" of the

district was called in. On her arrival she took the "milkin' cog" and seated herself beside the "rawn-tree couple-reet," in the attitude of milking a cow. She got a knife, and with it cut three holes in the "couple-reet." Into these three holes she inserted three small pieces of wood, not necessarily of rowan; the first one in the name of the Father, the second in the name of the Son, and the third in the name of the Holy Ghost. She then drew each piece of wood three times, as if she had been milking a cow. She next went to the cow, and drew each of the cow's paps three times; the first in the name of the Father, the second time in the name of the Son, and the third time in the name of the Holy Ghost. The paps were drawn gently, so as not to bring milk from them. The next thing she did was to kindle "need fire," put it into an old shoe and burn it below the cow, and repeat the words, "May the Almichty smoke the witch in hell as I am smokin' the coo." She then poured some holy water on the beast's back and rubbed it along the backbone from head to tail. This was done three times, with the repetition of some words my informant could not give. Last of all she sat down and milked the cow. (J. Farquharson, Corgarff.)

The animal was measured by spanning. The spanning began at the point of the nose, was carried up the face, and along the backbone and tail. Whatever part of the tail was over a full span was cut off. A draught of water off a shilling was given. (Grant-on-Spey.)

#### IV.

##### SOME OF HER DEEDS.

1. A fisherman in Portmahomack had played false with a young woman. Her mother resolved to be avenged of him. He had occasion to sail with some other fishermen to a port at some distance. The mother and daughter went to a hollow between two high headlands round which the boat had to sail. They carried with them a tub and a "cog." Both took their station in the hollow within sight of the sea. The tub was filled with water. After waiting for such a

time as was thought necessary for the boat to come round the first headland and get under the hollow, the mother asked her daughter to go to look if the boat had rounded the headland. The young woman did so, but came in a short time running back with the news that the boat was floating keel uppermost and with the men clinging to it. The mother was standing beside the tub with the cog in it bottom up. The men were rescued. The man who had been the cause of the mishap came to know that it was his forsaken lady-love and her mother that had caused the disaster, and he resolved to protect himself from the power of the offended mother. He, accordingly, watched his opportunity, fell upon her, and drew blood from her "abeen the breath," *i.e.* he cut her in the forehead in the form of a cross. The man was punished for assault, and the woman ever after wore a black band round her forehead. (Told by one who knew the man and has often seen the woman.)

2. A mole "abeen the breath" in a woman shows she is a witch.

G. Scott's father, who was a servant on the farm of Tillywharn, Aberdour, lived in a house near the farmhouse and steading. He had to be removed from that house, as it was inconveniently placed for the farmhouse. To make room for him, a woman who lived on the farm in another house, to which a small croft of a few acres was attached, had to be removed. She had "a mole abeen the breath," and much woe did she work to the man who displaced her from her home. Within a short time she by her power killed four cows belonging to him one after the other, as he bought them. Two of the animals he did not see die, but found them dead when he entered the byre in the morning. "He never got abeen't" (above it), as his son, now an old man, said to me in telling the story.

### 3. *The Laird of Skellater's Witch.*

The old Laird of Skellater (Corgarff) had a witch that gave him help in his difficulties. On one occasion he laid a wager with a neighbouring laird that his reapers would beat his by a long way at "shearing," *i.e.* cutting the crop with the sickle. The day of trial



was fixed, and the reapers began. Skellater's reapers were soon left far behind. Old Janet appeared on the field and took the place of one of Skellater's reapers in the "kemp" (contest). Before she began work she turned three times round against the course of the sun, crying out, "Black nickie, you and me; and di'el tack the himmost." The laird whose reapers were foremost in the "kemp" was standing behind them with his face turned towards the sun. The devil in passing caught his shadow instead of himself, and he was ever after shadowless.

4. *The Witch of Badachallach; or, Jeanie Marae Alisc.*

(A) This woman, famed as a witch, was one day during a year of great scarcity passing a neighbouring farm. She observed the ploughman lying on the ground behind the plough. Going to him she asked what was the matter with him. He told her he was unable to stand from want of "meat," *i.e.* food. "Oh! peer (poor) man," said she, "I'll gee (give) you meat." So saying, she sat down, gathered together her apron as if in the form of a "milking cog," and repeated the words: "Froh (froth), milk, froh, milk, black stick, you an me, froh, milk." She then bade the man bring her a handful of mould from between the coulter and the sock. The man did as he was bidden. She took the mould from him, and dropped it slowly from her hand into her apron among the "froh milk." She gave the man the dish, apparently so prepared, for "meat." (Corgarff.)

(B) During another bad year a man was ploughing near a birch wood in the neighbourhood of the witch's house. He saw a fine roe grazing in the wood. He hurried home for his gun, and stalked the animal very carefully till within range. On looking up to take aim he saw no roe, but Jeanie gathering the dew into her apron.

(C) A farmer had for several evenings noticed a fine fat hare eating his briard. On more than one occasion he had shot at the animal but without hitting her. One evening he loaded his gun with a sixpence having a cross on it. He fired, the shot took effect, away rushed the hare, and disappeared down the "lum" (wooden

chimney) of Jeanie's house. The farmer entered the house and found Jeanie on bed. "Ye've got sehr hips the nicht, Jeanie," said he. "Aye," answered she; "bit (but) your wife 'ill ha'e sehrer, or she get quit o' faht ye ga'e 'er." The wife died in childbed.

(D) On one occasion she paid a visit to a farmer, a great friend of hers. He had a son in bad health. A cow was ill and almost at the point of death at the same time. About midnight Jeanie heard a voice calling, "Will I tack the coo or Duncan?" (the son). "The coo, the coo, an leave Duncan," answered she. Next morning Duncan was restored to health, and the cow was dead.

(E) Jeanie's house caught fire one day when she was from home. Some neighbours were doing their best to save the house when the old woman arrived. She at once went into the smoke, crying, "If a'm yours, give me three puffs an three blows, an in the diel's name oot it goes."

(F) She was passing a house after a heavy rain and whilst it was raining heavily. The river Don was in high flood. The gueedewife and children were standing in the door "greeting sehr" (crying bitterly). "Faht ails you?" quo' Jeanie. "See my peer man (husband) gan (going) to wide (wade) the wattir, an he'll be droont," said the weeping wife. "Gee me yer corn-riddle," quo' the witch, "an I'll tack 'im ower." The corn-riddle was brought and given to her. She launched it, stepped on it, and reached the middle of the stream without any mishap. When in mid-stream the riddle began to shake, and toss, and whirl to such a degree that it looked as if it would upset. The man saw what he thought the danger, and cried ont, "God save you, Jeanie." In a moment Jeanie disappeared with the riddle and was never seen again.

(G) Jeanie had a son. He was a glutton and had a liking for milk. If a gueedewife refused to give milk when he asked it, her cows yielded little or no milk for the season. My informant assures me many firmly believed this. (Corgarff.)

5.—(A) L—— D—— had the reputation of being a witch. On several occasions J—— F——, of P——, observed a hare in his garden. He tried to shoot the animal at three separate times, but to

no purpose. He tried it a fourth time, loaded his gun with a sixpence, took aim, and fired. The shot took effect, and away limped the wounded hare and escaped. The witch when she next appeared was lame, and walking by the help of a stick, which she was obliged to use ever after on account of her lameness.

(b) One day she asked money from the man who had wounded her when in hare-shape. He was afraid to refuse her, and gave a half-crown piece. It was his usual assertion, on speaking of the matter, that he never "waart" (spent) money to better purpose, for whatever he took in hand afterwards throve beyond expectation. He tried to keep her favour by giving her year by year "a fraucht o' peats," *i.e.* two cart-loads of peats, to keep her warm during winter.

(c) One day she went into a house, and, seeing curds prepared for making cheese, she asked for a little. The gueedewife for some reason or other refused the request. Lizzie left the house in no kindly humour. The gueedewife in the doing of her work had shortly after to go outside for a little. She left the door standing open, the dog entered the house and ate the curds. Said the gueedewife, "A micht as weel ha'e geen (given) some o' them t' Lizzie, as latten (let) the dog eht (eat) them."

(d) On another day she went into a house and begged for a little butter. The request was refused. Next time the cows were milked they gave no milk, nor did they give milk till Lizzie's favour was gained by a present, and so she would allow the cows to give their milk. My informant, Mr. Wm. Michie, farmer, Coull of Newe, Strathdon, knew the woman. (Strathdon.)

WALTER GREGOR.

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## DEVIL STORIES.

## I.

## THE DEVIL IN SHAPE OF A DOG.



T was a common belief that the devil took the shape of a beast, often that of a dog, and made his way in that shape to any spot where a great crime was to be committed or some tragic thing to take place. J—— R——, farmer, in Milton of Glenbuck, was one Sunday morning strolling over his fields to view his crops, when a big black mastiff rushed past him at more than ordinary speed. The brute attracted the farmer's attention by his great sticking-out "allegugous" eyes. He followed him as fast as he was able, never lost sight of him, and saw him enter the door of the farmhouse of Drumgarrow, where two brothers lived. At that moment he heard a shot inside. One of the brothers was shot dead. A mystery hangs over the man's death. (Told by Wm. Michie, Strathdon.)

## II.

## THE DEVIL IN SHAPE OF A STAG.

The actor in the following story was Mr. Catnach, a teacher in Corgarff:—

"Weel, Mr. Catnach, did ever ye gyang (go) to Mar Forrest t' sheet (shoot) deer?"

"Weel, I did that, an I got sumthing I'll never forget. It was a bad year, an a very, very bad year. There was no meal in the laan (land, country), but there was middlin' pitaties (potatoes). So I thoct I would tack ane o' my boys and go to Mar Forest, and try and get a deer to the pitaties. We geed (went) awa the nicht afore, landing in the Forest at the screek o' day. As soon as it was clear aneuch (enough) I saw a very, very fine stag. I fired at him, and

the ball played skelk on 's ribs is (as) they had been a granite stane. Thinkin' I had ower little puther in I loads again, puttin' in a puckle extra (quantity). I didna travel far fan (when) I sees my lad, again fires, 'only to hear the ball play skelk again. Weel, I shot an shot an better nor shot, till my amunition was a' deen (done) but ae shot a (of) puther, but I had nae ball. Stoppin' at a shiel near the head a Gairn (a stream in the Forest), the boy an me made pert t' pit by the nicht; but sic (such) a nicht is (as) we pat by. About the bell hoor the terriblest noise raise (rose) that ever I heard—boorin' like a bull, lowin' like a coo, and scraapin' as they wud (would) seen (soon) scraap the rocks oot at their foondations. I wiz feart (afraid), an the boy wiz very, very feart; but I at the lenth (length) took courage, and I cries oot in God's name if your head wud rive. It never gave anither myout nor maneer."

"An faht think ye, Mr. Catnach, it wiz?"

"I'm in nae doubts faht it wiz. I saw't wee my twa leukin een. It wiz jist aul Hornie himsel, an he geed up a rock at the back a bothy in a great flash of fire."

"An ye got nae venison, did ye?"

"Aye, did I. As I wiz cummin doon the Glacks' o'Gairn I met a decent like woman an-sat doon t' hae a crack wee 'er, fan faht diz (does) she see but a fine hind comin straucht (straight) till's. 'Hae ye a shot 'i yer gun, gueedeman?' said she. 'I hae puther but nae ball t' put in,' quo' I. 'Lat me see yer gun, gueedeman.' I gyah (gave) 'er my gun. She leuket at it, saying, 'Te hae a neeper (neighbour) wee an ill ee. Dunnua len' him yer gun again, but tack a shot at that hind.' Tackin a careless aim kennin there wiz nae ball in I fired. Heels ower head geed the hind shot fair throww the heart."

"But fat cam o' the woman?"

"But that's mair nor I can tell. The boy said shee geed up the brae like a bawd, but I never believe 'im. The boy an me cam hame an twa gueede birns (burdens), an I had plenty a venison till my Yeel dinner in spite o' the deal (devil), but to sure wark I got a silver cross button on for a vissie on my gun."

## III.

## THE DEVIL IN SHAPE OF A RAVEN.

Many years ago there lived in the wildes of Braemar a man named Iane use na gergie, *i.e.* blood John of the fir. He stuck at nothing; murdering and stealing as it suited him. On one occasion he along with two companions went a deer-stalking to one of the wildest corries in Mar Forest. Night overtook them, and they had to take shelter in a shiel among the hills. They had not been long in the hut when John was taken suddenly ill. His companions as they sat beside him were startled by a sound like the croaking of thousands of ravens. One of the men took heart and looked out of the hut to see what might be the cause of the sound. He saw a bird of the shape of a raven, and so large that his wings covered the whole shieling. The two men seized their guns and attacked the bird. They spent the whole of their ammunition on the monster, but without effect. It clung to the shieling. The men then went into it and barricaded the door, and waited to see what might be the end of the matter. John grew worse and worse till midnight, when he died. As he drew the last breath the door was burst open and the devil rushed in. He had the form of half man, half beast, with tremendous horns on his head, and cloven feet covered with iron. In a voice of thunder he cried out, "I claim my own," and at the same time made a clutch at the dead body. One of the men had a stick in his hand, and with it he drew a circle round the body in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, whilst the other "sained" (made the sign of the cross over) it. The devil had no power to go within the circle. Still he would not leave what he claimed as his own; and, summoning thirteen other smaller evil spirits, he with them danced round the dead man outside the circle during the rest of the night. As the first ray of light struck the peak of the highest mountain, they all disappeared through the roof of the shieling with a roar so terrible that it rent a hole in a rock near the shieling, which is called "the Hole of Hell."

Told often to James Farquharson by an old woman from Braemar, who died in 1843 at the age of 93.

## IV.

## THE DEVIL IN SHAPE OF PAN.

It was in the days of smuggling whisky. There lived in the lower part of Corgarff a wild "raffie" sort of a man called David Bertie. He was a great smuggler. He kept a horse for carrying to different parts of the south country the product of his illegal still. One very dark night he set out on a southern journey to sell his whisky, mounted between two casks. As he had to pass near where the gauger (excise officer) lived, he had to keep a sharp look-out. On turning an angle of the road near the gauger's house, he met right in the face what looked like a man riding on horseback at a most furious gallop.

"Wiz ye ony fleyt, Davie?"

"L—d, man, terrible. I thoct it wiz the gauger."

"But it wizna (was not) him, wiz't (was it)?"

"Na."

"Did ye ken fah wiz't?"

"Aye, fine that."

"An fah wiz't than?"

"It wiz the devil."

"An wizna (were not) ye fleyt at him, Davie?"

"Na; I wiz relievt fin I kent it wiz him an nae the gauger."

"An faht like wiz he?"

"Ow, he wiz a gay decent-like chiel, if he hidna (had not) hid a terrible head o' horns, an fearfu' lang hairy legs wee (with) great cloven feet; but L—d, man, he hid a terrible smell o' brimstane."  
(Told by J. Farquharson, Corgarff.)

WALTER GREGOR.

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## DERBYSHIRE SAYINGS.

[Contributed to the *Derbyshire Advertiser* by GEORGE HIBBERT.]

- A wink is as good as a nod to a blind horse.  
 Afore I'd do that, I'd run my yed atween Will Shore's two trees on Oaker. [Oaker Hill is on the west side of Darley Dale. Two trees on the top of it are said to mark the site of a fratricide, and can be seen for a long distance. Cf. "An Attempt at a Derbyshire Glossary," by J. Sleigh, in the *Reliquary* for 1865.]  
 All awry like Dick's hatband.  
 As bug [?] as bull-beef.  
 As crooked as Robin Hood's bow. [See *Robin Hood* below.]  
 As dear as cinnamon.  
 As drunk as David's sow.  
 As hollow as my shoon when my foot's out on't.  
 As ill scauden as brunt [=it is as bad to be scalded as burnt].  
 As lazy as Ludlam's dog that laid him down to bark. [Ray.]  
 As lean as a shot-herring, [how did this saying come so far inland?].  
 As mony rags as th' parson preaches on.  
 As merry as a grig.  
 As near dead as a toucher [?].  
 As nitle as a tnp-maiden [=as smart as a boy who does woman's work].  
 As pratty as paint.  
 As right as a trivet.  
 As safe as Chelsea.  
 As sound as a roach.  
 As thin as a grew'nd [greyhound].  
 As thick as inkle-weavers; or, as two in a bed.  
 As throng [busy] as Throp's wife; and she hanged hersen in a dish-clout.



Beware of a breed if it be but a batterdock [colt's foot].

Derbyshire born and Derbyshire bred,

Strong i' th' arm but weak i' th' yed,

Easily led but dour to drive.

Eldon Hole wants filling up [said as a hint that some statement is untrue. Eldon Hole is a deep vertical cavern on Eldon Hill, on the eastern side of the Peak Forest. A Mr. Lloyd descended into it in 1781, and found a bottom at 62 yards' depth. Cf. Black's *Guide to Derbyshire*, p. 77].

Fou' i' th' cradle, fair i' th' saddle. [Cf. Ray, s.v. A ragged colt may make a good horse.]

"God speed you well," quo' clerk o' Hope. [?]

He can't dint into a pound of butter [said of a weak hitter].

He hasna a idle bone i' a' his body.

He stares like a stuck pig.

He'd skin a bowder-stone to get at its rops [intestines].

He's driving his hogs o'er Swarson's brig [=he has undertaken a hazardous enterprise. "Swarson's brig" is a very long bridge over the Trent, at which the Highlanders turned back daunted in 1745, *teste* Charlotte Snape, Hazelwood, Derbyshire, 1889].

He's get a' his buttons on [=he is wide awake].

He's get a' th' water o' th' wheel [=he has got more than his share].

He's a pair jaffle-yedded sort o' half-bake, and mun be bled for the simples [=he is a simpleton].

He's non' gain [=he is no fool].

He's nowt good-for till he's happed-up. [Happed-up=buried. Said of a miser whose money profits no one till he is dead.]

[He's nowt good-for till he gies crows a pudden: ditto. Charlotte Snape, Hazelwood, 1889.]

Hot love (or calf-love) is soon cold. [Ray.]

I'd elder go to Derby nor to the Bastoile [=I'd sooner go to gaol than to the workhouse].

"I'm forty fashions," as Jack Fielding o' Todholes says.

"I'm very wheamow" [nimble], quo' th' old woman when she stepped into th' middle o' th' bittlin, [milkpail. Yorkshire, Ray].

Let's goo to Gilgal; *i.e.* get out of the way.

Like Cadman's tit, nought to be catch't, nought when it wor catch't.

[Like Chesterfield steeple, all o' one side. Charlotte Snape, Hazelwood, 1889. The spire of Chesterfield Church is out of the perpendicular.]

Mony a one lives in Hope as ne'er saw Castleton. [Hope is a mile and a half from Castleton; apparently this reflects on the stay-at-home character of the villagers.]

More pigs and less parsons.

Muckson up to the buckson; *i.e.* dirty up to the knuckles.

Nowght's niver i' danger.

"Now, Jack, gie it randy bacon!" an expression used by the leader of a village band when urging the drummer to play louder. (!)

One fool in a play is more than enough.

[Only fools and fiddlers sing at meals. Robin Hood could stand any cold but that of a thaw-wind. Two sayings of my Derbyshire grandfather, who died 1844. C. S. B.]

Robin Hood's pennyworths. [?]

To over-shoot Robin Hood. [Cf. "As crooked," above.]

Strike, Dakeyne! the devil's i' th' hemp. [?]

The blortin' [noisy] cow soon forgets its calf.

'Tis better to lose i' th' kit than i' th' carcase [to lose goods than to suffer bodily injury].

Weal and woman never pan,

But woe and woman can. [Ray.]

Where Meg Mutchell lost her shuf. [?]

Yo' conna spell Chesterfield steeple aright, [=neither words nor witchcraft will put it straight; see above].

CHARLOTTE S. BURNE.

## STAFFORDSHIRE SAYINGS,

## FROM THE NORTH-WESTERN OR "POTTERY" DISTRICT.

[Contributed to the *Staffordshire Advertiser*, Dec. 8th, 1877, and Jan. 26th, 1878, by Mr. G. STATHAM, Congleton, and a correspondent from Hanley.]

All of a spinning=all alike.

As bad as Swath Hooime (=Hulme), who was two hours getting his shirt on, and then he didna do it right. [Used in rebuking dawdling and clumsiness.]

Booked for Bucknall=going to be married. [Hanley people formerly preferred to be married at Bucknall Church. Both places were originally chapelries in Stoke-on-Trent parish. Bucknall was erected into a separate district in 1807, Hanley not till 1827. Probably the fashion and the saying arose in the interval between the two events.]

Fly round by Jackson's end=make haste. Often used by mothers when sending their children on errands.

Going over Yarlet Hill=going to gaol, because the road to Stafford from the north of the county lay over Yarlet Hill.

Hanging Jos = eating before the appointed time. "Mothers when putting up children's dinners to take with them to school, or to their place of employment, often give the injunction, 'not to get hanging Jos.' 'He's hanging Jos' is a remark often made on a potworks when any one is seen to be mortgaging on what has been packed up for his dinner."

I shall go to Leek out of the noise. "This saying is of Congleton origin, and arose through a murder committed a hundred years ago outside that town by a man named Thorley, whose body was gibbeted on West Heath. The deed caused great excitement, and Thorley, hearing people all round him talking about it, uttered the words named, which from that

time have become a proverb used when any one finds himself, through something he has done, the object of inquiry and comment." [Congleton is in Cheshire: Leek, about ten miles distant, in Staffordshire. It is obvious that Thorley's remark, and his want of participation in the general excitement, were what drew suspicion on him and caused the saying to be remembered.]

Like Bott's cocks, all of a breed—all alike.

Once nowt, twice summat—a first offence counts for nothing. "Akin to the German 'Einmal, keinmal.'" [This seems like a forgotten beginning, or first half, of the common proverb "The third time pays for all."]

To throw one over the bridge—"to give up entirely, to utterly forsake one."

You can't get more from a cat than its skin—"you can't get out of a creditor more than he has got."

CHARLOTTE S. BURNE.

## COORG FOLKLORE.

[Collected from Richter's *Manual of Coorg*, Mangalore, 1870.]



**A**FTER a successful hunt for a tiger the natives form a procession and carry the carcass with the band of tom-toms to the mandu or village green. The heroes of the day are the man who shot the beast and he who first touched its tail, a feat which used to be rewarded by the Rajah with the present of a silver bangle. The carcass is then raised on a wooden frame, and, according to time-honoured fashion, the lucky sportsman is to be wedded to the departed soul of the tiger, and may henceforth wear the honourable gala-nishi or grand mustachio in Rajah's fashion. The wedding ceremony is thus described. Under a screen, on a wedding chair, his face towards the carcass, sits the hero of the day, clothed in warrior costume and covered with flowers,

wreaths, and gold ornaments. Behind him stand his armour-bearers, in front the sacred house lamp on a heap of rice poured into a brass dish. First each member of his house—men, women, and children—then all his friends one by one step up to the bridegroom, strew a handful of rice from the brass dish over his head, give him from a brass vessel a sip of milk to drink, and in making obeisance drop a silver coin in his lap. This money is given with a view to defraying the impending expenditure on a sumptuous dinner given to the whole company. A dance round the tiger concludes the tamásh, and the night wears away with singing and feasting. Sometimes one sees children with the ornament of two tigers' claws joined together by silver or gold and suspended round the neck as a charm to keep off the evil eye. (41-42)

Black bears are found; their flesh is not eaten, but pieces of their skin are attached to the necks of horses and cows to keep off the evil eye. (44)

The otter-hound is eaten by the Yerawas tribe. (44)

The flesh of the Bandicoot rat is eaten by the Holeyas, Kurubas, and Yerewas. (45)

The hare is universally eaten. (47)

The porcupine is eaten. The quills are thrown away because of the belief that if kept in the house their presence will cause quarrels amongst the inmates. (47)

The cow is held sacred. (48)

The bison is killed without hesitation, but only eaten by lowest classes. (49)

The pig and wild hog are eaten. (51)

The owl is greatly dreaded. (54)

In the neighbourhood of Subramanya peacocks may not be killed, as they are believed to be the vehicles of the god residing there. [Elsewhere it is killed.] (60)

The cobra or hood snake is kept and worshipped in demon temples. (62)

The bones of the patte-kolaka snake are strung together and worn as a charm against sores or swelling of the glands. (63)

The green whip snake in native opinion enjoys the purity and sanctity of the Brahmin, and its skin is said to get blistered by the very shadow of man falling on it. (64)

A jungle tribe, the Jénu-kurubas, gather the honey of bees in the month of June. While thus engaged they sing a peculiar song made for the occasion, and expressing their feigned sympathy with the spoliated bees, so rudely disturbed of their nightly rest. (73)

Of the three kinds of *crabs*, a mother of the Yeddavanád people will exhort her children with the proverb :

Eat Kallalli and you will become a clever man ;

Eat Hullalli and you will become brave as a tiger ;

Eat Mandalli and you will become master of the house. (80)

On Monday the farmer does not plough with bullocks, but buffaloes only, considering Monday as the day of the bullocks' creation. (88)

With the first showers in April and May the ploughing commences. On a propitious day before sunrise the house-lamp is lighted in the inner verandah, the house-people assemble and invoke their ancestors and Kávéri Amma for a blessing ; the young men make obeisance to their parents and elders and then drive a pair of bullocks into the paddy-fields, where they turn the heads of the beasts towards the east. The landlord now offers cocoanuts and plantains, rice and milk, to the presiding deity of his Nád, and lifting up his hands in adoration to the rising sun invokes a blessing. The oxen are yoked and three furrows ploughed, when the work is finished for that morning. Of the turned earth they take a clod home to the storehouse or granary, praying Shiva to grant them a hundredfold increase. (88)

As a protection against the evil eye, some half-burnt bamboos about six feet high are erected in a line throughout the middle of the fields. (90)

They worship demons and departed spirits. Charms and sorceries abound all over the country. Disease among men and cattle is readily ascribed to the curses and witchcrafts of enemies. The dead are supposed to trouble the living and to demand sacrifices and other atonements. (125-126)

The head of a Coorg house on his dying bed will solemnly charge

his sons to wreak vengeance on his personal enemies, a bequest which occasions calamitous feuds between succeeding generations. (126). The position, the style of building, and the approaches of old Coorg houses strongly remind one of old fortifications, and tradition points back to a time of general feuds when chief fought with chief and clan with clan. (128)

Marriage festivities had a peculiarly communal character. On some great day a family would call together the whole gráma (village), that is all the families of one of the rice valleys girt with farmhouses, to a feast. The youths would have their ears pierced by the carpenters for earrings, and the maidens had rice strewed on their heads. This was called the marriage feast. The whole community feasted together, and the young people were now at liberty to go in search of husbands and wives. (132)

The present marriage festivities resemble the common fashion of the Hindus. The young Coorg must first obtain the consent of his father. The Aruva of the house is then taken into the marriage council. He has to speak to the Aruva of the family to whom the desired bride belongs. These Aruvas hold an important office among the Coorgs; they act as representatives, counsel, &c., on the great occasions of life. A particular friend of a neighbouring Coorg house becomes its Aruva, and a member of this house is naturally the Aruva of the other. The answer to the negotiations being favourable, the whole house [of the bride] is carefully swept and a lamp is lit. The two Aruvas with the heads of the respective families stand before it (the bridegroom's Aruva and father or elder brother on one side, the bride's representatives on the other) and shake hands together in token of an inviolable contract having been concluded in the presence of the divinity or sacred light of the house. (133-134)

When the time approaches, the astrologers' counsel is asked for the choice of a propitious day. On the last day before the wedding, all the families of the villages of the bride and bridegroom are summoned. Each house must send at least one male and one female representative. Now the wedding sheds are finished, pigs are slaughtered and

dressed; rice and vegetables are prepared. On the wedding day the two village communities to which the bride and bridegroom belong are in festive commotion. No house is permitted to absent itself from the general gathering. In the bridegroom's house the male guests, in the bride's house the female attendants, busy themselves with bathing, dressing, and ornamenting the chief personage of the day. At the propitious hour both bride and bridegroom are conducted to the wedding seat in their respective houses. The guests put themselves in order. One after the other approaches the bridegroom or the bride, strews some grains of rice upon his or her head, lifts a brass vessel filled with milk from the ground and pours some drops into his or her mouth, puts a piece of money into his or her hand, and passes on. (134-135)

In the afternoon the bridegroom is conducted by his party in procession to the house of the bride. Then a new feast is provided. This over, the parties of the bride and bridegroom, each consisting of the representatives of their respective villages, stand in two rows opposite to each other. A lamp is lit between them. The bride's party, the Aruva being spokesman, asks the bridegroom's party, "Do you give our daughter, house and yard, field and jungle, gold and silver." This question is thrice put. When it is answered in the affirmative, the bridegroom's Aruva delivers three pebbles into the hands of the bride in token of her right to the property of her future husband's home. The bride is then conducted into the kitchen and seated on a stool. A light is kindled. The bridegroom is now brought in. He strews some grains of rice upon her head, gives her a little milk to drink, and makes her a present of some coin. He is succeeded by his parents and relatives, who salute the bride in the same manner. After this welcome given by the whole family to the new member the bridegroom takes the hand of his bride, bids her rise, and leads her into the outer room of the house. Thus the daughter bids farewell to the house of her birth, and renounces all her claims upon the family and property of her parents. Upon this the wedding party returns to the bridegroom's house. Again the guests are feasted. Then the Aruva of the husband conducts bride and bridegroom into



their own room and dismisses the party. After five, seven, nine, or eleven days the bride's relatives arrive at the house of the newly-married couple, and carry the bride away with them. On her return to her former home she is treated as unclean, her dress and ornaments are taken from her, she is not permitted to touch anything in the house, and is shut up like a woman after childbirth. In this seclusion the young woman is kept for a fortnight, or a month, or even two months, from which time she becomes free. (138-139)

The birth of a child renders the mother and the whole house unclean, and every one who may come in contact with them. This ceremonial uncleanness lasts for seven days. (141)

Daughters are not much valued. Boys are the stay of families. (141)

As soon as a Coorg boy is born, a little bow of a castor-oil-plant stick, with an arrow made of a leaf-stalk of the same plant, is put into his little hands, and a gun fired at the same time in the yard. (141)

On the 12th day after birth the child is laid into the cradle by the mother or grandmother, who on this occasion gives the name. (141).

A case of death defiles the house for seven days. The bodies of the young under sixteen years of age and of women are buried, those of other persons are burnt. On the death, messengers are despatched to every house of the village community. As on a wedding, each house must send at least one male and one female. The Aruva of the family has again the direction of the ceremonies. The body is laid upon a funeral bed in the middle apartment, and near to the bed a lighted lamp is placed. This lamp is of clarified cow's butter in half a cocoanut placed on a handful of rice in a copper dish. Towards evening the corpse is brought into the yard, a little water is poured into its mouth by the relatives, and a piece of money deposited in a copper dish containing a little cocoa milk, saffron, rice, and well water. Then the body is carried to the burial or burning ground. Each funeral guest approaches, dips his finger into the copper dish, moistens the lips of the corpse with a drop or two, and lays a piece of money into the plate. This collection goes to defray the expenses of the funeral. The body is then deprived of its ornaments, laid in the grave,

or upon the pile, the contents of the funeral lamp dish are thrown upon it, and the ceremony of burning or burial is concluded. Before the last scene, however, some relatives must be set apart for funeral observances until the Dhiti, the great ceremonial day which is celebrated at the end of the lunar month in which the decease has occurred. The relatives set apart have to perform a lesser course of fasting. At noon they bathe, prepare their own food, eat part of it themselves, and give the rest to the crows, which consume it for the dead. When the Dhiti arrives, the whole village community is invited to a feast in honour of the departed and for the quiet of his soul. (143-144)

The Kávéri feast, which is a public bathing ceremonial at a sacred well, is celebrated also in Coorg houses. Before sunrise the mistress early goes to the cooking-room, takes a brass dish, throws into it a handful of rice, spreads it over the plate, and puts a common lamp which has been in daily use into the centre. The burning lamp is surrounded with flowers gathered from a garden or the jungle. To these a fresh young cucumber is added. Then a red handkerchief is placed behind the lamp. Upon the handkerchief one jewel of gold or silver is laid. Then a good mat is spread upon the ground, and a tripod, which serves the Coorgs for a dinner-table, placed upon the mat. Upon the tripod the woman sets the brass plate with the rice, lamp, cloth, and jewel. She then proceeds to bake three little cakes from a dough of rice-flour and plantains, well kneaded together on the preceding night upon a stone mould well heated. Three of these little cakes are added to the contents of the plate. Then she calls the inmates of the house. They all rise instantly, go straight into the kitchen, and fold their hands before the tripod as in adoration. One of the men takes three or five of the fresh cakes and carries them down to the rice-fields. There he puts the cakes upon one of the bamboo-sticks which have been put in every field on the preceding day crowned with a bundle of Keibala creepers. The field next to the house is chosen for this offering. When the cakes are duly laid on the top of the creeper-crowned pole the man gives three shouts and returns to the house. On the return of the man from the field,

the whole family sit down in the kitchen and eat the cakes prepared by the mistress and the other females after their morning entrance into the cooking and dining rooms. When these cakes are consumed the ceremony is over. The cakes in the field are gathered by the Holeyas, the serfs of the Coorgs. (149-150)

The Huttari feast is held in honour of the annual rice harvest. It is the great national festival of the Coorgs and the Holeyas, their serfs, and no Brahmins can take part. Six days before the chief festival of tasting the new rice all the males from six to sixty years assemble on one of the Mandus of the Gráma after sunset. When the assembly is full a space is marked out for the performance. Three Coorg men step into the centre and call aloud three names: Ayappa! Mahádéva! Bhagavati! The men stand in a triangle, their faces towards the centre, their backs towards the company. Ayappa is the Coorg forest god, Mahádéva the Siva of the Hindus, and Bhagavati his wife. The assembly performs different kinds of plays and dances representing the wars which in ancient times appear to have been waged between peoples of different districts. A man is wounded; a physician is called to prescribe for him. Another wounded man dies, and Holeyas are called to invite his friends to the funeral. A scene of demoniacal possession is acted. The funeral is performed. Dances follow and feats of gymnastic strength and agility. The Huttari takes place at full moon. Early in the morning before dawn a quantity of Ashvatha (*Ficus religiosa*), Kumbali, and Keka (wild trees) leaves, some hundreds of each for great houses, together with a piece of a creeper called Inyoli, and some fibrous bark called Achchi, are collected and deposited in a shady place for the use of the evening. During the day the house is cleansed, brass vessels are scoured. Beggars come and are dismissed with presents. The Méla brings the Huttari basket, the potter the little Huttari pot, the blacksmith a new sickle, the carpenter a new spoon, the Holeya a new mat. Each carries off his portion of Huttari rice and plantains. The astrologer follows to communicate the exact time of the full moon, and claims his share of the Huttari bounty. The cattle are washed and scrubbed for once; the menial servants have an extra

allowance of rice; breakfast and dinner are served to the family. At sunset the whole family prepares for a hot bath. The precedence is given to the person whom the astrologer has chosen in the morning for the ceremony of cutting the first sheaves. On his return from bathing he repairs to the threshing-floor, spreads the Huttari mat, and while the rest are engaged in their ablutions cuts the Inyoli creeper into small pieces, rolls each piece into an Ashvatha, a Kumbali, and a Keka leaf, in the fashion of a native cheroot, and ties up the little bundle with a bit of Achchi fibre. All the bundles are placed in the Huttari basket. Now the women take a large dish, strew it with rice, and place a lighted lamp in it. This done, the whole household march towards the fields, the dish with the lamp is carried in front, the sheaf-cutter follows with basket and sickle in one hand and a bamboo bottle of fresh milk in the other. Arrived at the chosen spot, the young man binds one of the leaf scrolls from his basket to a bush of rice and pours milk into it. He cuts an armful of rice in the neighbourhood and distributes two or more stalks to every one present. Some stalks are put into the milk vessel. No one must touch the sheaf-cutter. All return to the threshing-floor, shouting as they walk on "Poly, poly, Déva!" (increase, O God!) A bundle of leaves is adorned with a stalk of rice and fastened to the post in the centre of the threshing-floor. The company proceed to the door of the house, where the mistress meets them, washes the feet of the sheaf-cutter, and presents to him, and after him to all the rest, a brass vessel filled with milk, honey, and sugar, from which each takes a draught. They move into the kitchen. The Huttari mat is spread, the brass dish, the rice sheaf, and the baskets with leaf scrolls each with a stalk of rice are placed on it. The young man distributes the bundles to the members of the family, who disperse to bind them to everything in house and garden—doors, stools, roof, trees, &c. In the meantime he sits down to knead the Huttari dough of rice meal, plantains, milk, and honey, seven new rice corns, seven pieces of cocoanut, seven small pebbles, seven pieces of dry ginger, seven cardamom seeds, and seven corns of sesamum are added. Every one receives a little of this dough upon an Ashvatha leaf and eats it.

The ceremony is over and the sheaf-cutter mixes with the company. (151-155)

The Bhagavati feast, one of the two lesser annual festivals, has been introduced by Tulu Brahmans, or if it was originally a Coorg observance has been thoroughly Brahmanized. Two or three villages have one Bhagavati temple in common, and support it jointly. These temples are in charge of Brahmans entirely. On the afternoon of the sixth day a crowd of Holeyas who have finished the Pannangalamma-feast (a corresponding Holey festival) come to the open space before the temple, many of them possessed by devils of their own which belong to the host of Pannangalamma, all of them jumping and dancing and beating their drums and gongs. Every one of them—man, woman, and child—carries a long, dry bamboo-stick. These bamboos are piled up in front of the temple like soldiers' muskets, and set fire to at night, when the Holeyas dance round the flames until the pile breaks and falls to the ground. If the pile falls to the east it is considered a lucky omen. While these things take place outside, the temple yard resounds with the voices of Coorgs singing hymns in honour of Bhagavati and the wild notes of many drums. (158-159)

The Keilmúrtu festival takes place after harvest. [The first day is devoted to sports.] On the following morning the youths assemble for a hunt in the forest belonging to the village. Whatever game is brought down is divided by the huntsmen in the following manner: the man who has killed the animal receives a hind quarter and the head, the rest belongs to the company. (162)

Every Coorg family offers a sacrifice to its departed ancestors once a year during the two months preceding the monsoon. A fowl, generally a cock, is killed upon a stone devoted to the Káranas somewhere in the jungle land belonging to the family estate. Kárana is the name given to the heads of families whether living or dead. Some of the families have temples consecrated to the worship of the dead called Keimada. The Pújáris, officiating priests, employed in these ceremonies are Malayálos, Panika, Maleya, Banna men subordinate to the Kanyas, the hereditary Malayálam astrologers of Coorg. At the

Kola sacrifice, those who are to be possessed by the spirits wear masks and buckle on swords. As they sing of the deceased father, or grandfather, or other ancestor, his spirit seizes them and they speak as his mouthpieces. To each spirit a sacrifice is offered—a cock, and a bottle of spirits which his representative drinks. The ceremony begins after sunset in the presence of the whole village community, and is continued until morning. About seven or eight o'clock in the morning pigs are sacrificed. The head of one of the pigs belongs to the performers, the rest is cooked in the house to which the temple is attached, and is consumed by the whole community. (163)

Every family has some spot on the estate in a retired part of the jungle land where a sacrifice of a fowl is offered every year to the departed by the living members of the house. No strangers are permitted to attend on these occasions. A stone placed on a rough mound serves as altar. (164)

Each parcel of grass or forest ground has a presiding divinity, to which an annual sacrifice of pork and cakes is offered. If this sacrifice be not made the Kádévaru (*i.e.* the god watching over the cattle) will withdraw his favour, and sickness and death among the cattle will ensue. (165)

There are some extensive forests called Dévara-Kádu which are untrodden by human foot, and superstitiously reserved for the abodes or hunting grounds of deified heroic ancestors. (166)

Tradition relates that human sacrifices were offered in former times to secure favour of the tutelary goddesses of the Sakti line, who are supposed to protect the villages or náds from all evil influences. Once a year, by turns from each house, a man was sacrificed by cutting off his head in the temple. Now only goats are offered. The he-goat is killed in the afternoon, the blood sprinkled upon a stone, and the flesh eaten. At night the Panikas, dressed in red and white striped cotton cloths, and their faces covered with metal or bark masks, perform their demoniacal dances. (168-169)

In connection with this sacrifice are peculiar dances performed by the Coorgs around the temple: the Kombáta, or horn dance, each man wearing the horns of a spotted deer or stag on his head; the

Piliáta, or peacock's feather dance, the performers being ornamented with peacocks' feathers; and the Chauriáta, or yák tail dance, during which the dancers keeping time swing yák tails. These ornaments belong to the temple, where they are kept. (170)

On the Hattur hill there is an annual játre in honour of Isvara, or Siva, who has there a little stone-shaped temple dedicated to him.

For seven days before the Tulásankramana, in the village Mugu-tagéri at the foot of the hill, the ryots assemble one from each house at the Mandu, and sing Coorg chants in praise of Isvara. On the night of the seventh the inhabitants of the whole nád come together, disguising themselves in masks of eighteen various descriptions; they then go to the Ambala and dance and sing to the sound of the tom-tom. The day following, a light hollow frame representing a horse, made of cane work, is decked out so as to hide the lower part of the man's body who carries it, making it appear as if he rode the horse. The multitude then ascend the hill in procession, headed by the horse, and a band of musicians dance round the temple and bring their offerings of water, fruit, and honey. (174)

G. L. GOMME.

## INDO-BURMESE FOLKLORE.

*(Translated from the Burmese.)*

By R. F. ST. ANDREW ST. JOHN, M.A.



HERE is a little Burmese book called "The Precedents of Princess Sudhammacari," containing, it is said, twenty-seven fables in illustration of what is considered good law. In the published Burmese text, however, there are only sixteen, and of these only three appear to be connected with the name of the princess. She is stated to have been the daughter of Madda, Rájá of a state in the country Kamboja. These tales were probably imported into Burma from India at the beginning of the Christian era, if not earlier, by Buddhist immigrants.

## 1ST SUDHAMMACARI STORY.

*The Dog, the Cat, and the Mungûs.*

Ages ago, in the time of the Buddha Konágamano, a prince, a nobleman's son, a rich man's son, and a poor man's son, were being educated together at Tekkasilo\* (Taxila of the Greeks), and when they had completed their education and were about to depart, they questioned their teacher as to the uses of learning, and he related to them the following fable.

At the beginning of this cycle (the cycle of Konágamano) there were in the country of Gahapativéssa (*house-owner—vaicya*, the vaicya caste was the third or trading caste) four rich men who were very great friends; one died and left an only son. One day his mother said to him, "My dear son, you are your father's heir and will inherit the whole of his property; but, as you are still very young, it will be better for you first to go and stay with your father's friends, and complete your education." She then gave him 300 pieces of silver, and told him which way he was to go. The youth set forth with a proper retinue, and on the road met a man with a dog. He asked the man if he would sell the dog, and he answered that he would do so for 100 pieces. The youth paid the money and sent it home to his mother. Next day he met a man with a cat, which he bought for 100 pieces and sent to his mother; and the day after he bought a mungûs (a kind of ferret), and sent it home also. His mother, thinking he had done this with the advice of his father's friends, kept all the animals and fed them well, but as she was not accustomed to wild animals she fed the mungûs with fear and trembling, and gradually began to look very ill. One day her spiritual adviser noticed how ill she was looking, and on his asking the cause she told him. He advised her to give it a good feed and then let it go in the forest. She did so, and the mungûs being very grateful to the young man, brought a ring with a sparkling ruby in it out of the

\* Taxila is constantly represented in Burmo-Buddhist tales as an university in which the sons and daughters of all classes were educated together.



forest, and took it to him, telling him it was a magic ring that would grant every wish, and that he was never to let any one else put it on.

The youth wished, and in the morning a splendid palace had sprung up in front of the house. All the people of the country flocked to see it, and the king came with his daughter. The youth married the princess. A Brahmin, who was the princess's teacher, could not see any particular personal marks on him indicative of extraordinary good luck, but noticed the ring; and one day when the young man was absent, he went to the princess and said, "Lady, does your husband love you very much?" She answered, "How can you ask me such a silly question? Am not I of royal race, and is not he a mere merchant?" Then said the Brahmin, "Ah! if that is the case, I suppose you often wear that beautiful ring of his?" "Yes," said the princess, "if I did not wear it, I should like to know who would." One day when they were together the princess asked him to let her put it on, and as he was really very fond of her he let her have it, telling her never to let any one else have it. Shortly afterwards the Brahmin came again, and asked her if she had got the ring, whereupon she said, "Yes, here it is; I have got it on." He begged hard to be allowed to look at it, and at last one of her maids persuaded her to let the Brahmin have it. As soon as the Brahmin got it he turned into a crow (the Indian crow is a worse thief than a magpie) and flew off to an island in the midst of the ocean, where he dwelt in a palace.

When the youth came home, and heard about it, he was in a terrible state of despondency. The cat took note of this, and one day happening to find some necklaces of gold near a lake, which belonged to some fairies (*Dévi*) who were bathing in it, she took them away, and would not give them back till the fairies promised to build a bridge that would reach the island in which the Brahmin was. This they did, and the cat, creeping along it stealthily, found the Brahmin asleep, got back the ring, and gave it to the rich man's son in return for the kindness with which he had treated her.

Shortly after this a band of robbers came to the house at night, but the dog was awake, and, seizing the leader, threw him down the well, whereupon all the rest ran away. Next morning he told his

master that he had done this out of gratitude for all his kindnesses to him.

The rich man's son was much pleased, and exclaimed, "Ah! people thought me a fool, and abused me for having given so much money for these animals; but see what wealth I am now enjoying, thanks to them."

The dog, the cat, and the mungûs, after these events, could not agree as to which of them should eat first, and determined to go before Princess Sudhammacari (the doer of good law) and get her decision. After she had heard their statements, she delivered judgment, as follows:—

"The dog guarded the rich man's life as well as his wealth, and therefore he is worthy to eat before the other two animals, who only gave him his wealth.

"Verily, amongst animals, there are none who have shown so much gratitude as you."

Though men are more excellent than beasts, one may nevertheless obtain great advantages by showing kindness to them.

*Note.*—This last sentence seems to be an interpolation by the Burmese translator. There is also something incorrect, to my mind, about the commencement of the story, as it was in the first instance written to show "the efficacy or merit (*guno*) of learning;" but it would seem that the youth made his purchases when still in a state of ignorance of the proper system of mercantile dealings.

## 2ND SUDHAMMACARI STORY.

### *The Girl and her Three Lovers.*

Once there were, in the country of Kamboja, four vaicyas who were great friends; three of them had a son and the other had a very beautiful daughter. Each of the three young men sent a message to the parents of the girl.

The first said, "If your daughter should die before she reaches the age of fifteen, I will give her a grand funeral."

The second said, "If she die before the age of fifteen, I will collect her bones after the body is cremated and bear them to the burial-ground."

The third said, "If your daughter die before she reaches the age of fifteen, I will watch in the burial-ground."

To these proposals the parents of the girl gave their consent.

Now it came to pass that the girl died before she was fifteen, and her parents called upon the young men to fulfil their promises, and they did so.

Whilst the third was watching in the burial-ground a Jogi (ascetic endowed with the power of working miracles) came that way, on his road from Himavanta (the mysterious forest of the Himalaya), and, seeing him, asked if he would like the girl to be made alive again; and, on his saying that he would, he restored her to him alive and with all her former beauty.

The other two young men on hearing of this said that, as they had performed their promises, they had also a right to have her in marriage.

After arguing the matter between themselves, they agreed to go to Princess Sudhammacari and abide by her decision. After they had each stated their claim, she gave the following decision:—

"One of you performed the funeral ceremonies and went his way; the other carried the bones to the burial-ground and departed; but the third remained watching in the burial-ground.

"The man who constituted himself a guardian of the burial-ground is debased for seven generations; and, inasmuch as the girl came to life when he still remained with her though dead, he has an undoubted right to her now that she has come to life again."

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*Note.*—At the time of the story the marriageable age appears to have been fifteen, and infant marriages had not come into fashion.

## 3RD SUDHAMMACARI STORY.

*The Man and his Three Wives.*

In those days there was a certain vaicya, who was married at the age of twenty, and he constantly said to his wife, "If I die from the bite of a snake, do not burn my body, but set it afloat in the river on a raft."

One day he was bitten by a snake and died; so his wife called his friends and relations together, and, in accordance with his instructions, they placed his body on a raft and set it afloat.

After a time it reached a town where dwelt a snake-charmer who had three daughters, and it so happened that they were bathing. The eldest girl saw the raft first, and drew the attention of her sisters to it. The second at once swam out and brought it in, whilst the youngest called her father. When the father arrived, he administered drugs and charms to the supposed dead man, and brought him to life. The three sisters at first disputed as to which of them ought to have him as a husband, but the elder sister brought them to themselves by saying, "My sisters, let us restrain our desires with wisdom and let him depart." The younger sisters agreed, and having put a charmed thread round his neck turned him into a parrot.\* The parrot flew into the king's garden and fed on the fruit and flowers. The king asked the gardener how it was that the fruit and flowers were injured, and, on being informed, ordered the bird-catchers to catch the parrot. They caught it and took it to the king, who gave it to his daughter. After a time she discovered the thread and took it off, thereupon the parrot turned into a young man. When she put on the thread again he became a parrot. In course of time the princess lost her shape, and the king ordered the chief justice to hold an inquiry; when they came into the princess's apartment the parrot was so frightened it flew out at the window; but, as it did so, the string caught in the window frame and came off. The chief justice's

\* There is a small Indian parrot that has a mark round its neck like a thread.

attendants, seeing a man, gave chase, but he ran for refuge to the nearest house. The owner was sitting at rice with his wife and daughter, and on being appealed to by the youth told him to sit down with them and put his hand into the dish. When the ushers came into the house the owner asked them what they wanted and why they disturbed him when at meals with his wife and *son-in-law*. He told them that if they thought anyone else was concealed on the premises they might search. As they found no one else they went away. The young man married the daughter of the house. Shortly after the princess began to pine away, and the king being unhappy asked her the cause, and she told him it was because she was separated from her lover. The king thereupon ordered the whole of the people, from the highest to the lowest, to come to a great entertainment, and the youth and his wife came to it. The first wife, who had set him afloat, also came. The princess claimed the youth as her husband; and the first wife, recognising him, also laid claim to him. The present wife declined to give him up, and they all three agreed to abide by the decision of Princess Sudhammacari.

On going before her, the first wife stated that she had performed the funeral rights because she believed him to be dead.

The princess claimed him as being given to her by her father, and that he had only run away through fear that the judge's attendants might kill him.

The present wife claimed him on the score of having saved him from death, as the judge's servants took him for a thief.

The Princess Sudhammacari declared judgment as follows:—

“As for the old wife, since she performed her husband's funeral rites by means of water, though he has come to life again she has no legal claim to him. The princess, when he was pursued by the judge's men, did not protect him, and, if he had died in consequence, she would have lost him; she therefore has no right to call him husband. On the other hand, the parents of the girl who now has him acted so as to prevent a man in peril of death from dying, therefore let her who has him keep him as her partner for life.”

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**NOTE.**—The solution of the problem ignores polygamy, but sanctions marriage by consent of parties without knowledge of parents. It declares the severance of the marital bond by the performance of funeral rites, and the right of the preserver to the life of the preserved. It also declares that when a person might have protected one whom he was bound to protect and failed to do so all claim to that person was lost. It seems also to point out that funeral rites may be performed by means of water as well as by fire or earth.

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## NOTES AND QUERIES.

**Legends from Co. Meath.**—(a) In a little round room in the moat of Diamor are nine kegs of gold guarded against all comers by a black dog as large as a calf, which has a white spot on its side. Whoever intends to get the gold must first kill the dog by giving it three stabs with a knife in the white spot.

The man who told this yarn declares that when the Danes—to whom everything of an uncanny nature is attributed—left the country they hid huge quantities of gold, which is still guarded by dogs and cats.

(b) A man who lived near Lough Sheelin, finding that something was eating his corn every night, sat up to see what it was. After some time, to his astonishment a number of horses came up out of the lake, driven by a most beautiful woman. So impressed was the man by this mermaid's beauty that he seized her in his arms and carried her to his house. Before very long he induced her to marry him, she making the stipulation that she was never to be allowed to see the lake again. For over twenty years they lived most happily together, and had several children. At last one day when the men were hay-making the mother strolled out to look at them and saw the distant

lake. Giving a shriek she flew straight to it, and vanished for ever under the water.

(c) A man made a bet that he would go to the bottom of Lough Sheelin and bring up something from it, and one day he jumped in and went down. Below he found a house, which he entered, and saw in it an old woman sitting at a table, beneath which lay a gigantic eel coiled up. The old woman inquired, "In God's name what do you want down here?"

"Something to show that I was at the bottom of the lake."

"Then take that copper skillet and get away as quick as you can."

This he did, and swimming to the edge just got out of the water before the great eel, which was in pursuit of him, ploughed up the ground with its head exactly where he had landed.

These short legends were communicated to me by letter by E. Crofton Rotherham, Esq.

JOHN ABERCROMBY.

**An Antrim Harvest Custom.**—From my friend Professor Ridgeway, of Queen's College, Cork, I have received the following:

"In Co. Antrim, up to a few years ago, when the sickle was finally expelled by the reaping machine, when the reapers came to the last piece of standing corn in the last field they left a few stalks standing, then plaited them together, and next proceeded to take shots in turn, *blindfolded*, with their sickles at the plaited corn. Whoever struck it with his sickle in such a way as to cut it brought it home and put it over his door. This bunch of corn was called the *carley*; I spell it on the analogy of *barley*, as my informant did not know how it was spelled. I fear that it may be only one of your Scotch customs which has passed over into Antrim. My informant told me it prevailed in the glens of Antrim, where they still speak Irish, and of course from this it may be Keltic custom."

J. G. FRAZER.

**Cornish Harvest Custom still surviving in Places.**—The last sheaf is decked with ribbons. Two strong-voiced men are chosen and placed (one with the sheaf) on opposite sides of a valley. One shouts, "I've gotten it." The other shouts, "What hast gotten?" The first answers "I'se gotten the neck."

N.B.—The spelling of this dialect is only conjectural. The last sheaf is called the "neck."

J. H. MIDDLETON.

**House Custom.**—The late Lord Houghton published in 1841 a pamphlet entitled "One Tract more, or the System illustrated by 'The Tracts for the Times' externally regarded. By a Layman." The following note, which occurs on p. 22, may well be reproduced in the *Folklore Journal*:

"There is still a custom, in parts of the South of England, for a peasant, on moving from one house to another, to take with him as a good charm a black cat, a bag of salt, and a Bible."

EDWARD PEACOCK.

**Story of Solomon's Wisdom.**—Mr. George Hibbert, together with his Derbyshire sayings and other scraps, sent me a copy of an old "printed leaflet," entitled "Cards spiritualised; or, the Soldier's Almanack, Bible, and Prayerbook: Showing how one Richard Middleton was taken before the Mayor of the City he was in, for using a Pack of Cards in the Church during divine service; being a droll, merry, and humorous account of an odd affair that happened to a Private Soldier in the 60th Regiment." The soldier defends himself by the plea that the several cards suggest serious thoughts to his mind, and in so doing introduces the following story: "When I see the queen, it puts me in mind of the Queen of Sheba, who came from the furthestmost part of the world to hear the wisdom of King Solomon, for she was as wise a woman as he was a man; *she brought fifty boys and fifty girls all clothed in boys' apparel, to show before King Solomon, for him to see which were boys and which were girls, but he*



*could not tell. He called for water for them to wash themselves, when the girls washed up to their elbows and the boys only up to their wrists; so King Solomon told by that."*

Can any one trace this story or refer to similar ones?

CHARLOTTE S. BURNE.

**Ears of Babies perforated in Spain.**—As this very curious custom obtains such popular favour amongst the Spanish people, perhaps an account thereof may be inserted in "Notes and Queries" column, as an addition to folklore. Soon after the birth of babies in Spain they receive the water of regeneration, then their ears are bored. Being performed by the family medical or surgical attendant, that skilful operator always inserts the gold ear-wires and performs this act gratis. Spaniards give as a reason for early ear-piercing this strange theory—that at birth eyes are tender, lids being clogged together, which are safely loosened through blood-letting; hence the German patent ear-perforating needle is passed through the ear-lobe and benefits the optic nerve. Early in life this simple remedy excites a wholesome derivative irritation, and the perforation being so exceedingly useful in after life, both sexes are thus treated for therapeutical reasons throughout Spain. The tradition connected with such an idea is of Carthaginian origin, for that people were excessively careful of their eyes, and excelled in curative practices. Ophthalmia and scrofula are very rare in Spain, and the natives maintain that freedom therefrom is owing to ear-piercing. Hence even his present Majesty—Alfonso XIII., King of Spain—was early initiated into this time-honoured custom "of having his ears bored," for the Queen Regent venerates all these traditional customs of her adopted country. Boys wear little gold ear-wires, which are removed at manhood. In Portugal ears are pierced when children are three weeks old; in France, at three years; in Italy, at eighteen months.

MARIA DE SANCHEZ.

**Horse's Hair turned into a Water Snake.**—The following letter appeared in *The Spectator* of June 8th last :

"The following instance of a curious belief held by countryfolk may interest some of your readers. An old man in this parish (in East Kent), who is in full possession of his faculties, and, moreover, has a considerable stock of knowledge of things connected with the farm and garden, informed me the other day of the following remarkable fact (!) in natural history. He told me, quite seriously, that if a hair be taken during summer from the tail of a horse, and placed in a running stream, it would before long become a 'water-snake or an eel,' the result depending, it appeared, upon 'the breed of the horse.' The root of the hair becomes the head of the new creature ! This experiment he had tried, and though, somehow, he had not seen these hairs grow to full maturity, he had undoubtedly seen life developed in them. I feel sure my old friend thoroughly believed all this,—he is too old to have studied biology at a Board school, or he might be wiser. Perhaps this belief is held elsewhere, but I do not remember ever meeting with it before.

"I am, Sir, &c.                      A. D."

**The Devil's Grandmother.**—There is a malicious bit of folklore in the south of Italy bearing on the marriage question. "At Lecce," says Mrs. Janet Ross, in her book on *The Land of Manfred* "there is a proverb, '*La donna non la sopportò neppure il Diavolo*' ('Even the devil could not stand a woman'), which has its origin in an old belief that the devil once married, but was so bothered by his wife that he divorced her within a week. Now he only has his old grandmother, Donna Silvia, a good old woman, who is fond of coming up on to the earth. She cooks and keeps house for her grandson, who is very fond of her, and when he is tired he lays his head on her lap and she sings him to sleep." Some crusty old misogynist must have been the inventor of this story. Donna Silvia must have long since died, for there is no evidence of her grandson having gone to sleep within historic times.—*Christian World*, July 25, 1889.

**Selling a Wife for One Shilling.**—A curious instance of barbarism comes from Hucknall Torkard, a village near Sheffield. It is stated that a day or so ago a leading member of the Salvation Army there disposed of his wife for the small sum of one shilling. A friend of his had evinced an affection for the woman, and the husband expressed his willingness to part with her for a slight consideration. The sum of one shilling was offered and accepted, and the husband subsequently put a halter round his wife's neck, and led her to the house of the purchaser.—*Yorkshire Gazette*, 11th May, 1889.

**A Custom of Eastertide.**—On Monday, at the Gateshead Police Court, James Mordue, a young man, was charged with assaulting Sarah Brown, a married woman, near Wrekenton, on Easter Monday. Mr. Percy Hoyle prosecuted. Complainant stated that on the day named the defendant, after getting sixpence from another woman, came to her and asked for sixpence, and said, if she did not give him it, he would take her boots off. She refused, and defendant pushed her. Ultimately she gave him threepence to get clear of him. Defendant said he asked the woman for an egg. She told him she had no egg, but she would give threepence, and did so. Evidence was given, in the course of which it transpired that, in that part of the district, when a female would not give an egg as an Easter gift her boots were taken off until she paid a penalty. When a male refused to give an egg to a female, the latter, if she could, snatched away his cap, and would not restore it unless he paid a money forfeit. One witness said many a time he had paid a shilling for his cap back. The Mayor said they would inflict a fine of 2s. 6d. and costs. Under ordinary circumstances, the Bench might have been inclined to have gone a long way further, but they knew there was an old custom. When he was a lad, on the Good Friday, the men did a little extorting, and when they could not get money from the women they took their shoes off them.—*Newcastle Chronicle*, May 4, 1889.

**Chinese Zoological Myths.**—A Chinese native paper published recently a collection of some zoological myths of that country, a few of which are worth noting. In Shun-si there is a bird which can

divest itself of its feathers and become a woman. At Twan-sin-chow dwells the Wan-mu Niao (mother of mosquitoes), a fish-eating bird, from whose mouth issue swarms of mosquitoes when it cries. Yung-chow has its stone-swallow, which flies during wind and rain, and in fine weather turns to stone again. Another bird when killed gives much oil to the hunter, and when the skin is thrown into the water it becomes a living bird again. With regard to animals, few are so useful as the "Jih-kih" ox, found in Kansuh, from which large pieces of flesh are cut for meat and grow again in a single day. The merman of the Southern Seas can weave a kind of silky fabric which keeps a house cool in summer if hung up in one of the rooms. The tears of this merman are pearls. A large hermit-crab is attended by a little shrimp which lives in the stomach of its master; if the shrimp is successful in its depredations the crab flourishes, but the latter dies if the shrimp does not return from his daily excursions. The "Ho-lo" is a fish having one head and ten bodies. The myths about snakes are the strangest of all. Thus the square snake of Kwangsi has the power of throwing an inky fluid when attacked, which kills its assailants at once. Another snake can divide itself up into twelve pieces, and each piece if touched by a man will instantly generate a head and fangs at each end. The calling snake asks a traveller, "Where are you from, and whither are you bound?" If he answers, the snake follows him for miles, and entering the hotel where he is sleeping, raises a fearful stench. The hotel proprietor, however, guards against this by putting a centipede in a box under the pillow, and when the snake gives forth the evil odour, the centipede is let out, and flying at the snake, instantly kills him with a bite. The fat of this snake, which grows to a great size, makes oil for lamps and produces a flame which cannot be blown out. In Burmah and Cochin-China is a snake which has, in the female sex, a face like a pretty girl, with two feet growing under the neck, each with five fingers, exactly like the fingers of a human hand. The male is green in colour, and has a long beard; it will kill a tiger, but a fox is more than a match for it.

. A. GRANGER HUTT.

**Superstition and Sorcery in New Guinea.**—In the Report to the Colonial Office of the Special Commissioner for British New Guinea during the past year, there is a long and very interesting account of some of the superstitions of the natives of that country, written by Mr. H. H. Romilly. One of the most sacred obligations, he says, on the relatives of a deceased man is to place in his grave, and in his accustomed haunts, food and water for the spirit of the departed. It is thought that this spirit is all that remains of the deceased, and the human appetites take possession of it. or, rather, remain in existence, just as if the body had not died. If, however, he is killed in battle, there is not the same necessity of constantly feeding his spirit; the head of one of the tribe or race who killed him is sufficient. If the slayer is a white man, the angry spirit can be laid by a large payment of goods to the relatives of the deceased, and this constantly happens. Dreams are, to them, voices from the land of spirits, telling them what to do, for whom to work, from whom to steal, and what to plunder. White men are always attended by a familiar spirit, which is blamed for any mischief that befalls the natives in a locality where a white man happens to be. If the white man is a friend of theirs, they merely demand compensation, which he will pay, says Mr. Romilly, if he is a wise man; if he is unfriendly to them, the unfortunate white man may prepare for the worst. His attendant spirit will not help him, for it flies at the sound of a gun. On the death of a relative there is a great drumming and burning of torches to send the spirit safely and pleasantly on its travels. In some parts of the country certain trees have spirits, and on feast-days a portion of the food is set apart for these spirits. It is worthy of remark that all their spirits are malignant, and these have to be overcome by force of arms, by blessings, or by cursings. They cannot grasp the idea of a beneficent spirit, but regard them all as resembling Papuans generally—that is, vindictive, cruel, and revengeful. Consequently, these spirits are much feared; though they cannot be seen, yet they constantly use arrows and spears when they are vexed. The great opposer of spirits is fire, and hence, on every possible occasion, bonfires and torches are employed. Strange to say, though fire is thus all-powerful with them,

they have no god or spirit of the fire. In this they are at least true to their belief, for no spirit can be, with them, beneficent. Sorcerers are implicitly believed in, and they generally do a good trade in the sale of charms, which are made, not on any fixed principle, but according to the freaks of fancy of the sorcerer or the purchaser. Sometimes it is a bit of bark, sometimes a crab's claw worked in the most fantastic way. These are protectors against all injuries or accidents that may happen to a man. A sailor will wear one as a protection against shipwreck, another charm saves its wearer from wounds in battle, another from disease, and so on. Besides being a sorcerer, that personage is also a physician and surgeon, and usually the astrologer and weather prophet of his district. It can hardly be said that he is skilled in these professions. An unvarying mode of treatment of a patient who is suffering pain from any cause whatever is to make a long, and sometimes a deep, incision over the abdomen. As may be imagined, this is not a very safe remedy. In one instance Mr. Romilly mentions, a woman, who was suffering severely from several spear-wounds, was thus treated by the native sorcerer, who, in pursuit of his profession of surgeon, inflicted by far the most severe wound the poor woman received, thus destroying the chance of life which she had before he attended her. Many of the tribes are, through the influence of the missionaries, shaking off these superstitions. "But even these people," says Mr. Romilly, "the most civilised in New Guinea, and many of them professed Christians, in times of great excitement revert to their old habits. This was shown during the autumn of 1886. At that time a severe epidemic raged along the south coast. The people were dying by hundreds of pneumonia, and were beside themselves with fear. The usual remedies for driving away spirits at night were tried, remedies which had been in disuse for years; torches were burnt, horns were blown, and the hereditary sorcerers sat up all night cursing; but still the people died. Then it was decided that the land spirits were working this harm, and the whole population moved their canoes out in the bay and slept in them at night; but still the people died. Then they returned to their village, and fired arrows

at every moving object they saw. . . . In course of time the epidemic wore itself out; but while it lasted the civilised Motuans were as superstitious as any of their neighbours could have been."

A. GRANGER HUTT.

## NOTICES AND NEWS.

*Biblioteca delle Tradizioni Popolari Siciliane per Guiseppe Pitre.*  
Palermo, Pedone Lauriel di Carlo Clausen. 1889. Vols.  
XIV.—XVII.

It is always a pleasure to be put in possession of the work of a master-hand—the work of a scholar who has been long and often tried and never found wanting to his subject, a work which we feel we can take up with confidence to learn from it. At the present day we are smothered in manuals of instruction which for a couple of shillings pretend to put us in possession of information on every subject, sufficient like the letter P to make an ass pass, but which yet do little but hand on from generation to generation a crowd of vulgar errors long ago exploded among the "upper ten" of scholarship. Hence we have nowadays to approach almost every book that comes out, with a winnow in our hands.\*

Dr. Pitre's works are the outcome of both love and knowledge of his subject, and the present year has seen the completion of four

\* This weak point in our system of instruction has lately been shown up in the columns of our contemporary, *Notes and Queries*, 7, vi. 510, "How Popular Information is acquired."

volumes (xiv.-xvii.) of his great compilation of the Folklore of Sicily—a compilation so painstaking that one of the first folklorists has pronounced that no other country possesses anything to be compared with it for completeness.

At first blush a superficial observer might be inclined to remark, "This is very fortunate for Sicily, but this remote province has but small interest for us." But really our interest—the interest of all students of this interesting science—in the Folklore of Sicily is enormous. The important position of Sicily in the chain of communication with the East is obvious when once pointed out.\* And secondly, in Sicily up to the time when Dr. Pitrè began collecting, the ideas of the people remained less interfered with than in any other part of Europe; traditions which have to be searched out with infinite pains from faded memories imperfect at best, elsewhere, were here living and rampant as fresh as when first stereotyped at various ages of the past. Dr. Pitrè stepped in just at the right moment to phonograph, as we may say, these ancient voices in their full vigour.

By reference to these, which we may thus almost call original versions, the student may check and control many a rambling and mixed-up one, may trace a connecting link for many not well understood, and clear up many a puzzle and many a dispute.

Before proceeding to notice these four new volumes, it may be well to recapitulate the contents of the preceding fourteen. They are:—1—2, *Cunti popolari* (Folksongs †); 5—7, *Fiabe e Leggende* (*Fiabe* includes what we call "Popular Tales" and "Fairy Stories"); 8—10, *Proverbi*; 11, *Spettacoli e feste*; 12, *Giuochi fanciulleschi*; 13, *Studj sulla poesia popolare*.

The four new volumes, 14—17, present us with a general collection of customs, usages, sayings and superstitions. And no better view of the vast importance and interest of the contents can be conveyed than by the following brief statement of the bare outline of the con-

\* As it has been lately in *Folksongs of Italy*, by R. H. Busk. Sonnenschein, pp. 25 and 45.

† Considerable extracts from the admirable treatise on Folksongs as well as some specimens of the songs are given in the work named in the last note.



tents. It will be seen at a glance that this part of the work is essentially useful to us in two ways: (1) in interesting us in the local form of essentially Italian customs; and (2) affording the comparison, to which allusion has already been made, with the sayings and superstitions of all other countries.

The 1st volume (xivth of the series), 117 pages, are devoted to the Carnival past and present, under which head many games, as for example the *giuoco dell' oca*, come in for description. Pp. 102—111 give some important quasi-historical notes as to the observance of a Mid-Lent festival, *Mezza-quaresima*, differing in form but agreeing in principle with the observance further north, though in Rome it is so altogether unknown that some attempts of late years to introduce it called forth the indignant ire of the "clerical" papers.

The next 246 pages give a most important account of a variety of old romances of chivalry that find place in the repertory of the marionette and other popular theatres, in the effusions of the *Can-tastorie*, in the ballads and poems of the people.

Most amusing are the succeeding 100 pages, narrating all about the street cries; succeeded by forty which tell us what a poetical people thinks it hears in the voice of bell and drum—but the drum that celebrates the local festival, not the drum of the military.

The volume closes with some sailors' songs and usages, including the practice of tattooing.

Volume 2 (xv.) is entirely devoted to local customs: pp. 3—112, wedding customs; 113—200 to customs connected with births and baptisms; 201—254 to death and burial. Then follow twenty-five pages about the "gossip" *comparatice*, including the sensational tradition of Capo Feto, which shows the sanctity with which this quasi-relationship is guarded.

Highly important is the succeeding chapter on *la Mafia e l'omertà*. The latter, a word which will hardly be found in the dictionaries, is here fully traced out and explained in all its inherent heroism and all its mischievous consequences. No less characteristic of the Sicilian people is the concluding chapter on the meaningfulness of the gestures with which their every word is accompanied, on nicknames and familiar

oaths and forms of salutation. The art of gesticulating seems to improve as we go further south. I have heard it asserted by one who knew them well that he could tell from his window what any two Neapolitans in the Piazza below were talking about from the gestures which mingled themselves with their conversation; but the Sicilians possess the art in a much more artistic form, for they can convey their meaning to each other without any accompaniment of words, so that no one present who was not closely on the watch would detect that any communication at all was going on. The history of the custom and various theories concerning it are carefully analysed, and numbers of the most frequently adopted gestures minutely explained.

Vol. 3 (xvi.) is filled with popular ideas of various matters classed under the heading of the corresponding sciences: Astronomy; Meteorology, including weather prognostics; Agriculture, including superstitions about the times for sowing and planting, blessing the fields, harvest, vintage, and olive-reaping customs, &c.; Botany, including "the language of flowers;" Zoology, under which at page 355 we are a little disappointed not to find more particular mention of the *tarantula*. On the other hand, pp. 490—510, we find something new to England about silkworm culture (*bachicoltura*) and tunny-fishing.

The most fascinating volume of the series is the last. It divides in five sections. 1. *Esseri soprannaturali*. This contains some remarkable ideas concerning what may be called the transmigration of the souls of those who die a violent death, or, as it is here more definitely put, which are thought to be imprisoned in such creatures as lizards and bats, with the faculty of appearing in their own forms on certain occasions. At page 26 there is mention of a curious idea that obtains in some parts, that the remaining portion of the term of a man's natural length of life (originally assigned to him when he was born) cut short by execution or act of violence is spent in agonising wanderings, and that to curtail his miseries such an one is always on the look out to enter into possession of some one else's body. The souls of those who wrong the poor wander similarly until restitution has been made. Priests who have taken money for masses and have not

said them, wander till, in some ruined altar of an abandoned sanctuary with black candle and Missal topsy-turvy, they have fulfilled their obligation. Those who have perversely neglected the precept of days of obligation wander till they have found means of hearing the weird masses so said. If any living person should chance to be there, and does not instantly cross himself and fly the first time the phantom priest at the *Dominus vobiscum* turns his fleshless, rat-devoured face, he will die on the spot.

Chiaramonte supplies a touching and poetical superstition concerning the souls of unbaptised children. Mary sends an angel from heaven one day every week to play with them; when he goes away he takes with him in a golden chalice all the tears which these little innocents have shed all through the week, and pours them into the sea, where they become pearls. Page 31 details the various kinds of wandering spirits, and enumerates the celebrated ones. These are Simon Magus and Judas, who appear as spirits; the Wandering Jew, Malchus, and Pilate, in human form. Page 34 gives curious narratives of ghosts which take the form of wine or oil skins, chairs, sticks, and all manner of utensils. One night late a man found what appeared to be a leathern bottle of oil in the street; he naturally loaded it on to his back, but there was a ghost inside who presently whispered in his ear, "Posami chianu!" (let me down gently!) Far from complying, the man flung it down on the stones in a fury of haste, and made off at the top of his speed. Stories of haunted houses seem to abound.

Chapter 3 of this section treats of possessed persons. In Sicily people are thought not only to be possessed by malign spirits, but by the souls of those who cannot find rest. Those who give ear to the tradition are in continual fear of some spirit or other entering them by their open mouth, and are always making the sign of the Cross on their lips and using other incantations. *Mi nni pigghiai centu milia* (I have swallowed a hundred thousand spirits) has become a proverb to express a condition of terror. Stories are given, page 43, of a workman so strong that no one could overcome him because he was possessed by the spirit of Moses; another by the spirit of Charlemagne; of a woman who was possessed by the spirits of Enoch and Elias,

whose conversation between themselves as it issued from her mouth contained the strangest and most inconclusive propositions.

Chapter 4 tells of another curious Sicilian form of superstition, namely, *i morti*, literally, "the dead," but, in fact, "the kind dead," spirits of relations who come out of their tombs to bring presents to the children of the family of whatever toys, &c., their little hearts most desire. At Aci, a local proverb, much in use (*Veni mè patri?—Appressu*—Is my father coming?—By-and-by), where an expected friend makes himself long waited for, has its origin in the story of a little orphan boy, who in his anxiety to see his dead father once again, went out in the night where the kind spirits walk, and in spite of all the terrified beating of his little heart, asked of every one of the number of them he met, *Veni mè patri?* and each one answered, *Appressu!* As he had the courage to hold out to the end he finally had the consolation of seeing his father and having from him caresses and sweetmeats.

Chapter 5 contains various traditions about the devil and his satellites, demons and sprites. Some are amusing, but do not differ in many instances from the ordinary type of the devils of Folklore in other countries. The chapter contains also stories of compacts with the Evil One, proverbs about him, legends of his wiles and arts.

Chapter 6 in natural sequence arrives at recounting all that relates to witchcraft, which, as in other parts of Italy, seems less virulent in its operations than in countries further north, and chiefly occupies itself with the preparation of love-potions. At page 117 we meet in Sicilian dialect, under the spelling *Ciarma*, with a word identical in sound and meaning with our English "charm," in the sense of "a spell."

The next five chapters deal with fairies, sirens, giants, dwarfs. Among the most localised of these fantastic beings must be specified the *Mercanti*, guardians of hidden treasures, and which appear, more often than in human form, in that of animals, fruit, and flowers. Also *Guritedda*, guardians of minerals, exact counterparts of the *Norks* of Tirol.\*

Chapter 12 gives the Sicilian ideas of fate and fortune in their various personifications.

\* Busk's *Household Stories from the Land of Hofer*, pp. 13—73. Griffith and Farran.

Chapter 13 is devoted to a local belief of some importance, viz. in the *Cirauli*, people, who from being born on the Feast of Saint Paul are believed to inherit his power over reptiles, manifested at Melita. From this basis has grown up a mass of credulity in the alleged powers of the *Cirauli* in healing all sorts of disorders, prognosticating, &c. It may not be out of place to mention the coincidence that the writer of this notice, born on "the Conversion of St. Paul," has through life been conscious of being subject to a lesser feeling of repulsion for reptiles than is very commonly exhibited, and this from of old, long before hearing of the *Cirauli*. Dr. Pitrè goes with great care into the history, locality, and various manifestations of this fancy, and traces its connection with its congeners in earlier mythologies.

Very interesting will be found the last short chapter (14th) of this section on the *Lupo mannaro*.

The second section is headed "Lucky and unlucky persons and things." Chapter 1 relates to the *iettatura* and the "evil eye." The various modes of evil which result from coming under a glance of a *iettatore* are given in great detail. The *iettatore*, so fatal to others, seldom bodes evil to himself. An instance came under Dr. Pitrè's notice, however, of a *iettatore* as lately as the year 1883, whose death was popularly ascribed to his having had the ill-luck to look at himself in a large glass in a shop window as he was walking along the Corso Garibaldi in Messina. Counter-spells of course abound, and some unquotable ones are given at pp. 239, 244—246, and 253. Among curiosities of lucky and unlucky times and seasons, August like May marriages (pp. 253 and 257) are sure to end badly. Children born on Monday grow up robust. To pay money on a Monday is very unlucky; on the contrary, money received on a Monday is sure to turn out lucky. One can conceive the clashing of the two cross interests thus created, leading to some keen contests between debtor and creditor! Tuesday, as in other parts of Italy, is equally unlucky, for starting on a journey or on married life. An old woman told Dr. Pitrè that this is because Judas was born on a Tuesday. The variety of things that must not be done on a Friday, and the evil consequences of neglecting the warning, demand for it a whole chapter. While so many events are unlucky on Friday, to be born on Friday is the

height of luck; such an one is proof against every kind of ill-luck and malice. Dr. Pitrè once overheard two women quarrelling violently; the one in the height of passion threatened to turn some act of black art against her son, but the other snapped her fingers, quite confident it was all in vain, exclaiming, *Mè figghiu è vinnirinu* (my son is a *Venerino*=a Friday-born). Page 271 tells of celebrated men who have attached as much faith to the ill-luck of Friday as the most ignorant Sicilian peasant. Rossini, who made no secret of his scepticism, yet bowed to this superstition, and it so befell that he died on a Friday, the 13th of the month. The philosophy of the double signification of Friday—bringing ideas of the influence of Venus, as of that of Freia in northern countries, and the later belief in that of the Crucifixion—has been already treated at length in a separate work by the present author, *Il Venerdì nelle tradizioni popolari*, the first edition of which was published in Russ at St. Petersburg at the request of the Minister of Public Instruction.

Lucky and unlucky numbers are treated in chapter 4. The objection to sit down thirteen to dinner exists just as among ourselves, and for the same reason; but a general dread of the number seventeen, to such an extent that many people will not date a letter if they have to write one on the seventeenth of a month, is not accounted for in any way.

Lucky and unlucky dreams follow in chapter 5. In the long list of such here given I only recognise two as common among ourselves: one is that dreaming of a tooth dropping out portends the death of a friend (it might be asked in these days whether the fall of a false tooth intimates the loss of a false friend!); and the second, the fall of a tree dreamt of shows that the head of the family is going to die. Closely allied to the question of dreams, the choice of number being greatly influenced by dreams, comes the lottery, forming chapter 6. From statistics supplied at pp. 285-286, it appears that the passion for the lottery finds far greater favour in Naples and Sicily than in any other part of Italy. In these the number of tickets sold yearly amount to fourteen for every unit of the population. In Tuscany and Rome the proportion is just half this; in the rest of the Papal State only one and a-half a year for every unit of the population. In

the Veneto twelve; in Lombardy, Modena, Liguria, something over four. Very interesting and abundant details are given of the way in which this fascination works; of the proverbs (the *piccolo vangelo* = the lesser gospel, as the people call them) which regulate its influence; of the faith attached to the *polacchi*, as those who sententiously profess to give out lucky numbers are called; of the idea that lucky numbers may be learnt by praying to the souls of the executed; of the various saints who are applied to by different classes of persons. St. Joseph on the whole is the most likely to give good help, because he was the foster-father of Providence; of the complicated code for which every article of common use and every event of life has a number attached to it, which if only put into proper combination are sure to buy fortune. It is in this question of combination that lies the real interest and at the same time the safeguard of the game. The adept never loses faith in the predicted numbers; if they don't come out he lays all the blame on his own want of skill in combining them. It is a contest which he always has the heart to renew with fresh zest after each failure, the more sure that the next time he will be nearer the right—he never despairs, never suicides.

The “Smorfia,” the books of omens, the cabalists, the songwriters and poets devoted to the game all find mention. Chap. vii. contains the superstitious fancies concerning travelling, chap. viii. house-removes, ix. beds, x. the hair and its care, xi. brooms and sweeping, xii. washing, xiii. bread, xiv. cooking and feeding. Treasure-stories occupy the next sections, consisting of sixty pages, and the remaining sixty-five are filled with nursery beliefs and prayers, and miscellaneous superstitions.

Not the least valuable feature of the work is the polyglot bibliography of each subject treated, which appears at the end of the respective sections.

The contents of these volumes would almost seem to exhaust the researches of the Folklorist, but Dr. Pitriè is indefatigable, and among the volumes of the future one of special interest is promised, viz. that on Folk-medicine, which, as Dr. Pitriè is in practice as a physician, he is specially fitted to undertake.

## TABULATION OF FOLKTALES.



THE following is a List of Books which the Society is desirous of having tabulated as soon as possible. The names of those who have undertaken to do certain volumes are set opposite the titles of the books in the column provided for the purpose. The remaining volumes, where there is no name of a tabulator inserted in the column, require volunteers, and any one desirous of assisting in the work is requested to communicate to the Director the name of the volume or volumes chosen.

Country.	Title.	Tabulator.	Tales completed.
<b>EUROPE.</b>			
Austria	Vernaleken's "In the Land of Marvels," Folktales from Austria and Bohemia. 1884. (60 tales.)		
Britain and Ireland	Campbell's "Popular Tales of the West Highlands," 1860-1862. (80 tales.) Chambers' "Popular Rhymes of Scotland," 1841. (pp. 48-108.) Folklore Society's publications: chiefly "Record" and "Journal." Gnest's "Mabinogion." 1877. Halliwell's "Nursery Rhymes and Nursery Tales of Old England." (pp. 146-204.) Hunt's "Popular Romances of the West of England." Croker's "Fairy Legends of Ireland." 1825-1826. (38 tales.) Joyce's "Old Celtic Romances" 1879. Kennedy's "Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts." 1866. (10 tales.) Kennedy's "Fireside Stories of Ireland." 1870. (51 tales.) Kennedy's "Bardic Stories of Ireland." 1871. (10 tales.) Wilde's "Ancient Legends, Mystic Charms, and Superstitions of Ireland." 2 vols. 1887.	MR. ALFRED NUTT.  MR. ORDISH.  MR. H. B. EVANS.  MR. J. J. FOSTER. MR. H. B. WHEAT- LEY.  MRS. GOMME.	



Country.	Title.	Tabulator.	Tales completed.
Finland	"Suomen Kansan satuja ja tarinoita," Tales and Stories of the Finnish people, collected by Salmelainen, published by the Finnish Literary Society.	HON. JNO. ABERCROMBY.	18
Germany	Grimm's "Household Tales," translated by Mrs. Margaret Hunt. 2 vols. 1884. (200 tales.)	MISS ROALFE COX.	
Greece	Lauder's "Legends and Tales of the Harz Mountains." 1881. (71 tales.)	EDWARD T. BELL.	
Hungary	Geldart's "Folklore of Modern Greece." 1884. (30 tales.)	MRS. GOMME.	6
Iceland	Jones and Kropf's "Magyar Folktales." Folklore Society, 1889. (53 tales.)	MR. EDWARD CLODD.	
	Arnason's "Icelandic Legends," translated by Powell and Magnusson. 2 vols. 1864-1866.	MISS BARCLAY.	
Italy	Symington's "Pen and Pencil Sketches of Farøe and Iceland." 1862. (Folktales in Appendix.)	MR. G. L. APPERSON.	
	Busk's "Folklore of Rome." 1874. (137 tales.)	MR. EDWARD CLODD.	
	Busk's "Household Tales from the Land of Hofer." (Tirol.) 1871. (22 tales.)		
Norway	Crane's "Italian Popular Tales." 1885. (109 tales.)		
	"Tuscan Fairy Tales." n. d. (10 tales.)		
	"Gesta Romanorum." 1877. (181 tales.)		
	Dasent's "Popular Tales from the Norse." 1888 edition. (59 tales.)		
Portugal	Dasent's "Tales from the Fjeld." 1874. (51 tales.)	MAJOR S. CLEMENT SOUTHAM.	
	Thorpe's "Northern Mythology." Vols. 2, 3. 1851-1852.		
	Thorpe's "Yule-Tide Stories." Bohn's edition. (74 tales.)		
Roumania	"Portuguese Folktales." F. L. S. 1882. (30 tales.)	EDWARD T. BELL.	
Russian and Slavonic	"Roumanian Fairy Tales and Legends." 1881. (11 tales.)		
Serbian	Ralston's "Russian Folktales." 1873. (51 tales.)		
Spain	Naake's "Slavonic Fairy Tales." 1874. (40 tales.)	MR. J. W. CROMBIE.	
	Denton's "Serbian Folklore." 1874. (26 tales.)	MR. J. W. CROMBIE.	
	Busk's "Patrañas, or Spanish Stories." 1870. (51 tales.)		
	Middlemore's "Spanish Legendary Tales." 1885. (30 tales.)		
	Monteiro's "Tales and Popular Legends of the Basques." 1887. (13 tales.)		
	Wentworth Webster's "Basque Legends." 1877. (45 tales.)		

Country.	Title.	Tabulator.	Tales completed.
<b>ASIA.</b>			
Arabia (?)	Burton's (Lady) "Arabian Nights." 6 vols.		
China	Deny's "Folklore of China." 1876. Chapters xii. and xiii. Giles's "Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio." 2 vols. 1880. ( tales.)		
India	"Bidpai," Fables of. (Ed. Jacobs.) (39 tales.) Davids's "Buddhist Birth Stories." Vol. i. 1880. (40 tales.) Dr. Morris's translation of "Jatakas," in Folklore Journal. Vols. iii. iv. Day's "Folktales of Bengal." 1883. (22 tales.) Frere's "Old Deccan Days." 1870. (24 tales.) "Hitopadesa," translated by Johnson. 1867. Sastri's "Folklore in Southern India." 1884-1886. Sastri's "Dravidian Nights' Entertainments." 1886. Stokes's "Indian Fairy Tales." 1880. (30 tales.) "Stream of Story." (Kathâ-sarit-Sâgara.) Temple's "Legends of the Panjâb." 1883. Temple's "Wide-Awake Stories." 1884. (47 tales.) (Captain Temple has supplied tabulations of these: vid. pp. 348-385.) Thornhill's "Indian Fairy Tales." 1888. (26 tales.)	} REV. DR. MORRIS.  MISS MENDHAM. MISS LARNER. MR. G. L. APPERSON.   MISS LARNER.   MISS MENDHAM.	
Japan	Chamberlain's "Aino Folk Tales." Folklore Society. 1888. (43 tales.) Mitford's "Tales of Old Japan." 1874. (23 tales.)		
Kashmir	Knowles's "Folktales of Kashmir." 1888. (64 tales.)		
Mongolia	Busk's "Sagas from the Far East." 1873. (23 tales.)		
Persia	Clouston's "Book of Sindibâd." 1884. (84 tales.) Comparetti's "Book of Sindibâd." Folklore Society. 1882. (26 tales.) Gibb's "History of the Forty Vezirs." 1886. (40 tales.)		
Tibet	Schiefner's "Tibetan Tales," translated by Ralston. 1882. (50 tales.)	R. F. S. ST. JOHN.	

Country.	Title.	Tabulator.	Tales completed.
<b>AUSTRALIA, ETC.</b>			
Australia	Brough Smyth's "Aborigines of Victoria." Vol. i. pp. 423-483.		
New Zealand	Shortland's "Traditions and Superstitions of the New Zealanders." White's "Ancient History of the Maori." Vols. i. ii.		
Polynesia	Grey's "Polynesian Mythology." 1855. (23 tales.) Gill's "Myths and Songs of the South Pacific." 1876.		
<b>AFRICA.</b>			
	Bleek's "Hottentot Fables and Tales." 1864. (42 tales.)	MISS KEY.	
	Callaway's "Zulu Nursery Tales." 1864. (49 tales.)	MISS KEY.	
	"South Africa Folklore Journal." Vol. i. 1879.	MR. G. L. APPERSON.	
	Steere's "Swahili Tales." 1873. (18 tales.)	MISS KEY.	16
	Theal's "Kaffir Folklore." 1882. (21 tales.)	MISS KEY.	4
<b>AMERICA.</b>			
	Brett's "Legends of British Guiana." n. d.		
	Leland's "Algonquin Legends." 1884. (72 tales.)	J. W. SANBORN.	
	Riuk's "Tales and Traditions of the Eski- mo." 1875. (150 tales.)	MR. GOMME.	1
	Dasent's "Tales from the Norse," pp. 425- 443.		
	"Ananzi Stories."		
	(NOTE.—The co-operation of the American Folklore Society in this work, so far as books on North and South American Folklore are concerned, is invited, and therefore only three or four representa- tive collections are cited here.)		

## ANALYSIS OF CUSTOMS, &amp;c.

The following are the present arrangements for this work. Further assistance is required :—

Subjects of Analysis.	Name of Person Analysing.
Animal and bird superstitions .	Mr. Gomme.
River spirits .	
Fire superstitions .	
Folk medicine .	The Rev. E. P. Larken, Gatton Tower, Reigate.
Death and Burial customs	Rev. W. Gregor, Pitsligo, Frazerburgh, Aberdeenshire.
German parallels .	G. Langen, Cologne.

## CORRECTIONS IN TABULATIONS, pp. 19-47 (omitted in Revise).

- Page 19, line 13, *after* "i." *add* "lxxviii and p."  
 " " line 25, *for* "I. 398, 425" *read* "I. lxxviii." 31, 86, 93, 227, 290, 394, 398, 425, 465.  
 " " line 3 from bottom, *after* "Kalevala" *add* "Rune V."  
 Page 20, line 12, *after* "79" *add* "; 1879, p. 5, 'Long Snake' and notes."  
 " " line 23, *for* "Volsenga" *read* "Volsunga."  
 Page 22, line 8, *after* "144" *add* "and *Corpus Poeticum Boreale*, i. 50, 309, 313, 341.  
 Page 24, line 11 from bottom, *after* "4" *add* "*C.P.B.* i. 358."  
 Page 27, line 15, *after* "p. 188" *transfer* "Bushy Bride" *from* line 16.  
 " " line 8 from bottom, *for* "Tarinsita" *read* "Tarinoita."  
 Page 31, line 3, *after* "*Folktales*" *add* "p. 49."  
 " " line 4, *for* "fox" *read* "for."  
 Page 37, line 7 from bottom, *for* "Agenais" *read* "Agenais."  
 Page 38, line 1, *for* "Bancis" *read* "Baucis."  
 Page 42, last line, *add* "and *Longman's Magazine*, July 1889, p. 331, 'Peeri-fool.'"  
 Page 45, line 13 from bottom, *after* "note" *add* "*C.P.B.*, i. 511."  
 " " line 10 " " *for* "smelt" *read* "smell."  
 Page 46, lines 5 and 4 from bottom, *for* "Rune 15, 530" *read* "Runes 15, 50."  
 Page 55, line 9, *after* "157" *add* "393."  
 " " line 2 from bottom, *after* "307" *add* "359, 507."

## MORRIS DANCE AT REVESBY.

[From a MS. version. Edited by T. Fairman Ordish.]

**T**HE curious piece, which is here printed for the first time, is thus referred to by Brand :\* "I have before me a copy of a drama played by a set of Plow Boys or Morris Dancers, in their riband dresses, with swords, on October the 20th, 1779, at Revesby Abbey, in Lincolnshire, the seat of the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Banks, Bart., P.R.S. The assumed characters of the piece are different from those of the more regular morris, and they were accompanied by two men from Kirtley, without any particular dresses, who sang the song of Landlord and Tenant." Beyond noting the *dramatis personæ*, and quoting half a dozen lines of the Fool's opening speech, this is all Brand has to say. But in his brief notice he calls attention to two of the peculiarities of the piece—the unusual names of the characters and the Fool's reference to Christmas—

"Still we are all brave jovial boys  
And take delight in Christmas joys."

But there are other peculiarities. If the piece is a Christmas mumming play, the character of Father Christmas is absent, which I cannot find to be the case in any other Christmas mumming. The date, again, is against its being such a play (it was performed on Oct. 20), as is also the presence of the young woman character. The date of the performance, the character of the Landlord and Tenant song,

\* *Popular Antiquities*, i. 573.

and the reference to selling geese (p. 348), seem to point to a Harvest Home or Michaelmas rejoicing as the occasion. Yet the allusion to Christmas is unequivocal, and it is to be noted that the Fool is addressed invariably as "Old Father." The following reference, which occurs in Wallis's "History of Northumberland," may be significant upon the Christmas aspect of the piece, together with its date (October 20): "The saltatio armata of the Roman militia, on their festival Armilustrum, celebrated on the 19th of October, is still practised by the country people in this neighbourhood on the annual festivity of Christmas, the Yule-tide of the Druids. Young men march from village to village and from house to house, with music before them, dressed in an antic attire, and before the vestibulum or entrance of every house entertain the family with the motus incompositus, the antic dance, or chorus armatus, with sword or spears in their hands, erect and shining. This they call the *sword dance*." As far as I have been able to ascertain at present, October 20 is an exceptional date for the performance of a play like that here printed, and it is just possible that it is a reminiscence of the date of the Roman festival of October 19. Those who wish to compare this piece with Christmas mumming plays can refer to the *Folklore Record* (vol. iii. part i. p. 87), when they will probably be struck by differences as much as by analogies. The present piece is of a heterogeneous character, but I am inclined to think it is a Lincolnshire variant of the "sword dance" of the northern counties (Northumberland, Yorkshire, &c.), which was played during the Christmas season; and that these performances are analogous to the Christmas mumming plays of the midland and southern counties. In these northern sword dances the "Fool" and "Bessy" invariably figure as characters; and the Cicely of our piece is the Lincolnshire counterpart of Bessy. In the southern mumming plays female characters are absent, except in the case of "Old Bet" or "Betty," an old dame who figures in some of them, and the Bessy (our Cicely) of the North-of-Trent sword dance suggests some connection with Maid Marian. Brand suggests, however, that both the Fool and Bessy are derived from the ancient festival of fools held on New Year's Day.

I have spoken of the heterogeneous or mixed nature of the piece, and I will briefly note what appear to be the diverse elements.

(a.) Christmas Mumming.

"Come, follow me, merry men all,  
Tho' we have made bold for to call,  
It is only once by the year  
That we are so merry here.  
Still we are brave jovial boys  
And takes delight in Christmas joys."

There is a distinct allusion to Christmas at p. 344. The Fool says he took his children "home again this good time of Christmas."

(b.) The Hobby-horse. This device—a man carrying the image of a horse between his legs, made of thin boards—was seen so recently as the Jubilee Celebration (1887). The man capers about as if he were bestriding a spirited and restive horse. In early records the rider of the hobby is represented as having a bow and arrow; the latter, passing through a hole in the bow, and stopping on a shoulder, made a snapping noise when drawn to and fro, keeping time with the music. The allusion is probably to Robin Hood on horseback. References to the Hobby-horse are very numerous. The introduction of this element in the performance under consideration tends to differentiate it from the typical Christmas play.

(c.) The Fool Plough. The allusion in the title, "The Plow Boys or Morris Dancers," is to the diversion called "The Fool Plough," which was indulged in on Plough Monday, the Monday after Twelfth Day. But this date is at variance with our present performance (October 20.) Another distinction is that while the fool plough consisted of a number of sword dancers dragging a plough, with music, in this Revesby piece the plough is absent, although the other features, the sword dance and music, are present. The fool plough and sword dance combined was peculiar to the northern counties; the absence of the plough seems to be another mark of the Lincolnshire variant.

(d.) Sword Dance. The chief features are (1) the locking of the swords together to form a looking glass; (2) the "short dance" called "Jack the brisk young Drummer" (p. 346); and the dance

termed specifically the Sword Dance (p. 347), " which is called ' Nelly's Gig,' " the " Running Battle," and the three dancers dancing with the three swords.

(c.) The Morris Dance. We owe our knowledge of this dance chiefly to Douce, who included a chapter on the subject in his *Illustrations of Shakespeare*. He says that he found all the glossaries, English and foreign, ascribe the origin of the dance to the Moors, although the genuine or original Moorish or Morisco dance was no doubt very different from the European morris. Douce states the dance in its uncorrupted form flourished in Spain in his time (early part of present century) under the name of Fandango. He further states that it has been supposed that the morris dance was first brought into England in the time of Edward III., when John of Gaunt returned from Spain; but it is much more probable that we had it from our Gallic neighbours, or even from the Flemings. Few if any vestiges of it can be traced beyond the reign of Henry VII., about which time, and particularly in that of Henry VIII., the churchwarden's accounts in several parishes afford materials that throw much light on the subject, and show that the morris dance made a very considerable figure in the parochial festivals. We find also that other festivals and ceremonies had their morris: as Holy Thursday; the Whitsun ales; the bride ales, or weddings; and a sort of play or pageant called the Lord of Misrule. Sheriffs, too, had their morris dance. It is by no means clear that at any time Robin Hood and his companions were constituent characters in the morris. The following paragraph applies to the debased or mixed form in which apparently the dance existed in the performance under notice: " In the course of time these several recreations were blended together so as to become almost indistinguishable. It is, however, very certain that the May games of Robin Hood, accompanied with the morris, were at first a distinct ceremony from the simple morris, which when Warner lived was celebrated about the season of Easter and before the May games. He thus speaks of them :

" At Paske begun our Morrise, and ere Pentecost our May."

(*Albion's England*, 1612.)



It is probable that when the practice of archery declined the May games of Robin Hood were discontinued, and that the morris dance was transferred to the celebration of Whitsuntide, either as connected with the Whitsun ales or as a separate amusement. In the latter instance it appears to have retained one or two of the characters in the May pageants; but no uniformity was or possibly could be observed, as the arrangement would vary in different places according to the humour or convenience of the parties.

In his notes on the morris represented on the painted window at Betley, in Staffordshire, Douce compares this design with a Flemish engraving *circa* 1460, and argues that the date of the Betley morris is *temp.* Edward IV. The characters that anciently composed the May game and morris were the following: Robin Hood, Little John, Friar Tuck, Maid Marian, the queen or lady of the May, the fool, the piper, and several morris dancers, habited in various modes. Afterwards a hobby-horse and a dragon were added. By glancing at the *dramatis personæ* of the *morceau* here printed, it will be seen that only the fool, the piper (here "music-man"), the dancers, the hobby-horse, and the dragon have survived. The only link between the present morris and the Robin Hood games is the allusion to the maypole on p. 352.

Douce states that in the reign of Henry VIII. the morris dancers were dressed in gilt leather and silver paper, and sometimes in coats of white spangled fustian. They had purses at their girdles, and garters, to which bells were attached. The latter have been always a part of the furniture of the more active characters in the morris.

At the end of his interesting account Douce has noted some survivals: "Mr. Waldron has informed us that he saw in the summer of 1783, at Richmond, in Surrey, a troop of morris dancers from Abingdon, accompanied by a fool in a motley jacket, who carried in his hand a staff about two feet long, with a blown bladder at the end of it, with which he either buffeted the crowd, to keep them at a proper distance from the dancers, or played tricks for the diversion of the spectators." Ritson noticed morris dancers in Norfolk and Lancashire, and in the present century a company of morris dancers was seen at Usk, in

Monmouthshire, which included a boy Maid Marian, a hobby-horse, and a fool. They professed to have kept up the ceremony at that place for three hundred years. Gutch in his book on Robin Hood (1847) mentions that he "witnessed a numerous retinue of morris dancers, remarkably well habited, skilfully performing their evolutions to the tune of a tabor and pipe, in the streets of Oxford University; and he is credibly informed that at Chipping Norton and other towns in Oxfordshire a band of dancers traverse the neighbourhood for many days at Whitsuntide. At Droitwich, also, in Worcestershire, on the 27th of June, a large party of morris dancers still continue to parade the town and neighbourhood, it is said, in commemoration of a discovery of some extensive salt-mines."

(f.) The Dragon. The earliest mention of the dragon as a part of the morris dance is in Stubbes's *Anatomie of Abuses*; and he is likewise introduced in a morris in Sampson's play of the *Vowbreaker, or fayre maid of Clifton*, 1633, where a fellow says, "I'll be a *fiery dragon*;" on which another, who had undertaken the hobby-horse, observes that he will be "a thund'ring *Saint George* as ever rode on horseback."

(g.) The Bonny Wild Worm. This is a device which was probably added at a late date. It may be considered a sign of decadence.

Having glanced at the elements observable in the piece, it may be noted that we have here—

- (1.) A survival of the Fool Plough.
- (2.) A form of Christmas Mumming Play.
- (3.) The Morris and other dances as adjuncts.

The composite character of the piece is due to the effect of time and of political change. The effect of time is normal, and may be noted without comment. Political change has borne heavily upon all popular amusements in this country. The steady growth of the Puritan movement throughout the reign of Charles I. must have tended to depress and check the popular diversions. The King interfered in their behalf by a warrant dated October 18, 1633, in which he directs that "for his good people's lawful recreation after the end of Divine Service his good people be not disturbed letted or discouraged

from any lawful recreation, such as dancing, either men or women, archery for men, leaping, vaulting, nor from having of May Games, Whitsun Ales, and Morris Dances, and the setting up of May Poles." In 1647, plays, interludes, dances, all popular pastimes were suppressed. But it is not likely that the amusements were indulged in after the outbreak of the Rebellion. We may therefore reckon that they were discontinued from 1642 to 1660. Such a break in continuity—such a lapse—must have had great effect upon the public pastimes when they were revived at the Restoration.

The song of Landlord and Tenant calls for no particular examination. The burden of the song—the payment of rents—assorts with the date of the whole performance, October 20; but this only emphasises the disparity of the Christmas element.

Oct. 20, 1779.

## MORRICE DANCERS AT REVESBY.

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*October ye 20, 1779.*

The Morrice Dancers (named in Dramatis Personæ) acted their merry dancing, &c., at Revesby, in their ribbon dresses, &c., and two men from Kirtley, without any particular dresses, sung the song of Landlord and Tenant.

John Ironmonger acted the Landlord, and  
John Clarkfon - - the Tenant.

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### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

#### *Men.*

The Fool	-	-	-	JOHN JOHNSON.
Pickle Herring	-	-	-	RICHD. JOHNSON.
Blue Breeches	-	-	-	HENRY JOHNSON.
Pepper Breeches	-	-	-	JOHN TOMLINSON.
Ginger Breeches	-	-	-	CHAS. HODGSON.
Mr. Allspice	-	-	-	THOS. HARNESS.

#### *Women.*

Cicely	-	-	-	JOHN FISHER.
Fidler, or Mr. Musick Man	-	-	-	JOHN JOHNSON, jun <sup>r</sup> .

## THE PLOW BOYS, OR MORRIS DANCERS.

*Enter Fool.*

You gentle Lords of honour,  
Of high and low I say,  
We all desire your favour  
For to see our pleasant Play.  
Our Play it is the best, kind Sirs,  
That you would like to know;  
And we will do our best, Sirs,  
And think it well bestowd.  
Tho' some of us be little,  
And some of a Middle sort,  
We all desire your favour  
To see our pleasant sport.  
You must not look on our Actions,  
Our Wits they are all to seek,  
So I pray take no exceptions  
At what I am a-going to speak.  
We are come over the Mire and Moss,  
We dance an Hobby Horse,  
A Dragon you shall see,  
And a wild Worm for to Flee.  
Still we are all brave jovial Boys,  
And takes delight in Christmas Toys.  
We are come both for Bread and Beer,  
And hope for better cheer;  
And something out of your Purse, Sir,  
Which I hope you will be never the worse, Sir.  
Still we are all brave jovial Boys,  
And takes delight in Christmas Toys.

Come, now, Mr. Musick Man, play me my delight.

FIDLER. What is that, old Father?

FOOL. Ah, Boy ! Times is hard, I love to have Money in both Pockets.

FIDLER. You shall have it, old Father.

FOOL. Let me see it.

[The Fool then calls in his Five Sons : first Pickle Herring, then Blue Britches, then Ginger Britches, Pepper Britches, and last calls out

Come, now, you Mr. Allspice !

[They foot it once round the Room, and the Man that is to ride the Hobby Horse goes out, and the rest sing the following Song :

Come in, come in, thou Hobby Horse,  
And bring thy old Fool at thy Arse,  
Sing Tanterday, sing Tanterday,  
Sing heigh down, down, with a Derry Down a.

[Then the Fool and the Horse fights about the Room, whilst the following Song is singing by the rest :

Come in, come in, thou bonny wild worm,  
For thou hast ta'en many a lucky turn.  
Sing Tanteraday, sing Tanteraday,  
Sing heigh down, down, with a Derry Down.

[The wild Worm is only sprung 3 or 4 Times, as the Man walks round the Room, and then goes out, and the Horse and the Fool fights again, whilst the following Song is sung :

Come in, come in, thou Dragon stout,  
And take thy compass round about.  
Sing Tanteraday, sing Tanteraday,  
Sing heigh down, down, with a derry down.

Now you shall see a full fair fight,  
Betwixt our old Fool and his right.  
Sing Tanteraday, sing Tanteraday,  
Sing heigh down, down, with a derry down.  
Now our Scrimage is almost done,  
Then you shall see more sport soon.  
Sing Tanteraday, sing Tanteraday,  
Sing heigh down, down, with a derry down.

THE FOOL. Up well hark, and up well hind,  
Let every man then to his own kind.  
Sing Tanteraday, sing Tanteraday,  
Sing heigh down, down, with a derry down.

Come, follow me, merry Men all,  
Tho' we have made bold for to call,  
It is only once by the Year,  
That we are so merry here.

Still we are all brave jovial Boys,  
And takes delight in Christmas Toys.

[Then they all foot it round the Room, and  
follows the Fool out.

They all re-enter, and lock their Swords to  
make the Glass; the Fool running about the  
Room.

PICKLE HERRING. What is the matter, now, Father ?

FOOL. Why, I tell the what, Pickle Herring; as I was a-looking  
round about me through my Wooden Spectacles, made of a great  
huge little tiney bit of leather, placed right behind me, even before  
me, I thought I saw a feat Thing —

PICKLE HERRING. You thought you saw a feat Thing; what  
might this feat Thing be, think you, Father?

FOOL. How can I tell, Boy, except I see it again?

PICKLE HERRING. Would you know it if you see it again?

FOOL. I cannot tell the, Boy, let me get it looked at.

[Pickle Herring, holding up the glass, says  
Is this it, Father ?

[The Fool, looking round, says  
Why, I protest, Pickle Herring, the very same Thing; but what might thou call this very pretty Thing ?

PICKLE HERRING. What might you call it ? You are older than I am.

FOOL. How can that be, Boy, when I was born before you ?

PICKLE HERRING. That is the reason that makes you older.

FOOL. Well, what dost thou call this very pretty Thing ?

PICKLE HERRING. Why, I call it a fine large looking Glass.

FOOL. Let me see what I can see in this fine large looking Glass; here's a hole through it, I see; I see, and I see.

PICKLE HERRING. You see, and you see; and what do you see ?

FOOL. Marry, e'en a fool, just like the.

PICKLE HERRING. It is only your own face in the Glass.

FOOL. Why, a Fool may be mistain sometimes, Pickle Herring; but what might this fine large looking Glass cost the ?

PICKLE HERRING. That fine large looking Glass cost me a Guinea.

FOOL. A Guinea, Boy, why I could have bought as good a one at my own Door for three half-pence.

PICKLE HERRING. Why Fools and Cuckolds has always the best luck.

FOOL. That is as much to say thy Father is one.

PICKLE HERRING. Why, you pass for one.

[The Fool, keeping the Glass all the while in  
his Hands, says

Why was thou such a Ninnie, Boy, to go to ware a Guinea, to look for thy Beauty where it never was, but I will shew the, Boy, how foolish thou hast wared a deal of good money.

[Then the Fool flings the Glass upon the floor,  
jumps upon it; then the dancers, every one



drawing out his own Sword, and the Fool dancing about the Room; Pickle Herring takes him by the collar, and says

Father, Father, you are so merrily disposed this good Time, there is no talking to you; here is very bad News.

FOOL. Very good News; I am glad to hear it; I do not hear good News every Day.

PICKLE HERRING. It is very bad News.

FOOL. Why, what is the matter now, Boy?

PICKLE HERRING. We have all concluded to cut off your Head.

FOOL. Be mercyfull to me, a Sinner; if you should do as you have said, there is no such Thing; I would not lose my son Pickle Herring for Fifty Pounds.

PICKLE HERRING. It is your son, Pickle Herring, that must lose you; it is your Head we desire to take off.

FOOL. My Head; I never had my Head taken off in all my life.

PICKLE HERRING. You both must and shall.

FOOL. Hold, hold, Boy, thou seem'st to be in good earnest, but I'll tell thee where I'll be buried.

PICKLE HERRING. Why where will you be buried but in the Church Yard, where other People are buried?

FOOL. Churchyard, I never was buried there in all my life.

PICKLE HERRING. Why, where will you be buried?

FOOL. Ah, Boy, I am often dry; I will be buried in Mr. Mirfin's Ale Celler.

PICKLE HERRING. It is such a place as I never heard talk off, in all my life.

FOOL. No, nor nobody else, Boy.

PICKLE HERRING. What is your fancy to be buried there?

FOOL. Ah, Boy, I am oftens dry, and when they come to fill the Quart, I'll drink it off, and they will wonder what is the matter.

PICKLE HERRING. How can you do so when you will be dead? We shall take your Head from your Body, and you will be dead.

FOOL. If I must die, I will dye with my face to the light for all you.

[Then the Fool, kneeling down, with the swords round his neck, says

Now, Gentlemen, you see how ungratefull my Children is grown; when I had them all at Home, small, about as big as I am, I put them out to good learning, I put them to Coxcomb Colledge, and then to the University of Loggerheads, and I took them Home again this good time of Christmas, and I examin'd them all one by one altogether for shortness, and now they are grown so proud and so presumptuous they are a-going to kill their old Father for his little means; so I must dye for all this.

PICKLE HERRING. You must dye, Father.

FOOL. And I will die for all the tother; but I have a little something, I will give it amongst you as far as it goes, and then I shall dye quietly.

PICKLE HERRING. I hope you will.

FOOL. So to my first Son Pickle Herring, I'll give him the roaned Nag, and that will make the Rogue brag, And to my second Son, I'll give him the brindled Cow; And to my Third Son, I'll give him the sanded Sow, and hope I shall please you all enow; And to my fourth Son, I'll give him the great ruff Dog, for he always lives like a Hog; And to my Fifth Son, I'll give him the Ram, and I'll dye like a Lamb.

[Then they draw their Swords, and the Fool falls on the floor, and the Dancers walk once round the Fool, and Pickle Herring stamps with his foot, and the Fool rises on his knees again, and Pickle Herring says

How now, Father?

FOOL. How now, then, Boy, I have another squeak for my life.

PICKLE HERRING. You have a many.

[Then the Dancers, puting their Swords round the Fool's neck again,

FOOL. So I must dye.

PICKLE HERRING. You must dye, Father.

FOOL. Hold ! I have yet a little something more to leave amongst you, and then I hope I shall dye quietly. So to my first Son, Pickle Herring, I'll give him my Cap and my Coat, a very good Sute, Boy; And to my second Son, I'll give him my Purse and Apparel, but, be sure, Boys, you do not quarrel ; As to my other Three, my Executors they shall be.

[Then, Pickle Herring puting his Hand to his Sword,

FOOL. Hold, hold, Boy ! Now I submit my Soul to God.

PICKLE HERRING. A very good thought, old Father.

FOOL. Mareham Church Yard, I hope, shall have my Bones.

[Then the Dancers walk round the Fool with their Swords in their Hands, and Pickle Herring stamps with his foot and says,

Heigh, old Father.

FOOL. Why, Boy, since I have been out of this troublesome World I have heard so much Musick of Fiddles playing and Bells ringing, that I have a great fancy to go away singing, so prithee, Pickle Herring, let me have one of thy best Songs.

PICKLE HERRING. You shall have it, old Father.

FOOL. Let me see it.

[They sing

Good People all, I pray you now behold  
Our old Fool's Bracelet is not made of Gold,  
But it is made of Iron and good Steel,  
And unto Death we'll make this old Fool yield.

FOOL. I pray forbear, my Children small,  
For as I am lost as Parent to you all,  
O, let me live a while your Sport for to advance,  
That I may rise again, and with you have a dance.

[The Sons sing

Now, old Father, that you know our Will,  
That for your Estate we do your Body kill,

Soon after Death the Bell for you shall toll,  
And wish the Lord he may receive your Soul.

[Then the Fool falls down, and the Dancers  
with their Swords in their Hands sings the  
following Song :

Good People all, you see what we have done,  
We have cut down our Father like ye Evening Sun,  
And here he lies all in his purple gore,  
And we are afraid he never will dance more.

[Fool rises from the floor, and says

No, no, my Children, by chance you are all mistaen,  
For here I find myself, I am not slain ;  
But I will rise your Sport then to advance,  
And with you all, brave Boys, I'll have a dance.

[Then the foreman and Cicely dances down,  
the other Two Couple stand their ground,  
after a short dance called " Jack the brisk  
young Drummer," they all go out but the  
Fool, Fidler, and Cicely.

FOOL. Hear you, do you please to hear the sport of a Fool?

CICELY. A Fool, for why?

FOOL. Because I can neither leap, skip, nor dance, but cut a Caper  
thus high, sound Musick, I must be gon, the Lord of Pool draws  
nigh.

*Enter PICKLE HERRING.*

PICKLE HERRING. I am the Lord of Pool, and here begins my  
measure,

And after me a Fool,  
To dance a while for pleasure  
In Cupid's School.

FOOL. A Fool, a fool, a fool, a Fool, I heard thou say,  
But more the other way,  
For here I have a Tool  
Will make a Maid to play,  
Although in Cupid's School,  
Come all away.

*Enter BLUE BRITCHES.*

BLUE BRITCHES. I am the Knight of Lee,  
And here I have a Dagger,  
Offended not to be.  
Come in thou needy Beggar,  
And follow me.

*Enter GINGER BRITCHES.*

GINGER BRITCHES. Behold, behold, behold,  
A man of poor Estate,  
Not one Penny to infold.

*Enter PEPPER BRITCHES.*

PEPPER BRITCHES. My money is out at use, or else I would.

*Enter MR. ALLSPICE.*

ALLSPICE. With a Hack, a hack, a hack,  
See how I will skip and dance,  
For joys that we have found,  
Let each man take his chance,  
And we will all dance round.

[Then they dance the Sword Dance, which is called "Nelly's Gig," then they run under their Swords, which is called "Runing Battle," then Three Dancers dances with 3 Swords, and the foreman jumping over the Swords, then the Fool goes up to Cicely.]

FOOL. Here comes I that never come yet,

Since last Time, lory.

I have a great Head but little wit.

Tho' my Head be great, and my Wits be small,

I can play the Fool for a while as well as best of ye all.

My name is noble Anthony, I am as Meloncholly as a Mantle Tree, I am come to show you a little sport and activity, and soon, too. Make room for Noble Anthony and all his good Company, drive out all these proud Rogues, and let my Lady and I have a parl.

CICELY. O, ye Clown, what makes you drive out my Men so soon ?

FOOL. O, Pardon, Madam, pardon, and I will never offend you more ; I will make your Men come in as fast as ever they did before.

CICELY. I pray you at my Sight, and drive it not till Night,

That I may see them dance once more, so lovely in my Sight.

FOOL. A Faith, Madam, and so I will, I will play the Man,

And make them come in as fast as ever I can,

But, hold Gip, Mrs. Clagars, how do you sell Geese ?

CICELY. Go, look, Mister Midgecock, twelve pence apiece.

FOOL. Oh, the pretty Pardon !

CICELY. A Gip for a frown.

FOOL. An Ale wife for an Apparitor.

CICELY. A Rope for a Clown.

FOOL. Why all the devise in the Country cannot pull this down.

I am a valiant Knight,

Just come from the Seas,

You do know me, do you ?

I can kill you Ten Thousand, tho' they be but fleas.

I can kill you a Man for an ounce of Mustard,

Or I can kill you Ten Thousand for a good Custard.

I have an old Sheep skin,

And I lap it well in.

Sword and Buckler by my side, all ready for to fight.

Come out, you Whores and Gluttons all, for had it not been in this Country I should not have shewen my Valour amongst you; but, sound Musick, for I must be gone.

*Enter PICKLE HERRING.*

PICKLE HERRING. In first and formost do I come,  
 All for to lead this race;  
 Seeking the Country far and near  
 So fair a Lady to embrace.  
 So fair a Lady did I never see,  
 So comely in my sight,  
 Drest in her gaudy Gold,  
 And silver shining bright.  
 She has fingers long, and Rings  
 Of honor of beaten Gold.  
 My Masters all behold.  
 It is now for some pretty dancing Time,  
 And we will foot it fine.

BLUE BRITCHES. I am a Youth of Jollitree,  
 Where is there one like unto me?  
 My hair is bush'd very thick,  
 My Body is like an Hasel stick,  
 My Legs they quaver like an Eel,  
 My Arms become my Body weel,  
 My fingers they are long and small,  
 Am not I a jolly Youth, proper and tall.  
 Therefore, Mister Musick Man,  
     Whatsoever may be my chance,  
 It is for my Ladie's Love and mine,  
     Strike up the Morris Dance.

[Then they foot it once round.

GINGER BRITCHES. I am a jolly young Man of flesh, blood, and  
 bone,  
 Give ear my Masters all each one;  
 And especially you, my Lady dear,  
 I hope you like me well.  
 Of all the Gallants here  
 It is I that doth so well.

Therefore Mister Musick Man,  
Whatsoever may be my chance,  
It is for my Ladie's Love and mine,  
Strike up the Morris Dance.

[Then they foot it round.

PEPPER BRITCHES. I am my father's eldest Son,  
And Heir of all his Land,  
And in a short Time I hope  
It will fall into my Hands.  
I was brought up at Lindsey Court,  
All the Days of my Life.  
Here stands a fair Lady,  
I wish she was my Wife.  
I love her at my Heart,  
And from her I will never Start.  
Therefore, Mr. Musick Man, play up my part.

FOOL. And mine, too.

[Enter Allspice, and they foot it round. Pickle  
Herring, Suter to Cicely, takes her by the  
Hand, and walks about the Room.

PICKLE HERRING. Sweet Ciss, if thou wilt be my Love,  
A Thousand Pounds I will give thee.

CICELY. No, you're too old, Sir, and I am too young,  
And, alas ! old Man that must not be.

PICKLE HERRING. I'll buy the a Gown of violet blue,  
A Petticoat imbroidered to thy knee,  
Likewise my love to thee shall be true.

CICELY. But, alas, old Man, that must not be !

PICKLE HERRING. Thou shalt walk at thy pleasure, love, all the  
Day,

If at Night thou wilt but come home to me,  
And in my House bear all the sway.

CICELY. Your Children, they'll find fault with me.

PICKLE HERRING. I'll turn my Children out of Doors.



CICELY. And so I fear you will do me.

PICKLE HERRING. Nay, then, sweet Ciss, ne'er trust me more,  
For I never loved Lass like the before.

*Enter Fool.*

FOOL. No, nor behind, neither.

Well met, sweet Cis, well over ta'en.

CICELY. You are kindly wellcome, Sir, to me.

FOOL. I will wipe my eyes, and I'll look again;  
Methinks, sweet Cis, I now the see.

CICELY. Raf, what has thou to pleasure me?

FOOL. Why, this, my dear, I will give the,  
And all I have it shall be thine.

CICELY. Kind Sir, I thank you heartelty.

PICKLE HERRING. (To the Fool.) Stand back, stand back, thou  
silly old Swain,

This Girl shall go with none but me.

FOOL. I will not.

PICKLE HERRING. Stand back, stand back, or I'll cleave thy  
Brain.

[Then Pickle Herring goes up to Cis, and says

O, now, sweet Cis, I am come to thee !

CICELY. You are as wellcome as the rest,  
Wherein you brag so lustilly.

FOOL. For a Thousand Pounds she loves me best,  
I can see by the twinkling of her Ec.

PICKLE HERRING. I have store of Gold whereon I boast,  
Likewise my Sword, love, shall fight for the ;  
When all is done, love, I'll scour the Coast,  
And bring in Gold for thee and me.

CICELY. Your Gold may gain as good as I,  
But by no means it shall tempt me,  
For Youthfull Years and Frozen Age  
Cannot in any wise agree.

[Then Blue Britches goes up to her, and says

Sweet Mistress, be advised by me,  
Do not let this old Man be denyed,  
But love him for his Gold in store,  
Himself may serve for a Cloak, beside.

CICELY. Yes, Sir, but you are not in the right,  
Stand back, and do not Council me,  
For I love a Lad that will make me laugh  
In a secret place, to pleasure me.

FOOL. Good Wench !

PICKLE HERRING. Love, I have a beard as white as milk.

CICELY. Ne'er better for that, thou silly old man.

PICKLE HERRING. Besides my skin, love, is soft as silk.

FOOL. And thy face shines like a dripping Pan.

PICKLE HERRING. Rafe, what has thou to pleasure her ?

FOOL. Why, a great deal more, Boy, than there's in the.

PICKLE HERRING. Nay, then, old Rogue, I thee defy.

CICELY. I pray, dear Friends, fall not out for me.

PICKLE HERRING. Once I could skip, leap, dance, and sing,  
Why will not you give place to me?

FOOL. Nay, then, old Rogue, I thee defy,  
For thy Nose stands like a Maypole Tree.

[Then goes up Ginger Breeches to Cisley, and  
says

Sweet Mistress, mind what this Man doth say,  
For he speaks nothing but the truth ;  
Look on the Soldier, now, I pray,  
See, is not he a handsome youth ?

CICELY. Sir, I am engaged to one I love,  
And ever constant I will be ;  
There is nothing that I prize above.

PICKLE HERRING. For a Thousand Pounds, she's gone from me.

FOOL. Thou may lay Two.

CICELY. (To Pickle Herring.) Old Father, for your reverend years,  
Stand you the next Man unto me,  
Then He that doth the Weapon bear,  
For I will have the hind Man of the Three.

FOOL. (To Pickle Herring.) Old Father, a fig for your old Gold,  
The Soldier, he shall bear no Sway,  
But you shall see, and so shall we,  
'Tis I that carries the Lass away.

[Then the Dancers takes hold of their Swords  
and foots it round the Room; then every  
Man makes his Obeisance to the Master of  
the House, and the whole concludes.

FINIS.

## A SONG CALLED LANDLORD AND TENNANT.

LANDLORD.

A story, it is true, be it known unto you,  
I have lately fallen Heir to some Land;  
Some little time ago, I was very poor and low,  
But have all Things now at command.  
With my Hawk, and my Hound, and my Gelding for to ride,  
My Servants to wait, and run by my side,  
Which is the biggest pleasure fortune can provide,  
I have rents coming in twice a year.

TENNANT.

I am a Man, behold, that has got great store of Gold,  
And your Tennant I am willing to be,  
If you'll let me your Land, Sir, I'll take it, here's my Hand, Sir,  
And a Farmer I'll venture to be.  
And all that doth against the Land befall,  
Taxes and Town Charges, you shall pay them all,  
And all other repairs, whether they be great or small,  
Then your Rent, you shall have twice a year.

LANDLORD.

Us Landlords live at ease, eats and drinks what we please,  
Which is the greatest pleasure that can a Man befall,  
We sit down by the Fire, drest in rich attire,  
We have our Servants to wait when we call,  
I walk up and down in my Chamber and my Room,  
Likewise in my Closet, amongst my rich perfume,  
There are few unto me come, or indeed dare presume,  
For I have Rents coming in twice a year.

TENNANT.

To the Market I do ride with my Hanger by my side,  
Which is the biggest pleasure that can a Man befall,  
If a Bargain I do see that will beneficial me,  
I have Money to pay for it all.

Then Streight into the Alehouse, my Chapman for to pay,  
My Servants follow after, to drive my Goods away,  
I have no need to put them up to feed on Corn and Hay,  
For to pay you your Rent twice a year.

LANDLORD.

You bear an outward shew, how it is I do not know,  
But of late full of money you are grown;  
You drink, you drive a Trade, many Bargains you have made,  
But yet you have no Land of your own.  
So pray you, Mr. Tennant, give me leave to speak,  
I am very much afraid many such as you will break,  
Whilst we honest Landlords our Rents we may go seek  
That should be coming in twice a year.

TENNANT.

Kind Sir, I do perceive, and I beg you'll give me leave,  
And I'll answer you as well as I can;  
Many Landlords there be, by their bad Husbandry,  
Are forced to sell off their Land.  
And, when the Land is sold, the Landlord cannot work,  
Then Streight into the Army he's forced for to lurk,  
Whilst we poor honest Tennants must work like a Turk,  
For to pay you your Rents twice a year.

LANDLORD.

Go, go, you saucy Blade, and do not me degrade,  
Nor tell me of selling my Land.

TENNANT.

You have done well with speaking, tell me no more of breaking,  
And I will obey your Command.

LANDLORD.

A Lawyer or a Landlord I am resolved to be.

TENNANT.

Then you should let your Land, Sir, to such a one as me.

LANDLORD.

What care I for thee? Is not another as good as thee  
That will pay me my Rents twice a year?

TENNANT.

Kind Sir, I do think fit, that to you I should submit,  
And you shall have the upper hand.

LANDLORD.

Well said, if you can do it, I will never turn you out,  
You shall rent some part of my Land.

TENNANT.

I like a loving Landlord, and him I mean to pay.

LANDLORD.

I like a loving Tennant, sometime of him I'll stay.  
This is to let you know, you Tennants must obey,  
And pay Landlords their Rents twice a year.

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# The Folklore Society.

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## ANNUAL REPORT OF THE COUNCIL.

TUESDAY, 26TH NOVEMBER, 1889.

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IN pursuance of the policy foreshadowed in the last Annual Report, the Council have been engaged during the past year in arranging for (1) the systematic collection of the remnants of British Folklore; and (2) the classification of general folklore in such a shape that the scientific value of each item may be tested and examined. The work is laborious, and occupies much time, but the Council believe that very substantial progress has been made during the past year.

### *The Collection of Folklore.*

Local efforts show that considerable success may still attend the collector. The Rev. W. Gregor, in Aberdeenshire; Mr. G. H. Kinahan, in Ireland; Dr. Karl Blind, in Orkney and Shetland; and Mr. Edward Clodd, in Suffolk, have made during the past year some important contributions to British folklore. The Council have in the meantime received intimation from two different sources, namely, from antiquaries in the county of Surrey and from Bangor College in Wales, that local inquirers are willing to band themselves together for the purpose of collecting material. This intimation took the shape of suggestions for the formation of a Welsh Folklore Society and a Surrey Folklore Society. It appeared to the Council, however, that a more useful method of utilising local efforts and a much wider plan of co-operation might be successfully inaugurated if the members of the Society would constitute

local committees for each county. The old county boundaries have been used by the Dialect Society as the basis of its work; it is certain that they represent an important factor determining the geographical distribution of custom and superstition, and they generally form the area of an archæological society or similar organisation. The counties of Bedfordshire, Berkshire, Buckinghamshire, Hampshire, Huntingdonshire, Monmouthshire, Northamptonshire, Rutland, Westmoreland, and Wiltshire are not represented by any members in the Society; the Council will take steps to ascertain if this defect cannot soon be remedied. Without reckoning the London members, the following is the county representation in the Society, upon which it is hoped to base some system of local co-operation. If the members of each county would put themselves in communication with the Council, and act as local representatives of the Society, the work of collection might be systematically mapped out, while at the same time the influence of the Society might be very widely extended. Both by means of the local press and through school teachers, following the experiment successfully tried in Germany, the County Committees might materially aid, and some plan will be devised for the purpose.

1. BEDFORDSHIRE.

[Nil.]

2. BERKSHIRE.

[Nil.]

3. BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

[Nil.]

4. CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

Birks, Rev. E. B., Trinity College, Cambridge.

Frazer, J. G., M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge.

Scott, J. G., per R. F. Scott, St. John's College, Cambridge

Wright, W. Aldis, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge.



## 5. CHESHIRE.

Brown, Henry Thomas, Chester.  
Gladstone, The Right Hon. W. E., M.P., Hawarden.  
Holland, Robert, Sandhills, Frodsham, Warrington.  
Moreton, James Earl, F.R.C.S., Tarvin, near Chester.

## CHANNEL ISLANDS.

MacCulloch, Sir Edward, F.S.A., Guernsey,

## 6. CORNWALL.

Barclay, Miss Isabella, Woodlane, Falmouth.  
Lach-Szyrma, Rev. W. S., M.A., St. Peter's Vicarage, Penzance.

## 7. CUMBERLAND.

Arnison, Major W. B., Penrith.  
Bell, Edward, Botcherby, Carlisle.  
Bridson, J. R., Bryerswood, Windermere.  
Crosthwaite, J. F., Cumberland Union Banking Co., Keswick.  
Friend, Rev. Hilderic, 19, Burlington Place, Carlisle.  
McCormick, Rev. F. H. I., Whitehaven.

## 8. DERBYSHIRE.

Oakley, W., Newhall.  
Slack, John B., Netherlea, Ilkeston.

## 9. DEVONSHIRE.

Brushfield, Dr. T. N., The Cliff, Budleigh, Salterton.  
Plymouth Institution and Devon and Cornwall Natural History Society (S. Cater, Esq.).  
Torquay Natural History Society, care of Wm. Pengelly, Esq., Hon. Sec.  
Walker, Dr. Robert, Budleigh, Salterton, per E. W. Watson, Esq., 22, Highbury New Park, N.

## 10. DORSETSHIRE.

Pitt-Rivers, General, Rushmore.

## 11. DURHAM.

Backhouse, Jonathan E., Bank, Darlington.

## 12. ESSEX.

Bullock, Rev. J. F. W., B.A., Radwinter Rectory, Saffron Walden.  
Cook, James W., Wentworth House, Hollybush Hill, Snaresbrook.

Howard, David, Rectory Manor, Walthamstow.

Tabor, Charles, 11, Victoria Road, Forest Gate.

Waddington, F. S., Prospect Hill Park, Walthamstow.

### 13. GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

George, Charles W., 51, Hampton Road, Clifton.

Hodgson, B. H., F.L.S., &c., The Grange, Alderley, Wootton-under-Edge.

Mendham, Miss Edith, Caynham Villa, Richmond Road, Clifton.

### 14. HAMPSHIRE.

[Nil.]

### 15. HEREFORDSHIRE.

Murray-Aynsley, Mrs., Great Brampton, near Hereford.

### 16. HERTFORDSHIRE.

Evans, John, Esq., D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S., P.S.A., Nash Mills, Hemel Hempstead.

Gosselin, Hellier, Blakesware, Ware.

Stuart, J., Bishop's Stortford.

Verulam, Right Hon. the Earl of, Gorbamby, St. Albans.

### 17. HUNTINGDON.

[Nil.]

### 18. KENT.

Davis, Lt.-Col. John, Bifrons, Farnborough.

Johnston, F. J., Lamas, Chislehurst.

Joyce, T. Heath, Freshford, South Hill, Bromley.

Lubbock, Sir J., Bart., M.P., F.R.S., High Elms, Beckenham.

O'Neill, John, Trafalgar House, Selling, Faversham.

Phillips, Rev. T. Lloyd, M.A., F.S.A., The Abbey, Beckenham.

Tolhurst, John, Esq., F.S.A., Glenbrook, Beckenham.

Walton, Charles, Ardenhurst Culverden, Tunbridge Wells.

### 19. LANCASHIRE.

Adshead, G. H., Fern Villas, 94, Bolton Road, Pendleton.

Chorlton, Thomas, 32, Brazenose Street, Manchester.

Green, Miss Marian, Girls' High School, Blackburn.

Heape, Charles, Glebe House, Rochdale.

Manchester Free Library, King Street, Manchester.

Moore, Howard W., Stanley Street, Liverpool.  
Stephenson, C. H., 22, Sefton Street, Southport.  
St. Helen's Corporation Free Library, Alfred Lancaster, Librarian, Town Hall, St. Helen's.

## 20. LEICESTERSHIRE.

Barwell, Thomas, The Woodlands, Kirby Muxloe, near Leicester.  
Freer, W. J., Stoneygate, Leicester.  
Kelly, William, F.S.A., Ivy Lodge, Alexandra Road, Stoneygate, Leicester.

## 21. LINCOLNSHIRE.

Peacock, Edward, F.S.A., Bottesford Manor, Brigg.  
Pocklington-Coltman, Mrs., Hagnaby Priory, Spilsby.

## 23. MONMOUTHSHIRE.

[Nil.]

## 24. NORFOLK.

Matthews, Miss Elizabeth, The Hollies, Swaffham.  
Terry, F. C. Birkbeck, The Paddock, Palgrave, Diss.

## 25. NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

[Nil.]

## 26. NORTHUMBERLAND.

Aydon, Edward J., 19, Belgrave Terrace, Newcastle-on-Tyne.  
Newcastle Literary and Philosophical Society, Newcastle-on-Tyne.  
Nicholson, Mrs., East House, Norham, Berwick-upon-Tweed.  
Robinson, John, 6, Choppington Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

## 27. NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

Nottingham Free Public Library, care of J. P. Briscoe, Esq.

## 28. OXFORDSHIRE.

Russell, Mrs. J. Wellesley, Oxford.  
Rhys, Professor John, Jesus College, Oxford.  
Sayce, Professor A. H., Queen's College, Oxford.  
Taylor Institution, Oxford, per Parker and Co., 6, Southampton Street, Strand.  
Tylor, Professor E. B., F.R.S., The Museum House, Oxford.

## 29. RUTLAND.

[Nil.]

## 30. SHROPSHIRE.

Southam, S. C., Elmhurst, Shrewsbury.  
Woodall, Edward, Wingthorpe, Oswestry.

## 31. SOMERSETSHIRE.

Skrine, H. D., Claverton Manor, Bath.  
Sutley, Miss Helen, West Street, Wiveliscombe.  
Tremblett, J. (Lahore), care of Miss Tremblett, Frome.

## 32. STAFFORDSHIRE.

Burne, Miss, Pyebirch, Eccleshall.  
Harrison, W., The Horsehills, Wolverhampton.  
Lichfield, the Very Rev. the Dean of, Deanery, Lichfield.

## 33. SUFFOLK.

Key, Miss Janet, Leiston.  
Key, Thomas, Leiston.  
Read, David, Wickham Market.

## 34. SURREY.

Apperson, G. L., 11, Park Road, Wimbledon.  
Beard, J. T., Royston House, Upper Richmond Road, Putney.  
Browne, John, Chertsey House, Park Hill Rise, Croydon.  
Gomme, G. L., 1, Beverley Villas, Barnes Common.  
Harley, Rev. T., F.R.A.S., 15, St. John's Villas, East Dulwich  
Hodgkin, John, 12, Dynover Road, Richmond.  
Hope, J. Radford, Rosthern, Redhill.  
Larkin, Rev. E. P., Galton Tower, Reigate.  
Man, E. H., care of A. T. Man, Esq., 2, Palace Road, Surbiton  
Ordish, F. F., Hilby Cottage, Ellison Road, Barnes.  
White, George, Ashley House, Epsom.  
Williamson, G. C., Dunstanbeorh, Guildford.

## 35. SUSSEX.

André, J. Lewis Lascelles, Horsham.  
Codrington, Rev. R. H., D.D., The Vicarage, Wadhurst.  
Ross, Henry, F.S.A., Chestham Park, Henfield.  
Sawyer, F. E., F.S.A. 31, Buckingham Place, Brighton.  
Stephens, Rev. W. R. W., M.A., Woolbeding Rectory, Midhurst.

## 36. WARWICKSHIRE.

Birmingham Library, care of E. Scarse, Esq., Librarian, Union Street, Birmingham.

Birmingham Free Library, care of D. Mullins, Esq., Chief Librarian, Ratcliffe Place, Birmingham.

Caddick, E., Wellington Road, Edgbaston.

Hitchman, John, Oak Villa, Acocks Green, near Birmingham.

Willington, J. R., 24, Heath Terrace, Leamington.

Wood, R. H., Penrhos House, Rugby.

## 37. WESTMORELAND.

[Nil.]

## 38. WILTSHIRE.

[Nil.]

## 39. WORCESTERSHIRE.

Allsopp, Hon. A. P., Hindlip Hall, near Worcester.

Jones, J. J., Abberly Hall, Stourport.

## 40. YORKSHIRE.

Backhouse, James, West Bank, York.

Bethell, William, Rise Park, Hull.

Gutch, Mrs., Holgate Lodge, York.

Hailstone, Edward, Walton Hall, Wakefield.

Hull Subscription Library, Hull.

Jackson, Rev. F. W., Bolton Percy, Tadcaster.

Middlesborough Free Library, per R. L. Kirby, Esq., Treas., Linthorpe, Middlesborough.

Rowley, Walter, Alderhill, Meanwood, Leeds.

Williamson, Rev. C. A., M.A., care of Mrs. Stephenson, Paradise Villas, Longwood, Huddersfield.

Wurtzburg, J. H., Clavering House, 2, De Greys Road, Leeds.

## 45. NORTH WALES.

Owen, Rev. Elias, Efenectyd Rectory, Ruthin.

## 46. SOUTH WALES.

Harris, W. C., Main Street, Pembroke.

Hartland, E. S., Beresford House, Swansea.

Traherne, G. M., Coedriglan, Cardiff.

## SCOTLAND.

- Black, William George, 1, Alfred Terrace, Hillhead, Glasgow.  
 Brown, J. A. Harvie, Dunipace, Larbert, N.B.  
 Crombie, John W., M.A., Balgownie, Aberdeen.  
 Davidson, Thomas, 339, High Street, Edinburgh.  
 Duncan, J., Dalrymple, 211, Hope Street, Glasgow.  
 Forlong, Major-Gen. J. G. R., 11, Douglas Crescent, Edinburgh.  
 Glasgow University Library, per Messrs. Maclehose, 61, Vincent Street, Glasgow  
 Glasgow Archæological Society, per Messrs. Maclehose, 61, Vincent Street,  
 Glasgow.  
 Gregor, Rev. Walter, Pitsligo, Fraserburg, Aberdeenshire.  
 Herbertson, John T., Port Dundas, Glasgow.  
 Kermack, John, University Club, Edinburgh.  
 MacBain, Alexander, M.A., Rainings School, Inverness.  
 Mackinlay, Dr., 6, Great Western Terrace, Kelvinside, Glasgow.  
 MacLagan, R. C., 5, Coates Crescent, Edinburgh.  
 MacRitchie, D., 4, Archibald Place, Edinburgh.  
 Mitchell Library, 60, Ingram Street, Glasgow, care of F. T. Barrett, Esq.  
 Murdoch, J. B., Hamilton Place, Longside, Glasgow.  
 Veitch Professor, J., LL.D., Glasgow University.  
 Stuart, Mrs. Alexander, 19, Regent's Terrace, Edinburgh.  
 Wilson, William, 42, Glasford Street, Glasgow.

## IRELAND.

- Irish Archæological Society (Colonel Wood Martin).  
 Kinahan, G. H., M.R.I.A., Leinster Road, Rathmines.  
 King, L. White, 52, Lansdowne Road, Dublin.

*Examination and Arrangement of Existing Material.*

The Council have every reason to be satisfied with the work, and the promise of it, which has signalised the past year. A plan is under consideration for the compilation of a bibliographical hand-list of folk-tales, and it is hoped a first draft of this may be soon ready for circulation among the members; the handbook of folklore, which has been unfortunately so long

delayed, will now be taken vigorously in hand, and as soon as possible issued; the tabulation and analysis of folktales and custom has been worked at during the past year by

MISS MARIAN ROALFE COX,

MISS JANET KEY,

MISS ISABELLA BARCLAY;

and other members of the Society are preparing to help in the same manner. During the past year tales have been tabulated from Grimm's *Household Tales*, Steere's *Swahili Tales*, Busk's *Folklore of Rome*, Theal's *Kaffir Folklore*, and Rink's *Tales of the Eskimo*. Other volumes are in hand and the following tables will show the progress of this work:—

Country.	Title.	Tabulator.	Tales completed.
<b>EUROPE.</b>			
Austria	Vernaleken's "In the Land of Marvels," Folktales from Austria and Bohemia. 1884. (60 tales.)	MR. ALFRED NUTT.	
	Busk's "Household Tales from the Land of Hofer." (Tirol.) 1871. (22 tales.)		
Britain and Ireland	Campbell's "Popular Tales of the West Highlands," 1860-1862 (80 tales.)	MR. ALFRED NUTT.	
	Chambers' "Popular Rhymes of Scotland," 1841. (pp. 48-108.)		
	Folklore Society's publications: chiefly "Record" and "Journal."	MR. ORDISH.	
	Guest's "Mabinogion." 1877.	MR. H. B. EVANS.	
	Halliwell's "Nursery Rhymes and Nursery Tales of Old England." (pp. 146-204.)		
	Hunt's "Popular Romances of the West of England."	MR. J. J. FOSTER.	
	Croker's "Fairly Legends of Ireland." 1825-1826. (38 tales.)	MR. H. B. WHEAT- LEY.	
	Joyce's "Old Celtic Romances" 1879.	MRS. GOMME.	
	Kennedy's "Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts." 1866. (10 tales.)		
	Kennedy's "Fireside Stories of Ireland." 1870. (51 tales.)		
	Kennedy's "Bardic Stories of Ireland." 1871. (10 tales.)		
	Wilde's "Ancient Legends, Mystic Charms, and Superstitions of Ireland." 2 vols. 1887.		

Country.	Title.	Tabulator.	Tales completed.
Finland	"Suomen Kansan satuja ja tarinoita," Tales and Stories of the Finnish people, collected by Salmelainen, published by the Finnish Literary Society. (119 tales.)	HON. JNO. ABERCROMBY.	18
Germany	Grimm's "Household Tales," translated by Mrs. Margaret Hunt. 2 vols. 1884. (200 tales.)	MISS ROALFE COX.	
Greece	Lauder's "Legends and Tales of the Harz Mountains." 1881. (71 tales.)	MR. EDWARD T. BELL.	
Hungary	Geldart's "Folklore of Modern Greece." 1884. (30 tales.)	MRS. GOMME.	
Iceland	Jones and Kropf's "Magyar Folktales." Folklore Society, 1889. (53 tales.)	MR. EDWARD CLODD.	6
Italy	Arnason's "Icelandic Legends," translated by Powell and Magnússon. 2 vols. 1864-1866.	MISS BARCLAY.	
Norway	Symington's "Pen and Pencil Sketches of Farøe and Iceland." 1862. (Folktales in Appendix.)	MISS BARCLAY.	
	Busk's "Folklore of Rome." 1874. (137 tales.)	MR. G. L. APPERSON.	
	Crane's "Italian Popular Tales." 1885. (109 tales.)	MR. EDWARD CLODD.	
	"Tuscan Fairy Tales." n. d. (10 tales.)		
Portugal	"Gesta Romanorum." 1877. (181 tales.)		
	Dasent's "Popular Tales from the Norse." 1888 edition. (59 tales.)		
	Dasent's "Tales from the Fjeld." 1874. (51 tales.)		
	Thorpe's "Northern Mythology." Vols. 2, 3. 1851-1852.		
Roumania	Thorpe's "Yule-Tide Stories." Bohn's edition. (74 tales.)	MAJOR S. CLEMENT SOUTHAM.	
Russian and Slavonia	"Portuguese Folktales." F. L. S. 1882. (30 tales.)		
Serbian	"Roumanian Fairy Tales and Legends." 1881. (11 tales.)	MR. EDWARD T. BELL.	
Spain	Ralston's "Russian Folktales." 1873. (51 tales.)		
	Naake's "Slavonic Fairy Tales." 1874. (40 tales.)		
	Denton's "Serbian Folklore." 1874. (26 tales.)		
	Busk's "Patrañas, or Spanish Stories." 1870. (51 tales.)	MR. J. W. CROMBIE.	
	Middlemore's "Spanish Legendary Tales." 1885. (30 tales.)	MR. J. W. CROMBIE	
	Monteiro's "Tales and Popular Legends of the Basques." 1887. (13 tales.)		
	Wentworth Webster's "Basque Legends." 1877. (45 tales.)		



Country.	Title.	Tabulator.	Tales completed.
<b>ASIA.</b>			
Arabia (?)	Burton's (Lady) "Arabian Nights." 6 vols.		
China	Denny's "Folklore of China." 1876. Chapters xii. and xiii. Giles's "Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio." 2 vols. 1880. ( tales.)		
India	"Bidpai," Fables of. (Ed. Jacobs.) (39 tales.) Davids's "Buddhist Birth Stories." Vol. i. 1880. (40 tales.) Dr. Morris's translation of "Jatakas," in Folklore Journal. Vols. iii. iv. Day's "Folktales of Bengal." 1883. (22 tales.) Frere's "Old Deccan Days." 1870. (24 tales.) "Hitopadesa," translated by Johnson. 1867. Sastri's "Folklore in Southern India." 1884-1886. Sastri's "Dravidian Nights' Entertainments." 1886. Stokes's "Indian Fairy Tales." 1880. (30 tales.) "Stream of Story." (Kathâ-sarit-Sâgara.) Temple's "Legends of the Panjâb." 1883. Temple's "Wide-Awake Stories." 1884. (47 tales.) (Captain Temple has supplied tabulations of these: vid. pp. 348-385.) Thornhill's "Indian Fairy Tales." 1888. (26 tales.)	<div style="display: flex; align-items: center;"> <div style="font-size: 3em; margin-right: 10px;">}</div> <div> <p>REV. DR. MORRIS.</p> <p>MISS MENDHAM.</p> <p>MISS LARNER.</p> <p>MISS LARNER.</p> <p>MISS MENDHAM.</p> </div> </div>	
Japan	Chamberlain's "Aino Folk Tales." Folklore Society. 1888. (43 tales.) Mitford's "Tales of Old Japan." 1874. (23 tales.)		
Kashmir	Knowles's "Folktales of Kashmir." 1888. (64 tales.)		
Mongolia	Busk's "Sagas from the Far East." 1873. (23 tales.)		
Persia	Clonston's "Book of Sindibâd." 1884. (84 tales.) Comparetti's "Book of Sindibâd." Folklore Society. 1882. (26 tales.)		
Tibet	Schiefner's "Tibetan Tales," translated by Rulston. 1882. (50 tales.)		
Turkey	Gibb's "History of the Forty Vezirs." 1886. (40 tales.)	MR. R. F. S. ST. JOHN.	

Country.	Title.	Tabulator.	Tales completed.
<b>AUSTRALIA, ETC.</b>			
<b>Australia</b>	Brough Smyth's "Aborigines of Victoria." Vol. i. pp. 423-483.		
<b>New Zealand</b>	Shortland's "Traditions and Superstitions of the New Zealanders." White's "Ancient History of the Maori." Vols. i. ii.		
<b>Polynesia</b>	Grey's "Polynesian Mythology." 1855. (23 tales.) Gill's "Myths and Songs of the South Pacific." 1876.		
<b>AFRICA.</b>			
	Bleek's "Hottentot Fables and Tales." 1864. (42 tales.)	MISS KEY.	
	Callaway's "Zulu Nursery Tales." 1864. (49 tales.)	MISS KEY.	
	"South Africa Folklore Journal." Vol. i. 1879.	MR. G. L. APPERSON.	
	Steere's "Swahili Tales." 1873. (18 tales.)	MISS KEY.	16
	Theal's "Kaffir Folklore." 1882. (21 tales.)	MISS KEY.	4
<b>AMERICA.</b>			
	Brett's "Legends of British Guiana." n. d.		
	Leland's "Algonquin Legends." 1884. (72 tales.)	MR. J. W. SANBORN.	
	Rink's "Tales and Traditions of the Eskimo." 1875. (150 tales.)	MR. GOMME.	1
	Dasent's "Tales from the Norse," pp. 425-443.		
	(NOTE.—The co-operation of the American Folklore Society in this work, so far as books on North and South American Folklore are concerned, is invited, and therefore only three or four representative collections are cited here.)		

Subjects of Analysis.	Name of Person Analysing.
Animal and bird superstitions .	Mr. Gomme.
River spirits .	
Fire superstitions .	
Folk medicine .	The Rev. E. P. Larken, Gatton Tower, Reigate.
Death and Burial customs	The Rev. W. Gregor, Pitsligo, Frazerburgh, Aberdeenshire.
German parallels .	Mr. G. Langen, Cologne.

A congress of Folklorists was held in Paris during the year, but unfortunately, owing largely to the date of the congress having been fixed for July, only two of our members were present, namely, Mr. Leland and Mr. J. B. Andrews. Mr. Andrews very kindly undertook the duty of pressing before the congress the necessity of deciding upon a common line of action as far as possible in the work of tabulation and analysis, and the matter was referred to a committee.

#### *Publications of the Society.*

During the past year the Council have issued to members the long-delayed volume of *Magyar Folktales*, by the Rev. W. H. Jones and Mr. Lewis H. Kropf. In view of the long time which has elapsed since the first announcement of this volume, the Council have decided to let members who have joined since 1886 procure copies at 7s. 6d. per volume, while the price to the general public will be 15s.

The *Exempla of Jacques de Vitry*, edited by Professor Crane, is approaching completion. The text, analysis, notes, and index, are printed off or in type, and the introduction is expected about

the first of January, so that the volume will be ready for delivery to members early next year as the second volume for 1890.

The Council are glad to be able to report that they have accepted an advantageous offer from Mr. Nutt, by which a volume of Gaelic tales with English translation by the Rev. Dr. MacInnes will be issued to members of the Society as the second volume for the current year.

The Council have also arranged for an English translation of the mythical portions of *Saxo Grammaticus*, with an introduction by Professor York Powell, and they hope to arrange for volumes of folklore extracts from classical and mediaeval writers, such as Ælian, Gervase of Tilbury, and the chroniclers.

A most important step has been taken with reference to the *Folklore Journal*. It was felt that in its present shape it did not sufficiently represent the scientific aims of the Society, and Mr. Nutt came forward with a proposal which the Council, after the most careful consideration, have accepted. It involves the issue of the *Journal* under a new title. It will be divided into sections, as follows :

(1) Original articles, whether collections of facts or expositions of theory.

(2) Reprints of English material, not easily accessible, and translations of little-read languages.

(3) A record of the progress of study in folklore, and in allied branches of science. This record will comprise :

(a) A bibliography of English and non-English books relating to folklore, mythology, archaic and savage institutions, mediaeval romantic literature, archaic history, etc.

(b) Summaries of contents of folklore periodicals, and citation of articles of interest to the folklorist in general periodicals.

(c) Reports on well-defined sections of folklore, to be

issued at stated times, briefly summing up the progress and results of study within each section during the interval from one report to another. Each section to be entrusted to a member of the Society, who will make himself responsible for the production of the report. The following sections are planned :

Comparative mythology.

Celtic and Teutonic myth and saga.

Institutions : (a) archaic, (b) savage.

Folklore in its more restricted use : (a) folk-tales and cognate subjects, (b) ballads and games, (c) folk-usages.

Prehistoric anthropology and archaic history.

Oriental and mediaeval romantic literature.

(4) Tabulation of folktales and analysis of customs and superstitions.

### *Members of the Society.*

During the past year the roll of members has increased to the highest number that has ever been attained, namely, 346, and the Honorary Secretary, Mr. J. J. Foster, has been unceasing in his efforts to obtain increased support for the Society's work. Mr. A. Granger Hutt, owing to ill-health, was obliged to resign the office of Honorary Secretary, which he has held for seven years. The Council feel that the Society is greatly indebted to Mr. Hutt for his past services, and desire to place on record their appreciation of what he has accomplished for the benefit of the Society. Mr. Hutt will still continue as a member of the Council, to give it the advantage of his aid. The year is marked by a very heavy loss in the death of one of the founders of the Society, Mr. W. R. S. Ralston, Vice-President. Mr. Ralston's services to the Society in the early years of its

existence were invaluable, and members will not easily forget those occasions when he presided over the meetings.

It has been found necessary to revise the rules of the Society, and the Council will ask the members present at the Annual Meeting to form a special meeting for this purpose. The alterations are of minor importance, except in one instance, which provides for the election, as honorary members of the Society, of persons distinguished in the study of folklore, but who for various reasons are not at present connected with the Society. It is proposed to limit to twenty the number of those upon whom this honour may be conferred, and the Council will take care to exercise the power thus placed in their hands with due regard to the Society's welfare. The rules to be proposed are as follows :

I. "The Folk-Lore Society" has for its object the collection and publication of Popular Traditions, Legendary Ballads, Local Proverbial Sayings, Superstitions and Old Customs (British and Foreign), and all subjects relating thereto.

II. The Society shall consist of Members being subscribers to its funds of One Guinea annually, payable in advance on the 1st of January in each year.

III. A Member of the Society may at any time compound for future annual subscriptions by payment of Ten Guineas over and above the subscription for the current year.

IV. The affairs of the Society, including the election of Members, shall be conducted by a Council, consisting of a President, Vice-Presidents, a Director, Treasurer, Secretary, and eighteen other Members. The Council shall have power to fill up any vacancies in their number that may arise during their year of office.

V. An Annual General Meeting of the Society shall be held

in London at such time and place as the Council from time to time may appoint. No Member whose subscription is in arrear shall be entitled to vote or take part in the proceedings of the Meeting.

VI. The Members of the Council shall be elected at the Annual General Meeting. Their term of office shall expire at such Annual General Meeting, and they shall be eligible for re-election.

VII. The Council may elect as honorary Members persons distinguished in the study of Folklore, provided that the total number of such honorary Members shall not exceed twenty.

VIII. The accounts of the receipts and expenditure of the Society shall be audited annually by two Auditors, to be elected at the General Meeting.

IX. Every Member (whose subscription shall not be in arrear) shall be entitled to a copy of each of the ordinary works published by the Society.

X. Any Member who shall be one year in arrear of his subscription shall cease to be a Member of the Society, unless the Council shall otherwise determine.

XI. No alteration shall be made in these Rules except at a Special General Meeting of the Society, to be convened by the Council or upon the requisition of at least five Members, who shall give fourteen days' notice of the change to be proposed, which shall be in writing to the Secretary. The alteration proposed must be approved by at least three-fourths of the Members present and voting at such Meeting.

ANDREW LANG, *President*.

G. L. GOMME, *Director*.

## VI.—TREASURER'S ACCOUNT OF RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURE for the year ending 31st December, 1888.

RECEIPTS.			PAYMENTS.		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
To Balance at Bank ... ..	...	175 19 7	By Printing Account ... ..	...	323 11 8
„ Subscriptions on account of 1884 ...	2	2 0	„ Advertising ... ..	...	5 5 0
„ „ „ 1885 ... ..	3	3 0	„ Reporter, Annual Meeting ... ..	...	3 3 0
„ „ „ 1886 ... ..	8	8 0	„ Bank Charges—Cheques ... ..	...	0 8 4
„ „ „ 1887 ... ..	44	0 0	„ „ Postages ... ..	...	0 1 4
„ „ „ 1888 ... ..	241	8 11			
„ „ „ 1889 ... ..	6	6 0			
			„ Royal Asiatic Society, for hire of room ... ..	...	0 9 8
„ Sale of Publications ... ..	...	305 7 11	„ Petty Cash account, including Circulars, Foreign	...	6 6 0
„ English Dialect Society, proportion of cost of	...	70 10 1	Postages, Stationery, Expenses of Meetings,	...	...
Swainson's <i>Folklore of Birds</i> ... ..	...	38 1 9	and Sundries ... ..	...	34 2 7
„ Difference on foreign postal order ... ..	...	0 1 7	„ Differences—losses on exchange ... ..	...	0 1 5
			„ Balance at Bank ... ..	...	207 15 7
			„ „ in hands of Hon. Secretary ... ..	...	9 6 0
					£590 0 11

As against the Balance of £207 15s. 7d., there were outstanding accounts for printing, amounting to £149 9s. 8d., and the Society possesses assets of compounders' fees and a stock of printed books.

(Signed) EDWARD CLODD, Treasurer.

J. J. FOSTER, Hon. Secretary.



THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE SOCIETY  
WAS HELD ON TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 26TH, AT 8  
P.M., AT THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY'S ROOMS,  
22, ALBEMARLE STREET.

THE HON. J. ABERCROMBY, AND AFTERWARDS THE PRESIDENT,  
ANDREW LANG, ESQ., IN THE CHAIR.

The Annual Report of the Council having been read by the Hon. Secretary, it was moved by MR. NUTT, seconded, and resolved : That the same be adopted.

The Treasurer's account for the year ending 31st December, 1883, having been read, it was moved by MR. GRANGER HUTT, seconded, and resolved : That the same be approved.

A Special General Meeting, under Rule XI., was held for the purpose of (*a*) varying Rule IV. by the substitution of the words, "A Council of eighteen other members ;" instead of "A Council of twenty members," and (*b*) of Rule VI. by the substitution of the words, "The members of the Council shall be elected at the Annual General Meeting. Their term of office shall expire at such Annual General Meeting, and they shall be eligible for re-election," in place of the old rule ; (*c*) by the addition in Rule XI. of the word "voting" in the last line ; (*d*) the provision for the election of honorary members and other alterations.

It was moved by the DIRECTOR, seconded by MR. ORDISH, and resolved unanimously, that the rules, as amended, be approved and adopted.

The Ordinary Meeting of the Society was then resumed.

It was moved by Dr. GASTER, seconded, and resolved unanimously: That Mr. Andrew Lang be the President, that Mr. G. L. Gomme be Director, that Mr. Edward Clodd be Treasurer, and Mr. J. J. Foster be Honorary Secretary of the Society for the ensuing year.

It was moved, seconded, and resolved that the following be Vice-Presidents of the Society:—

EDWARD B. TYLOR, LL.D., F.R.S.

THE EARL BEAUCHAMP, F.S.A.

THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, BART., F.R.S.

And the following be members of the Council for the ensuing year:—

HON. JOHN ABERCROMBY.  
EDWARD BRABROOK, F.S.A.  
LOYS BRUEYRE.  
MISS C. S. BURNE.  
MISS. ROALFE COX.  
J. G. FRAZER, M.A.  
DR. GASTER.  
S. HAETLAND, F.S.A.  
A. GRANGER HUTT, F.S.A.

W. F. KIRBY.  
REV. DR. RICHARD MORRIS.  
ALFRED NUTT.  
T. F. ORDISH.  
LT.-GEN. PITT-RIVERS, D.C.L., F.R.S.,  
F.S.A., ETC.  
PROFESSOR A. H. SAYCE, M.A.  
CAPTAIN R. C. TEMPLE.  
HENRY B. WHEATLEY, F.S.A.

The PRESIDENT then delivered his Annual Address, which was followed by a discussion, in which the Director, Professor Rhys, Mr. Nutt, and others took part.

MR. NUTT moved a vote of thanks to the President, coupled with a request that he would allow his address to be printed in the Society's Journal. This was seconded by Mr. GOMME and carried unanimously.

The President signified his assent to the wish of the meeting.

## MEMBERS. (January, 1890.)

- Abercromby, Hon. J., 21, Chapel Street, Belgrave Square, S.W.  
 Adshead, George H., Esq., Fern Villas, 94, Bolton Road, Pendleton.  
 Allsopp, Hon. A. Percy, Hindlip Hall, near Worcester.  
 Alvarez, Dr. Antonio Machado y, O'Donnell, 22, Sevilla, Madrid.  
 Amsterdam, the University Library of, per Dr. Rogge.  
 Anderson, J. A., Esq., 46, Warwick Gardens, Kensington, W.  
 André J. Lewis, Esq., Lascelles, Horsham.  
 Andrews, J. B., Esq., Villa Pigauti, Mentone.  
 Antiquaries, The Society of, Burlington House, W.  
 Apperson, George L., Esq., 11, Park Road, Wimbledon (Auditor).  
 Archæological Institute, Oxford Mansions, Market Street, W.  
 Arnison, Major W. B., Penrith, Cumberland.  
 Asher, Samuel G., Esq., 6, Randolph Crescent, Maida Vale, N.W.  
 Astor Library, New York, per B. F. Stevens, Esq., 4, Trafalgar Square.  
 Aydon, Edward I., Esq., 19, Belgrave Terrace, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
- Babcock, W. H., Esq., 513, Seventh Street, Washington, D.C., U.S.A.  
 Bain, T. G., Esq., 1, Haymarket.  
 Backhouse, James, Esq., West Bank, York.  
 Backhouse, Jonathan E., Esq., Bank, Darlington.  
 Barclay, Miss Isabella, 15, Florence Terrace, Falmouth.  
 Barnett, J. Davies, Esq., Grand Trunk Railway, Stratford, Ontario, Canada.  
 Barwell, Thos., Esq., The Woodlands, Kirby Muxloe, near Leicester.  
 Basset, Mons. René, 22, Rue Randon, Algiers.  
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## INDEX.

- ABERCROMBY** (Hon. J.), *Beliefs and Religious Ceremonies of the Mordvins*, [65-135](#); *Legends from County Meath*, [313-314](#)
- Aberdeenshire, practices of witches in, [277-286](#)
- Accounts, [17](#), [373](#)
- Adders avoid the rowan-tree, Scotland, [41](#)
- , enervative powers of, [43](#)
- Æsop of Jouch, Camerarius, story from, quoted, [180](#)
- African folklore, [22-25](#)
- Agriculture, goddess of, Mordvin, [71](#), [73](#); goddess, influence upon, Mordvins, [105](#)
- Agricultural folklore, see "harvest customs"
- Aino folklore, [57-58](#)
- Allah, mystical attributes of the name, [155](#)
- Amazulu, custom of addressing husbands, [158](#)
- America, harvest custom in, [51-52](#)
- , London ballads related in, [27-35](#)
- American Indians, well superstitions among, [40](#)
- , South, tribes, change of names after death, [156](#), [157](#)
- Analysis of customs, &c., [3](#), [11-16](#)
- Ancestor worship, Coorg, [304](#)
- , Mordvins, [74](#)
- Ange Patyai, Mordvin goddess, [101](#)
- Animal lore, Coorg, [295-297](#)
- names for the last sheaf of corn, [48](#)
- sacrifice at sowing time, Mordvins, [66](#); burial of flesh in house, Mordvin, [127](#)
- suicide, Scandinavia, [55](#)
- superstitions, Scotland, [42-43](#)
- Animals, Chinese beliefs as to, [319](#)
- Animals, God of the, Mordvin, [71](#)
- , kneeling of, to worship the pyx, [26](#)
- , man's connection with, California, [24-25](#)
- , protection for, from witches, [277-278](#)
- , speech of, California, [24](#)
- , domestic, protected by spirits, Mordvin, [73](#); Votyak, used for sacrifice, [129](#)
- Annual meeting, 18-21, [374-375](#)
- report, [1-16](#), [356-372](#)
- Antrim harvest custom, [314](#)
- Ants, legend as to, Mordvin, [106](#)
- Arrow-points, belonged to little men, California, [24](#)
- Arwaker's select fables, quoted, [184](#)
- Aspen, superstitions about the, Scotland, [41](#)
- Australians, reluctance to tell names among, [158](#)
- Austrian stories of Rumpelstiltskin, [148-149](#)
- Ayrshire harvest customs, [47-48](#)
- Babeock (W. H.), *London Ballads*, [27-35](#)
- Baldur story parallel, [61](#)
- Ballads (London) related in America, [27-35](#)
- Bargains made at a pillar, Limerick, [37](#)
- Barnes (Rev. W.), MS. collection of folklore, [202](#)
- Basket, game of, [231](#)
- Basque story, Rumpelstiltskin type, [150-151](#)
- Bat, legend of the, Mordvin, [77-78](#)
- Batcombe Cross, Dorset, [25-26](#)
- Bears believed to attack pregnant women, [55](#); suicide of, [55](#)
- talking of, California, [24](#)

- Bechuana, Red Riding Hood story, [167-168](#)
- Bee, sacred to Ange [I'atyai](#), Mordvin goddess, 106
- Bee-goddess, Mordvin, [71, 73](#)
- Beehive-god, Mordvin, [70](#)
- Bell, church, Easter customs connected with, Spain, [174](#)
- , of St. Menance, superstition about, [45](#)
- Beltane Eve, safeguards against witches used on, [277](#)
- Bibliography of folklore, [3, 5-6](#)
- Birch-tree, custom connected with the, Scotland, [42](#)
- , sacred to Mordvin goddess, 106, [107-108](#)
- , branches of decoration with, on May Day, [265](#)
- Birds, rhymes on, [249](#)
- , transformation of, into human beings, China, [319](#)
- Birth, name-giving at, [160](#)
- customs, Coorg, [300](#)
- Blind (Karl), *Collection of Folktales in Schools*, [20-21](#)
- Blood of the sacrifice, Mordvin, [82, 84](#)
- Blood-fend, Coorg, [297](#)
- Boat wrecked by witchcraft, [283](#)
- Bonfires, Spanish, [174](#)
- Border-story of Rumpelstiltskin, [144-145](#)
- Borneo, change of child's name during sickness, [156](#)
- Borrowing theory of the origin of folktales, [267](#)
- Brass, incapable of conveying infection, [62](#)
- Bread, folklore of, [195-198](#)
- Brownies in Sutherlandshire, [51](#)
- Brushfield (T. N.), *Devonshire Notes*, [265](#)
- Buddhist tales, [306-313](#)
- Buff, game of, [238-239](#)
- Bull sacrifice, Mordvin, [82](#)
- Bullein's Dialogue against the fever pestilence, quoted, [188](#)
- Bumble-bees, objections to, Mordvin, [106](#)
- Burial places used as temples, Mordvins, [82](#)
- Burials, peculiar family, Ireland, [39](#)
- Burmah, prohibition against using the sovereign's name, [158](#)
- Burmese folklore, [306-313](#)
- Burne (C. S.), *Derbyshire Sayings*, [291-293](#); *Staffordshire Sayings*, [294-295](#); *Story of Solomon's Wisdom*, [315-316](#)
- Butter churning and witchcraft, [278](#)
- Butterfly, unluck of, Scotland, [43](#)
- Cairene folklore, [191-195](#)
- California, lizards believed to have been little men, [24-25](#)
- Carts, non-use of, in Scotland, [199](#)
- Cat and kitten, game of, [234](#)
- Cañl, children's, legend of, Mordvin, [105](#)
- Celts, or arrow-points, belonged to little men, California, [24](#)
- Charm for restoring cow's milk, [281](#)
- Chelsea, proverbial saying relating to, [291](#)
- Cheremis tribe of the Mordvins, [128](#)
- Children, guardian spirit of, Mordvin, [72](#)
- China, practice of not uttering Emperor's name, [128](#)
- Chinese zoological myths, [318-319](#)
- Choral games of children, Dorsetshire, [206-215](#)
- Christ and the swallow, tradition of, [56](#); and the dove, [57](#); the stork, [57](#)
- Christianity and paganism, [85, 87](#)
- Christmas, yeast bread at, [197](#)
- festival among the Chuvash, [130](#); Mordvin, [116-124](#)
- Christmas games, children, [236-247](#)
- Church-building legends, [152-153](#); incident in, [149](#)
- Chuvash tribe of the Mordvins, [128, 130](#)
- Clau sacrifice, Mordvin, [81-82, 89, 90-101](#)
- Clavie custom at Burghead, [11-14, 46](#)
- Clodd (E.), *African Folklore*, [22-25](#); *The Philosophy of Rumpelstiltskin*, [135-163](#)
- Clouston (W. A.), *Originals and Analogues of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales* reviewed, [63-64](#); *Group of Eastern Romances and Stories from the Persian, Tamil, and Urdu* reviewed, [266-267](#)
- Clyack ceremonies, [49](#)
- Cobbler, game of, [238](#)
- Cobbs off, game of, [235](#)
- Collection of folklore, position of the work, [2, 356](#)
- Communal characteristics of nature-spirits, Mordvins, [67](#)
- Congress of Folklorists at Paris, [275-276](#)

- Coorg Folklore, [295-306](#)  
 Corgarff, witch stories from, [277, 278, 279, 281, 282, 283](#)  
 Corneraik, foretelling by the, Scotland, [43](#)  
 Corn-riddle used as boat by witch, [285](#)  
 Cornish story of Rumpelstiltskin, [143-144](#)  
 Cornwall, harvest custom, [315](#)  
 Corpse, unluck of looking upon, Spain, [174](#)  
 Council of the Society, [19, 375](#)  
 Counting out rhymes, [257-259](#)  
 County committees, [357-363](#)  
 Cows, measured by spanning, [282](#)  
 —, safeguards for, against witches, [277-278](#)  
 Creation legend, Africa, [22-23](#)  
 —, Altai, [131-134](#)  
 —, Mordvins, [67-70, 75-78](#)  
 Cromwell, Irish legend of, [37](#)  
 Cross, legend of erection of, at Batcombe, [26](#)  
 Crow, unluck of shooting, Siberia, [61](#)  
 —, rhyme on the, [251](#)  
 Cuckoo, legend of, Mordvin, [104](#)  
 —, unluck of, Scotland, [43](#)  
 Curiosity in women, Mordvin tradition, [128](#)  
 Customs, analysis of, [3](#)  
 —, analysis, allotment of work, [173](#)  
 Dances in games of children, [206](#)  
 — at sacrifices, Coorg, [305](#)  
 Danes, legends of, in co. Meath, [313](#)  
 Dead, bringing to life of, Buddhist tales, [310, 311](#)  
 —, reluctance to speak of, [156](#)  
 —, bodies, devil trying to take away, [289](#)  
 Death customs, Coorg, [300](#)  
 Death's messenger, [179-191](#)  
 Deaths of members, [1](#)  
 Deities, mystical attributes of the names of, [155](#)  
 Derbyshire sayings, [291-293](#)  
 Devil, stories of, [287-290](#)  
 —, assuming shape of black horse, [26](#)  
 —, gullability of, in folktales, [149](#)  
 Devil's grandmother, Italy, [317](#)  
 — stone, Somersetshire, [61](#)  
 Devonshire hobby-horse, [265](#); yeth hounds, [265](#)  
 Divining rhymes, [240-250](#)  
 Dog, Burmese tale relating to, [308-309](#)  
 —, devil in shape of, [287](#)  
 —, legend of the, Mordvin, [76](#)  
 Dogs honoured by the Votyaks, [129](#)  
 —, souls of dead pass into, Chuvash, [131](#)  
 Domestic animals protected by goddess, Mordvin, [104](#)  
 Dorsetshire, Batcombe Cross, [25-26](#)  
 — children's games, [202-264](#)  
 Dove, legend of, Scandinavia, [57](#)  
 Dragon in the morris dance, [336](#)  
 Dramatic games, children's, [215-231](#)  
 Dreams, ideas as to, New Guinea, [320](#)  
 Drinking festival among Orkney fishermen, [45](#)  
 Drop the handkerchief, game of, [212](#)  
 Drowning, superstitions against rescue from, Scotland, [44](#)  
 Dualistic ideas regarding Creation, Mordvin, [75](#)  
 Dublin municipal custom as to beggars, [36](#)  
 Ducks off, game of, [235](#)  
 Duke of Rideo, game of, [222](#)  
 Dumb motions, game of, [230](#)  
 Dumfriesshire harvest custom, [48](#)  
 Dumping in connection with harvest customs, [52-53](#)  
 Ears pierced, Spanish custom of, [316](#)  
 Earth-god, Mordvin, [71](#)  
 Easter custom of egg-giving, Northumberland, [318](#)  
 Egg-giving at Easter, Northumberland, [318](#)  
 Eggs, rolling of, down a hill, on Beltane day, [265](#)  
 Euphemisms, practice of adopting, [157](#)  
 Evil spirits, antagonism to good spirits, Mordvin, [73-74](#)  
 Fairies, necklace belonging to, [308](#)  
 Fall of man, legend, Mordvin, [79-80](#)  
 Famine legend, Aino, [58](#)  
 Father of household, the priest, Mordvin, [84, 89](#)  
 Festivals, Coorg, [301-304](#)  
 Festival-days, Mordvin, [85, 102](#)  
 Festival, summer, Mordvin, [107-113](#)  
 — of Uphellya, Scandinavia, [178](#)  
 Fifeshire harvest custom, [51-52](#)  
 Finnish tribes of the Mordvins, [128](#)  
 Fire, ever-burning, [11-16](#)  
 —, guardian spirits originate from, Mordvin, [72-74](#)  
 —, rekindling of, at the sacrificial feast, Mordvin, [90](#)  
 —, power of witch over, [285](#)  
 First foot on New Year's day, [53](#)  
 Fisheries guarded by spirits, [73](#)

- Fishermen, Scottish, superstitions of, 44-47  
 Fishing superstitions, Scotland, 43-44  
 Folklorists at Paris, Congress of, 275-276  
 Folktales, tabulation, 3  
 ———, allotment of work, 169-172  
 Fontaine's *Fables*, quoted, 182  
 Food prepared by witch, 284  
 Food and sacrifice, Mordvin, 82  
 Fool plough, 333  
 Forest deities, Coorg, 305  
 Forest and tree goddess, Mordvin, 72, 75  
 Forfeits, game of, 239  
 Fox and geese, game of, 217  
 Frazer (J. G.), *Antrim Harvest Customs*, 314; *Breakfasting at the plough tail*, 175-178; *Notes on Harvest Customs*, 47-53; *Sutherlandshire Folklore*, 53-54; *Spanish Folklore*, 174-175; *May Day Customs*, 265; *South African Red Riding Hood story*, 167-168  
 French version of *Death's Messenger*, 183  
 Friday superstitions, Macclesfield, 24  
 Fœrgians, never mention name of the dead, 156  
 Funeral customs, New Guinea, 320  
 Funeral rites, importance of, Burnah, 313  
 Gaelic tale, tabulation of, 8-10  
 Gallitrap, Devonshire, 265  
 Games, children's, Dorsetshire, 202-264  
 Garden gate, game of, 219-220  
 Garlic, protection against vipers, Spain, 174  
 ———, sacred to Mordvin goddess, 106  
 Gathering nuts in May, game of, 224-227  
 German tale of *Death's Messenger*, 179  
 ——— story of Rumpelstiltskin, 136-137  
 Gerson's sermons, quoted, 188  
 Giant-killing story, Scotland, 163-165  
 Gilitrutt, Icelandic name of witch, 152  
 God, conception of, by Mordvins, 66  
 Gomme (G. L.), *Coorg Folklore*, 295-306  
 Goose, sacrifice, Russian, 86  
 ———, wild, foretelling by, Scotland, 43  
 Gorey, the term explained, 37  
 Gosse (Edmund), *Account of Boys' Games*, 234  
 Granton-on-Spey, *measuring cows at*, 282  
 Green gravel, game of, 214  
 Gregor (Rev. W.), *Bread*, 195-198; *Kelpie Stories*, 199-201; *John Glaick the Brave Tailor*, 163-165; *The Clever Apprentice*, 166-167; *Some Folklore on Trees, Animals, and River Fishing from the North-East of Scotland*, 41-44; *On Witch Superstitions*, 271-286  
 Grimm's *Teutonic Mythology*, vol. iv., reviewed, 268  
 Groves, sacred, Votyak, 129  
 Guessing names in folktales, 151-153  
 Guiana, names considered a part of the man in, 157  
 Guthrie (Ellen E.), *Superstitions of the Scottish Fishermen*, 44-47  
 Habetrot, northern counties' name for Rumpelstiltskin, 145  
 Hallowe'en, divination, 54  
 Hampole's *Pricke of Conscience*, quoted, 188  
 Handbook of folklore, 3, 7  
 Hare, in African folklore, 23-24  
 ———, beheading of, Scandinavia, 56  
 ———, unluck of, Forfarshire, 47  
 ———, witches in shape of, 284, 285  
 Harvest customs, 47-53, 54  
 ———, Antrim, 314; Cornwall, 315  
 Harvest festivals, Coorg, 302-304  
 Harvest songs used in game rhymes, 244  
 Head of the hare, superstition connected with, 56  
 Heaven, descent of man from, Africa, 22-23  
 Hedgehog superstitions, Scotland, 42-43  
 Hen, crowing, Scotland, 43  
 Hens, protected by Mordvin goddess, 104  
 Hereditary power of curing disease, 62-63  
 ——— of witchcraft, 285  
 Hessian, to kill a, Irish proverb, 36  
 Hides, animals', hanging of, in temples, 82  
 Hobby-horse, 333; Devonshire, 265  
 Holly, placed outside stable door, Scotland, 41  
 Holyrood day and the swallow, 57  
 Hop-frog, game of, 234  
 Horse sacrifice, Mordvin, 82; Russian, 85-86  
 Horse-shoe, luck of, Scotland, 47  
 Horse's hair turned into water snake, 317  
 Horses, safeguards for, against witches, 278



- House, custom of blessing on entering, [53](#)  
 House-custum, [315](#)  
 House-sacrifice, Mordvin, [84, 89](#)  
 House-spirits, Mordvin, [72, 71, 75](#)  
 House-worship of the god, Votyak, [129](#)  
 How many miles to Gandigo, game of, [230-231](#)  
 Human sacrifice, Coorg, [305](#)  
 Hungarian story of Rumpelstiltskin, [147-148](#)  
 Hunt-the-slipper, game of, [238](#)  
 Hutt (A. G.), *Chinese Zoological Myths*, [318-319](#); *Superstition and Sorcery in New Guinea*, [320-322](#)  
 Iceland, church building legend, [153](#)  
 Incantation, witch, [284](#)  
 Indian story, variant of Baldur, [61](#)  
 ——— tribes of Himalaya, significance of names among, [158](#)  
 Invernesshire, harvest custom, [50](#)  
 Invisibility produced by swallowing raven-stone, [56](#)  
 Irish harvest custom, [314](#)  
 ——— legends, [38-40, 313-314](#)  
 ——— proverbs, [35-38](#)  
 Iron touching of, to counteract ill-luck, [45](#)  
 Italy, devil legend, [317](#)  
 Jatakas quoted, [189](#)  
 Jehovah, mystical attributes of the name, [155](#)  
 Jesus, mystical attributes of the name, [155](#)  
 Kaffirs, women prohibited from pronouncing husband's name, [158](#)  
 Ké islanders, legends of, [22-23](#)  
 Kelpie stories, Scottish, [199-201](#)  
 Kent, harvest custom, [50](#)  
 ———, horse-hair superstition, [317](#)  
 Kilkenny cats, [36](#)  
 Kinahan (G. H.), *Irish Proverbs*, [35-38](#)  
 Kirikitoun, Marie, Basque name of witch, [151](#)  
 Kiss-in-the-ring, game of, [211-212](#)  
 Kruzimügel, Austrian name for Rumpelstiltskin, [148](#)  
 Lady of the land, game of, [227-229](#)  
 Laird of Kellater's witch, [283-284](#)  
 Lake, dwellings under the water, [314](#)  
 ——— fairy of, married to human being, [313](#)  
 Lammas day, safeguards against witches used on, [277](#)  
 Lamploo, game of, [232](#)  
 Lancashire folklore, [60-61](#)  
 Landlord and Tenant, song, [337, 353-355](#)  
 Lang (Andrew), election of, as President, [18](#); address by, [19-20](#)  
 Lapwing and the Virgin Mary, tradition of, [57](#)  
 Lerwick, festival at, [178](#)  
 L'Estrange's fables, story from, quoted, [181](#)  
 Lightning, beliefs as to, Mordvin, [103](#)  
 Lincolnshire folkmedicine, [54-55](#)  
 ——— morris dance [331-355](#)  
 Little girl of nine, game of, [207-208](#)  
 Lizards, formerly little men, California, [24-25](#)  
 London ballads, [27-35](#)  
 Longgalls, game of, [235](#)  
 Lot rhymes, [257-259](#)  
 Macclesfield, Friday superstitions, [24](#)  
 Magpies, first coming of, into Ireland, [39](#)  
 Magyar story of Rumpelstiltskin, [149-150](#)  
 Maiden's festival, Mordvin, [107-113](#)  
 Marrels, game of, [233](#)  
 Marriage customs, Coorg, [298-300](#)  
 ——— divination, Scotland, [42](#)  
 ——— of gods with women, [78-79](#)  
 Martinengo-Cesaresco (E.), *Hereditary power of curing disease*, [62-63](#)  
 Matheson (R.), *Breakfasting at the plough tail*, [175-178](#)  
 Mawther, Suffolk word, [138](#)  
 May I go out to play, game of, [221](#)  
 May-day custom, Scotland, [265](#)  
 Meadows, pasture, and gardens, goddess of, Mordvin, [71, 75](#)  
 Meath, legends from, [313-314](#)  
 Medicine, folk, Lincolnshire, [54-55](#)  
 Men, protection for, against witches, [279](#)  
 Mending the shoe, game of, [237-238](#)  
 Mexicans, objection to making their names known, [159](#)  
 Mickle bones mentioned in rhyme, [252](#)  
 Middleton (J. H.), *Cornish harvest custom*, [315](#)  
 Midwifery, sacred to Mordvin goddess, [106, 122-124](#)  
 Milk, cow's, restoration of, [281-282](#)

- Milking cow with a sieve, Lancashire folktale, [60](#)
- Millet, sacred to Mordvin goddess, [106](#)
- Mills, fear of fairies working, [201](#)
- Mole, sign of person being a witch, [283](#)
- Monday, ploughing prohibited on, Coorg, [227](#)
- Month, the Arabic, [125](#)
- Moon, hunting times of the lynx fixed by, [56](#)
- , prayer to, at New Year, Mordvin, [66](#)
- god, Mordvin, [71](#)
- , new, garments brushed at, [54](#)
- Mordvins, beliefs and religious ceremonies of, [65-135](#)
- Morris (Dr. R.), *Death's Messenger*, [179-191](#)
- Morris dance at Revesby, [331-355](#)
- Mother goddess, Mordvin, [70](#)
- Moths, white, rhymes on, [249](#)
- Monle (H. J.), *Batcombe Cross, Dorset*, [25-26](#)
- Mulberry bush, game of, [210](#)
- Mummers, Christmas, [246-247](#)
- Municipal custom at Dublin as to beggars, [36](#)
- My little dog Buff, game of, [213-214](#)
- Myrrh used as preventive against witchcraft, [280](#)
- Name of wolf, taboo against, Scandinavia, [55](#)
- Names, integral associations of persons with, [154-161](#)
- Nature spirits, Mordvins', [67](#)
- Necklace, fairies', [308](#)
- New Guinea, superstition in, [320-322](#)
- New Year's festival, Mordvin, [124-127](#)
- Nine men's morris, game of, [233](#)
- Norfolk harvest custom, [51](#)
- Northumberland, egg-giving at Easter, [318](#)
- Nursery rhymes, [254-257](#)
- Oat cakes, prevalence of, in Scotland, [126](#)
- Offerings made to malignant god, Votyak, [129](#)
- Officials at the ceremonial sacrifices, [88-89](#)
- Om, mystical name of, [125](#)
- Onions, sacred to Mordvin goddess, [106](#)
- Oranges and lemons, game of, [216](#)
- Ordish (T. F.), morris dance at Revesby, [331-355](#)
- Pali texts quoted, [189-190](#)
- Pan, devil in shape of, [290](#)
- Pancake, used in Mordvin festival, [125](#)
- Paris, congress of folklorists at, [275-276](#)
- Parish, sacrificial feasts of, [90-101](#)
- Parrot, man turned into, Buddhist tale, [311](#)
- Peacock (E.), *unlawful cures*, [54-55](#); *Scandinavian folklore*, [55-57](#); *Lancashire folklore*, [60-61](#); *Siberian folklore*, [61-62](#); *house custom*, [315](#)
- Pig, sacrificial slaughter of, Mordvin, [116, 125](#)
- , unluck of meeting, Scotland, [45-46](#)
- Pillar, bargains made at, Limerick, [37](#)
- Pins, used to find out witch, [279](#)
- Piozzi (Mrs.), autobiography quoted, [184](#)
- Pips, divinations from, [249](#)
- Pitrè (G.), *Biblioteca delle Tradizioni Popolari Siciliane* reviewed, [322-330](#)
- Pitrè (Dr.), collection of Sicilian folklore by, [62-63](#)
- Pitsligo, witch stories from, [278, 279, 281](#)
- Pixies, Devonshire, [265](#)
- Place rhyme, Irish, [37](#)
- Ploughing customs, Coorg, [297](#)
- , Scotland, [176-178](#)
- Ploughing and witchcraft, [284](#)
- Polynesia, prohibition against uttering chief's name, [158](#)
- Potatoes, spirits in, [54](#)
- Presents given to witch to secure goodwill, [286](#)
- Procession of fishermen at Buckie, [46-47](#)
- Proverbs, Derbyshire, [291-293](#); Staffordshire, [294-295](#); Irish, [35-38](#)
- Pyx, animals kneeling to, [26](#)
- Queen Anne, game of, [229](#)
- Rabbit, cunning of, Spanish folktales, [59-60](#)
- Rag image burnt by fishermen to avoid ill-luck, [46](#)
- Rainbow, legend of, Mordvin, [105](#)
- Ralston (W. R. S.), death of, [370](#)
- Raven, white feather of the, a charm [56](#)
- , devil in shape of, [289](#)

- Red Riding Hood story, South African, 167-168
- Revesby, morris dance, 331-355
- Rhymes, children's game, 247-259
- Rhyming formulae in games, 239-244
- Riddles, 259-264 ; incident of, in folktales, 153
- River gods, Aino, 58
- , Mordvin, 72
- , Kelpie, Scotland, 200
- Roe, witch transformation into, 284
- Roman practice of keeping the name of the tutelary deity secret, 155-156
- Rosy-apple, lemon, and pear, game of, 210
- Rouse (Denham), *Baldur Story from India*, 61
- Rowan-tree, Scotland, 41
- , protection against witches, 277
- , wood, couple-roots made of, 281
- Rules of the Society, 371-372
- Rumpelstiltskin, story-group, 135-163
- Russian festival customs, 85-87
- Sacrifice of animals, Votyak, 129
- Sacrifices, Coorg, 305
- Sacrificial places and feasts, Mordvins, 81-88
- Sagas, church-building legends from, 152-153
- St. John (R. F. S.), *Indo-Burmese folklore*, 306-313
- Sale of wife, Yorkshire, 318
- Sally Walter, game of, 207
- Sanchez (Maria de), *Ears of babies pierced in Spain*, 315
- Sayer (A. H.), *Cairene Folklore*, 191-195
- Scandinavian festival, 178
- , folklore, 55-57
- Schools, collection of folktales in, 20-21
- Scotland, bread, 195-198 ; Kelpie stories, 199-201
- , objection to names being told, 159
- , animal superstitions, 42-43 ; fishing folklore, 43 ; tree superstitions, 41-42
- , witchcraft in, 277-286
- Scottish story of Rumpelstiltskin, 145
- Seeds, ceremonial use of, at New Year's festival, 125
- Shadow, devil catching, 284
- Sheaf, the last, 48-49
- Shearing-match, witch assists in, 283
- Sheep sacrifice, Mordvin, 82
- Shell bread, made of first bag of corn, Ireland, 38
- Shivering of sacrificed animals, 129, 130
- Siam, prohibition against using the sovereign's name, 158
- Siberian folklore, 61-62
- Sicilian folklore collection, by Dr. Pitré, 62-63
- , tales, collection of, reviewed, 322-330
- Silver used to shoot witches, 286, 288
- Skill, games of, children, 231-236
- Sky god, the supreme creator of the world, Mordvin, 74
- , god of the, Votyak, 128
- Snake, water, horse's hair turned into, 317
- Solomon's wisdom, story of, 315-317
- Somali, superstition of the hare, 23-24
- Somersetshire, see "Staple Fitzpaine"
- Sorcery, New Guinea, 320
- Souls, destination of good and bad, 70-71
- Sowing, legend of goddess's influence upon, Mordvins, 105
- Spanish folktales, 59
- , folklore, 174-175
- Spanning, cows measured by, 282
- Spinning, deformities from, 150
- , goddess of, Mordvin, 104
- , performed by goddess, Mordvin, 105
- Stables, rowan-tree hung on, 277
- Staffordshire sayings, 294-295
- Stag, devil in shape of, 287-288
- Staple Fitzpaine, Somersetshire, devil's stone at, 61
- Stone in the body of raven, produces invisibility if swallowed, 56
- , blue, magical in church at Fladda, 45
- Stork, veneration for, Scandinavia, 57
- Strathdon, witch stories from, 278, 279, 280
- Suffolk story of Rumpelstiltskin, 138-143
- Suicide of bears, Scandinavia, 55
- Sun, prayer to, for good crops, Mordvin, 66
- Sun-god, Mordvin, 71
- Sussex, unluck of divulging child's name, 160
- Sutherlandshire folklore, 53-54
- Swallow, tradition of, Scandinavia, 56
- Swedish story of Rumpelstiltskin, 146-147
- Sword dances, 332, 333

- Tabulation of folk-tales, 3, 8-10, 364  
 Tahitians, non-use of words forming part of sovereign's name, 158  
 Terry top, Cornish name for Rumpelstiltskin, 144  
 Thunder god, Mordvin, 71, 78-79  
 Tien, mystical attributes of the name, 155  
 Tiger-hunting customs, Coorg, 295  
 Tip-cat, game of, 234  
 Titteli Ture, Swedish name for Rumpelstiltskin, 147  
 Toad superstitions, Scotland, 42  
 Tom, Tit, Tot, a Suffolk folktale, 138-143  
 Treasure legends, 313  
 Treespirits, Mordvin, 73; New Guinea, 320  
     — superstitions, Scotland, 41  
 Trees, sacred, sacrifices offered at their roots, Mordvins, 66  
 Trinidad, story from, 161  
 Truckle the Trencher, game of, 238  
 Twelfth Night festival, Mordvin, 128  
  
 Udal (J. S.), *Dorsetshire Children's Games*, 202-264  
  
 Vargaluska, Dancing, Magyar name for Rumpelstiltskin, 150  
 Village-god, Mordvin, 71  
 Virgin, Blessed, Mary, and the Lapwing, tradition of, 57  
 Votyaks, tribe of the Mordvins, 128-129  
  
 Wall flowers, game of, 214  
 Wasps, objections to, Mordvin, 106  
 Water, divination by, Spain, 174  
     —, witch's power over, 285  
 Water-god, Mordvin, 72  
     —, the personification of evil, Votyak, 128  
 Water-snake, horse-hair turned into, 317  
  
 Water-spirits, evil among the Mordvins, 67, 70  
 Weather prognostications in rhymes, 249  
 Wells, miraculous powers of, Wexford, 38; American Indian, 40  
 Wells and springs, god of, Mordvin, 72  
 Wexford folklore, 38-40  
 What are you weeping for, game of, 209  
 When first we went to school, game of, 218  
 Whistling at sea, 47  
 Whorl stone, kept at mills, in Scotland, 201  
 Whuppity stoorie, Scottish name for Rumpelstiltskin, 146  
 Widow's festival, Mordvin, 113-115  
 Wife-selling, Yorkshire, 318  
 Winterkobble, Hungarian name for Rumpelstiltskin, 146  
 Witch, superstitions about, 277-286  
     —, methods of finding, 279; of undoing work by, 280-282; deeds done by, 282-286  
 Witch story, Lancashire, 60-61  
 Witch of Badachallach, 284-286  
 Witch's tree, Scotland, 41  
 Witchcraft, punishment of, Aberdeenshire, 176  
     —, wolves connected with, 55  
 Woden legends, quoted, 153-154  
 Wolf, superstitions concerning, Scandinavia, 55  
 Women, married, festival of, Mordvin, 116-124  
     —, pregnant, bears believed to attack, 55  
 Wreck caused by witchcraft, 283  
  
 Yellowhammer, rhyme in Aberdeenshire, 175  
 Yeth hounds, Devonshire, 265  
 Yorkshire harvest custom, 50  
 Yorkshire, wife-selling, 318

# TABULATION OF FOLKTALES.

[No. 2.]

**Title of Story.**—The Story of the Youth who went forth to learn what Fear was.

**Dramatis Personæ.**—Father, two sons.—Sexton, his wife.—Man.—Seven corpses.—Waggoner.—Host, hostess.—King, king's daughter.—Black Cats.—Black Dogs.—Men in halves, other spectral Men.—Six Coffin-bearers, corpse.—Fiendish old man.—Waiting-maid.

**Abstract of Story.**—(1) A man has two sons, the younger stupid and intractable, but knowing no fear, and hence unable to understand why others shudder at stories that do not stir him. Father insists he must learn to support himself, but boy's only desire is to learn how to shudder. (2) Sexton hearing this offers to take him in hand. Sends him at midnight to ring bell in church-tower, hides there himself, and impersonates ghost. Boy receiving no answer to his three questions pushes ghost down stairs, and returns to his bed at sexton's house. Sexton's wife anxious at husband's prolonged absence, wakes boy and makes enquiries, which lead to her finding sexton, whose leg is broken. (3) She complains to father, who scolds boy and starts him into the world with fifty thalers, and with injunctions to tell no one of his country or parentage. (4) Boy sets forth. Man walking behind overhears his wish that he could learn to shudder, and directs him forthwith to gallows, there to pass night. Boy promises to give him fifty thalers if his wish is fulfilled. He lights a fire beneath gallows, unbinds the seven corpses and sets them round fire to warm themselves. Flames catch their clothes, and boy, angry because they do not save them from burning, hangs corpses up on gallows again, and then goes to sleep. Next morning man returns and finds he cannot claim the fifty thalers. (5) Boy goes on his way muttering the same wish, and is overheard by waggoner, who enquires in vain his father's name and whence he comes, then takes him to an inn where they arrive at nightfall. On entering, boy exclaims, "If I could but shudder!" Host says there is good opportunity here of learning how, but hostess tries to silence him, saying it were pity for boy to lose his life as so many others had done. Yielding to boy's entreaties, host tells him of haunted castle, where it would be impossible to watch three nights without shuddering. King has promised lovely daughter, as well as the great treasures guarded by the spirits in castle, to whomsoever would venture, but hitherto none have come out alive. (6) King, on seeing boy, grants him permission to take with him into castle three things without life. Boy

VOL. 7.—PART 2.

O

chooses a fire, a turning-lathe, and cutting-board with knife. These are taken to castle, and at night boy makes fire in one of the rooms. (7) At midnight voice complains of cold, and, at boy's invitation to come and sit by fire, two huge black cats with fiery eyes leap towards him and sit on either side. Being warmed they propose a game at cards. Boy complies, but seeing their long claws says he must first cut them. Seizes cats, screws their feet fast on cutting-board, but, changing his intention, strikes them dead, and throws them out into water. Room becomes filled with black cats and black dogs with red-hot chains, who yell and pull fire to pieces. After watching them for a while, boy drives some away, kills the rest with cutting-knife, and throws them into fish-pond. (8) Puts fire together and warms himself, grows sleepy, and seeing bed in corner gets in. Bed carries him all over castle, finally turning upside down. Boy extricates himself and sleeps by fire till morning. (9) King arrives, thinks him killed by spirits, and is pitying him, when he awakes. Innkeeper also amazed to see him alive. (10) Boy returns to castle second night and sits by fire. At midnight hears great noise and screaming, and half a man falls down chimney; then, with more noise and roaring, the other half. Boy looks round after blowing fire and sees the halves united into a frightful man, who usurps his place. Fights for and regains his seat. (11) More men fall down and begin to play at nine-pins with dead men's legs and two skulls. Boy wants to join game, but first rounds the skulls in his lathe. Loses his money over game, but at midnight everything vanishes from sight. Boy sleeps. (12) Relates to king next morning how he fared, regretting that he has not yet been made to shudder. Third night six tall men bring in coffin and place it on ground. Boy takes off lid and sees dead man. Warms his own hand at fire and tries to warm dead man's face. Takes him out of coffin, lays him before fire, and rubs his arms to restore circulation. This being fruitless he carries him to bed and lies down beside him. Dead man moves and threatens to strangle boy, whereupon boy shuts him in coffin again, and the six men come and carry it away. (13) Next comes a terrible looking old man, taller than all the rest and with long white beard. Says boy will soon learn to shudder, for he must die. Boy vaunts his strength and will not yield. Old man leads him to smith's forge, takes an axe and strikes anvil into ground. Boy seizes axe and splits another anvil with one blow, striking old man's long beard in with it. Then beats man with iron bar till he cries for mercy and is released. (14) Old man takes him to cellar in castle and shows him three chests full of gold, saying, "One is for the poor, one for king, and one for thee!" Twelve o'clock strikes, spirit disappears, boy left in darkness. Finds his way back to room and sleeps by fire. (15) Relates to king next morning incidents of past night, and, for having delivered castle, is given king's daughter in marriage. (16) Still regrets not having learnt to shudder. Wife becomes angry at this and waiting-maid suggests cure. She procures bucketful of gudgeons from stream in garden, and wife empties them over him whilst he sleeps. He wakes up shuddering.

**Alphabetical List of Incidents.**

- Beard, old man's, struck into anvil by hero (13).  
 Bed carries occupant all over castle, finally capsizes (8).  
 Cards, game at, proposed by black cats (7).  
 Cats, black, hero's midnight encounter with and victory over (7).  
 Church-tower, hero sent to ring bell in, at midnight (2).  
 Corpse, re-animation of (12).  
 Corpses, seven, hero takes down from gallows, afterwards replaces (4).  
 Cutting-board, black cat's feet screwed to (7).  
 Dogs, black, hero's midnight encounter with (7).  
 Fear, hero desirous to learn sensation of (1).  
 Feats of strength, hero excels in (13).  
 Fortune, hero to seek his own (3).  
 Gallows, hero spends night under (4).  
 Ghost, sexton impersonates, hurled downstairs by hero (2).  
 Half-man comes down chimney, presently unites with other half (10).  
 Haunted castle, task to spend three nights in, for reward (5).  
 Knife used to kill and exterminate cats (7).  
 Lifeless objects, hero permitted to take, to haunted castle (6).  
 Marriage of king's daughter to deliverer of castle (5, 15).  
 Midnight vanishings (11, 14).  
 Nine-pins played with dead men's legs and two skulls (11).  
 Parentage or country, injunction not to reveal (3).  
 Shuddering produced by emptying bucketful of gudgeons over hero (16).  
 Treasure, secret, guarded by spirits (5, 14).

**Where published.**—Grimm's *Household Tales*. London, 1884. Tale No. 4, vol. i., pp. 11-20

**Nature of Collection, whether:—**

1. *Original or translation.*—Translation by Margaret Hunt.
2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name.*
3. *Other particulars.*

**Special points noted by the Editor of the above.**—See Author's Notes i., p. 342.

**Remarks by the Tabulator.**—For variants of the above, cf. "Jack Dreadnought," *Magyar Tales*, Kropf and Jones, p. 228. "Zovanin Senza Paura" (or the Boy who went out to discover what Fear meant), in *Household Stories from the Land of Hofer*, p. 335. *Afanasief*, v. 46. "The Girl and the Dead Man," Campbell i. 217. "The Tale of the Soldier," *Ibid.* ii., 276, and note, p. 285. See also i. xlvii. and iv. pp. 435, 443. For inc. 14 (secret treasure guarded by spirits), cf. Hofberg, *Svenska Folksägner* "Skatten i Säbybäcken" and "Skattgräfvärna." Also Hardwick, *Traditions, Superstitions, and Folklore*, pp. 41, 46, 195, 252.

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## [No. 3.]

**Title of Story.**—The Wolf and the Seven Little Kids.

**Dramatis personæ.**—Goat.—Seven kids.—Wolf.—Shopkeeper.—Baker.—Miller.

**Abstract of Story.**—(1) An old goat, starting into the forest to fetch food, calls her seven little kids to caution them against wolf. Goes on her way.—(2) Wolf knocks at house-door for admission, pretending to be mother-goat. Kids reply that such rough voice is wolf's, and unlike their mother's.—(3) Wolf goes to buy lump of chalk to soften voice; returns and knocks at door; but his black paws betray him.—(4) Wolf goes to baker, and has his feet rubbed over with dough; then to a miller and asks for white meal. Threatens to devour miller unless he whitens his paws. Wolf goes third time, and pretends to be mother returning with presents for kids, who, being satisfied at sight of white paws, open door and admit him.—(5) They are terrified, and hide: 1st, under table; 2nd, in bed; 3rd, in stove; 4th, in kitchen; 5th, in cupboard; 6th, under washing-bowl; 7th, in clock-case. Wolf finds all except the 7th, swallows them, and goes to sleep under tree.—(5) Goat returns, sees door wide open, house in disorder, and cannot find children. Youngest kid answers from clock-case, and tells fate of others.—(7) Goat and youngest kid go out together, find wolf asleep under tree, and notice kids moving inside his body. Youngest kid fetches scissors, needle, and thread; mother goat cuts open wolf's stomach, and sews big stones in it in place of kids, who spring out alive.—(8) Wolf wakes up, goes to well to drink, but stones inside overbalance him, and he is drowned. Kids and mother rejoice.

**Alphabetical List of Incidents.**

Artful impersonation, threefold, of goat by wolf (2) (3) (4).

Cautioning kids against wolf (1).

Chalk, wolf softens his voice with (3).

Cutting open sleeping beast (7).

Hiding of kids from wolf (5).

Intimidation of miller by wolf (4).

Overbalanced, wolf, by weight of stones (8).

Search for kids by mother (6).

Stones substituted for kids inside wolf (7).

Swallowing alive of kids (5).

Wolf, artfulness of (2) (3) (4)

**Where published.**—Grimm's *Household Tales*. London, 1884. Tale No 5, vol. i., pp. 20-23.

**Nature of Collection, whether:—**

1. *Original or translation.*—Translation by Margaret Hunt.
2. *If by word of mouth state narrator's name,*
3. *Other particulars,*



Special points noted by the Editor of the above.—See Author's notes, p. 347.

**Remarks by the Tabulator.**—Cf. "How the Fox took a turn out of the Goat," Campbell, iii., p. 91, and see note, p. 93. "La Fola dla Vòulp," Fable No. 21, in Coronedi-Berti's Collection. For inc. 2, 3, 4, cf. Callaway, *Z. T.*, p. 144. For inc. 5, 7, cf. "Red Riding Hood," and Grimm, No. 26 and notes. Tylor, "*Primitive Culture*, i., 307, where also see Russian story "Vasilissa the Beautiful." Story of "Saktideva" in *Somadeva Bhatta*, ii. 118-184. Hardy, "*Manual of Buddhism*," p. 501. Schoolcraft, part iii., pp. 318-20. Grey, *Polynesian Mythology*, pp. 18, 31. Tylor, *Early History of Mankind*, 337. Cf. Tom Thumb, Kronos, Jonah (as to swallowing alive), and "Uhlakanyana," Callaway, *Z. T.*, p. 32, "Untombinde," *ib.*, p. 60, see also pp. 84, 88, 241, 332. "The Three Princes, the Three Dragons, etc." *Magyar Tales*, Kropf and Jones, p. 196. "The Two Orphans," *ib.*, p. 223. Theal's *Kaffir Folklore*, "The Story of the Cannibal Mother," p. 142. "The Story of the Glutton," *ib.* p. 175, and "The Great Chief of the Animals," p. 177. Compare similar incident in Longfellow's "Hiawatha." Finnish Story "Seppo Ilmarinen Kosinta." Stokes' *Indian Fairy Tales*, p. 76.

(Signed)      MABIAN ROALFE COX.

[No. 4.]

**Title of Story.**—Cat and Mouse in Partnership.**Dramatis personæ.**—Cat.—Mouse.—Cat's Cousin's Children.

**Abstract of Story.**—(1) Cat and mouse agree to live together, and buy pot of fat which they store in church beneath altar.—(2) Cat pretends she must attend christening of cousin's son, goes and steals fat and licks top off, returning home at evening. Tells mouse that child's name is Top-Off, which is not worse than Crumb-Stealer.—(3) Cat goes to church again on like pretence, and eats half the fat, telling mouse that child's name is Half-Done. Cat accounts for mouse's wonderment at the odd names by telling her that she sits indoors all day nursing fancies.—(4) Cat goes third time, eats remainder of fat, and returns at night, telling mouse that third child's name is All-Gone, which puzzles mouse, who then goes to sleep.—(5) When winter comes, cat and mouse go together to fetch pot, which is empty. Mouse perceives what trick has been played, and has barely recalled the names Top-Off, Half-Done, All-Gone, when cat springs upon her and swallows her.

**Alphabetical List of Incidents.**

Altar, fat hidden under (1).

Cat, cunning of, who steals fat (2, 3, 4).

Christening, pretended; fictitious names Top-Off, Half-Done, All-Gone (2, 3, 4).

**Where published.**—Grimm's *Household Tales*. London, 1884. Tale No. 2, vol. i. pp. 4-7.

**Nature of Collection, whether:—**

1. *Original or translation.*—Translation by Margaret Hunt.
2. *If by word of mouth state narrator's name.*
3. *Other particulars.*

**Special points noted by the Editor of the above.**—See Author's notes, p. 341.

**Remarks by the Tabulator.**—For variants, cf. "The Keg of Butter," Campbell, iii. p. 96. "Bruin and Reynard," Dasent, p. 409 (3rd ed.)

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[No. 5.]

**Title of Story.**—Our Lady's Child.**Dramatis personæ.**—Woodcutter, wife, child.—Virgin Mary.—Little angels.  
—Twelve Apostles.—Trinity.—King, his three infants.—Councillors.

**Abstract of Story.**—(1) A woodcutter and his wife, dwelling near forest, are too poor to support their only child, aged three years. Virgin Mary appears to woodcutter, and with his consent takes little girl to heaven, where she fares well, is clothed in gold, and has angel playmates.—(2) When fourteen years old, girl is entrusted with keys of the thirteen doors of heaven whilst Virgin Mary goes on long journey; may open twelve doors, but not the thirteenth on her peril. Promises obedience.—(3) In each of the twelve dwellings girl finds one of the Apostles amid great splendour; longs to open the thirteenth, but is dissuaded by the little angels who accompany her.—(4) Goes alone one day, turns key, meaning to peep within; door flies open, revealing the Trinity in fire and splendour. Girl amazed, touches light with finger, which becomes golden. Is terrified; cannot wash gold from finger.—(5) Redelivers keys to Virgin and three times denies transgression, which golden finger betrays. For this lie, girl is banished from heaven.—(6) Awaking from deep sleep, finds herself in wilderness on earth, enclosed by thorn hedge. Tries to cry out, but is dumb. Shelters in hollow tree, feeds on roots and berries, and creeps under fallen leaves for warmth. In time her clothes fall away, and her long golden hair is her only covering.—(7) One spring-time king of the country cuts his way into forest, in pursuit of roe which had fled to thicket. King discovers beautiful maiden, rides off with her to his castle, and, though she is dumb, marries her for her beauty.—(8) Queen has a son; Virgin Mary appears, and promises to restore her speech if she will confess to having opened forbidden door. Queen, though permitted to reply, remains obdurate. Virgin carries off new-born child. Queen accused by people of having devoured it; though speechless her innocence is believed by king.—(9) Queen has second son; Virgin appears with same promise and threat as before, but queen repeats falsehood, and Virgin carries child to heaven. Queen again accused of devouring child; councillors demand justice, but are silenced by king under pain of death.—(10) Queen bears beautiful daughter. Virgin Mary appears, leads queen to heaven, there to see her two eldest children playing with the ball of the world. Still unsoftened, queen lies a third time and sinks to earth, Virgin keeping child.—(11) Queen tried for man-eating, and, being dumb and defenceless, is condemned to be burnt alive. Bound to the stake, and the fire kindled, she repents in her heart. Her voice returns, and she confesses. Rain extinguishes flames; Virgin Mary descends with the three children, grants forgiveness to queen, and restores her speech.

**Alphabetical List of Incidents.**

- Children carried off supernaturally (8, 9, 10).
- Curiosity, restrained at angels' advice (3).
- Deliverance of girl by king; their marriage (7).
- Denial, threefold, of transgression, incurring banishment from heaven (5).
- Disobedience, incurring mark on finger (4).
- Dumb, girl struck (6).
- Forbidden chamber (2).
- Hedge of thorns enclosing girl (6).
- Keys, thirteen, of heaven, girl entrusted with (2).
- Man-eating, threefold accusation of queen (8, 9, 10).
- Repentance of queen (11).
- Restoration of children (11).
- Translation of child to heaven by Virgin Mary (1).

**Where published.**—Grimm's *Household Tales*. London. 1884 Tale No. 3, vol. i. pp. 7-11.

**Nature of Collection**,—whether:—

1. *Original or translation.*—Translation by Margaret Hunt.
2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name.*
3. *Other particulars.*

**Special points noted by the Editor of the above.**—See Author's notes, p. 341.

**Remarks by the Tabulator.**—For variants, cf. "The Woodman," *Folklore Record*, i. 196; and Crane's *Italian Popular Tales*, p. 77. Leskien and Brugman, *Litanische Volkslieder und Märchen*, No. 44, p. 498 (German version); also Waldau, *Böhmische Märchen*, p. 600. For inc. 2, cf. *Romanian Gypsy Tale*, "The Bad Mother," *Gypsy Lore Society*, i. 26. Dasent, "The Lassie and her Godmother," p. 189 (3rd ed.) Busk's *Folklore of Rome*, "The Dark King," p. 100. Ralston, *Russian Folktales*, 98, 100. "Faithful John," Grimm, No. 6, vol. i. p. 23, and note to "Cinderella," Grimm, No. 21, vol. i. p. 364, and No. 46, p. 179. "Blue Beard" and variants. (See Hartland on "Forbidden Chamber," *Folklore Journal*, iii. 193-242; and Kirby on "The Forbidden Doors of the Thousand and One Nights," *ib.* v. 112-124.) For inc. 4 cf. "Iron John," Grimm, No. 136, ii. 195. For inc. 6, see "Briar Rose," Grimm, No. 50, i. 199. For inc. 7, 8, 9, 10, cf. Portuguese tale, "The Three Little Blue Stones," *Folklore Society*, p. 116. For inc. 8, 9, 10, cf. Campbell, i. p. 69, "Tale of the Hoodie." French story, "Princess Fair Star." Gaelic story, No. 12, Campbell, (see also Campbell, iv. pp. 292, 294). "The Twelve Wild Ducks," "The Lassie and her Godmother," and "Nancy Fairy," Dasent, pp. 56, 192, 442 (3rd ed.) Also cf. "How the Great Tuairisgeul was put to death," *Scottish Celtic Review*, Glasgow, 1881. Mabinogi of Pwyll, St. George.

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[No. 6.]

**Title of Story.**—The Frog King, or Iron Henry.

**Dramatis personæ.**—King, daughters, and youngest daughter.—Frog.—Courtiers.—A Witch.—King's Son (=Frog-Prince). His servant, Faithful Henry.

**Abstract of Story.**—(1) King's youngest daughter plays in forest with golden ball, which falls into well.—(2) Princess cries: frog asks why, offers to get ball, and is promised for reward, clothing, jewels, etc. Frog cares not for these, but asks princess to love him and let him live with her. She feigns consent.—(3) Frog brings ball, when she runs home forgetting her promise.—(4) When at table, noise is heard. Princess opens door, but, seeing frog outside, shuts it. King asks what she fears, and is told of her promise to frog.—(5) Frog knocks again; king bids her admit him and set him beside her. Having eaten, frog asks to be carried to her bed.—(6) She obeys her father's command, but when frog comes to her she throws him against the wall; whereupon frog, whom a witch had transformed, again becomes a prince, and weds her.—(7) Next day they drive to his kingdom attended by his servant Faithful Henry, who had in sadness bound three iron bands round his heart, when his master became a frog. As they ride off, the bands crack one by one, and prince thinks carriage has broken. But it is the bands which set free Henry's heart.

#### Alphabetical List of Incidents.

Frog, assistance by, to princess (2), transformation of, into prince (6)  
 Grief, iron bands bound round heart to express (7).  
 Marriage, promise exacted that princess shall wed frog (2).  
 Transformation of frog into prince (6).  
 Well, ball dropped into, by youngest daughter, recovered by frog (1, 3).

**Where published.**—Grimm's *Household Tales*. London, 1884. Tale No. 1, vol. i. pp. 1—4.

**Nature of Collection.**—whether :—

1. *Original or translation.* Translation by Margaret Hunt.
2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name.*
3. *Other particulars.*

**Special points noted by the Editor of the above.**—See Author's and Translator's notes, pp. 337-340.

**Remarks by the Tabulator.**—The following appear to be variants of the above: "The Paddo," "The Wal at the World's End," Chambers' *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, pp. 85, 105. Campbell, vol. ii. p. 130; vol. iv. "Holy

Wells," and "Frog Story," p. 423, "Toad Prince," p. 440. "The Wonderful Frog," *Magyar Tales, Folklore Society*, p. 224, and version from Holderness, note, p. 404. "Bushy Bride," Dasent, p. 322 (3rd ed.). "The Maiden and the Frog," Halliwell's *Popular Rhymes, etc.*, p. 162.

Cf. also notes to Grimm, No. 63, p. 427.

See Müller's "*Chips*," vol. ii. p. 249. Cox's "*Mythology of the Aryan Nations*," i. 147, 165, 234, 375; ii. 26. Campbell, i. p. lxvii.

Callaway, "*Zulu Tales*," pp. 211, 237, 241, 247 (for girl wooed by frog), "*Afanasief*," ii. 23 (man marries frog).

(Signed)      MARIAN ROALFE COX.

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[No. 7.]

**Title of Story.**—Faithful John.**Dramatis Personæ.**—Old King.—Faithful John.—Young King.—Goldsmiths.—Princess of the Golden Dwelling; her waiting-maid.—Pilot.—Three Ravens.—Chestnut Horse.—King's Attendants. His twin sons.

**Abstract of Story.**—(1) Old King, dying, sends for Faithful John, commending son to his care and guidance. John promises this, even at cost of his own life. King bids him, after his death, show the Prince the whole castle and all the treasures, except the chamber containing picture of Princess of the Golden Dwelling; because at sight of her he must needs become enamoured, and danger would ensue.—(2) King's death and burial over, and mourning past, Faithful John vows fidelity to young King, relates the death-bed promises, and shows the whole of palace, except forbidden chamber. King, noticing this, inquires reason, and is told that it contains something that would terrify him. King tries to force open door; is restrained by Faithful John, who at last reluctantly unlocks it. He enters first, hoping to screen from view the picture of lovely maiden; but King catches sight of it over his shoulder and falls fainting to the ground.—(3) Recovering, his first words are about portrait. Faithful John tells him it is the Princess of the Golden Dwelling; and King, declaring his great love for her, says Faithful John must help him to win her. Faithful John pleads difficulty of seeing Princess; relates how everything about her is golden, and recommends that the five tons of gold amongst the King's treasures be wrought into vessels and all kinds of birds and strange animals, as offerings.—(4) Goldsmiths work night and day, and at last all the splendid things are put on board ship, and Faithful John and King, in garb of merchants, sail to town where Princess dwells. Faithful John bids King remain behind and set out gold vessels to decorate ship for reception of Princess, whilst he goes to palace, with apron full of golden gifts.—(5) Beautiful girl, drawing water in two golden buckets from well in courtyard, asks the stranger who he is. He calls himself a merchant, and, opening his apron, displays his wares. Girl admires them, and says Princess must see them, and will buy them all. He is led upstairs to Princess, who is delighted with wares; but Faithful John says he is only the servant of a rich merchant, who has far more beautiful and valuable things in ship. Princess wants them all to be brought to her, but he says there would not be room in house to display all. To his delight, she desires him to conduct her to ship.—(6) King perceives that her beauty is even greater than picture represented. Whilst King shows treasures, Faithful John remains with pilot and orders him to push off and make ship fly like a bird. After many hours spent in seeing everything, Princess thanks merchant and is about to take her leave, when she sees for first time they are far from land, sailing apace. She is alarmed, and declares she would rather die than fall into the power of a merchant. But King tells who he is, and of the great love that has induced him thus to entrap her. She is comforted and con-

sents to be his wife.—(7) Meanwhile, Faithful John, sitting on forepart of vessel, making music, sees three ravens flying towards ship; stops playing, and listens to their talk about their master and the Princess of the Golden Dwelling. First raven says: If, on landing, Prince should mount the chestnut horse that will leap forward to meet him, he will be carried away into the air and never see his maiden more. But there is a means of saving King—if anyone else mounts horse quickly and taking pistol from holster, shoots it dead. But anyone knowing this and telling it, would be turned to stone from toe to knee. Second raven says: Even if horse be killed young King will still not keep his bride. For, on reaching castle together, they will find on a dish a wrought bridal garment, looking as though woven of gold and silver, whereas it is nothing but sulphur and pitch, and whoso puts it on will be burnt to the bone and marrow. But there is escape; for if anyone wearing glove seizes garment and throws it into fire, young King will be saved. But whosoever knows this and tells it will become stone from knee to heart. Third raven says: Even if bridal garment be burnt, young King will not keep his bride. For when young Queen is dancing after wedding she will suddenly turn pale and fall down as though dead; and, unless someone lifts her up and draws three drops of blood from her right breast and spits them out again, she will die. But anyone knowing this and declaring it would become stone from crown of his head to sole of his foot. Ravens fly off, and Faithful John ponders in sadness, but at length determines to save his master at whatever cost to himself.—(8) When, therefore, on landing, King is about to mount chestnut horse, which springs towards him as foretold, Faithful John gets before him, mounts horse, draws pistol, and shoots it dead. King's attendants, who are ill-disposed towards Faithful John, cry shame on him; but King, taking his part, silences them.—(9) Arrived at palace, King is about to take bridal garment from dish, when Faithful John seizes it with gloves on, and burns it in the fire. Attendants again murmur, but King defends Faithful John.—(10) Wedding is solemnized; Faithful John watches bride as she takes part in dance; sees her turn pale, and fall as if dead. Carries her to her chamber; lays her down, and kneeling, sucks three drops of blood from her right breast, and spits them out. Immediately she revives; but young King, having witnessed without understanding Faithful John's conduct, is enraged and orders him to be thrown into dungeon.—(11) Next morning he is condemned and led to gallows. King grants his request to make one last speech, and he relates ravens' conversation, on strength of which he has acted to save his master. King asks his pardon and bids him descend, but Faithful John has fallen down lifeless and become a stone.—(12) King and Queen suffer great remorse, and King has stone figure placed beside his own bed. Whenever he sees it he weeps, and wishes he could reanimate it.—(13) Some time after this, Queen one day goes to church, leaving her twin sons, her great delight, playing with their father, who is still sorrowful about Faithful John, and wishes he could restore him to life.—(14) Then the stone figure speaks, and says he can do so at the cost of his dearest. King offers to give



anything in the world, and stone says, if he will cut off heads of his own children and sprinkle the figure with their blood, life would be restored to it. King is terrified; but, remembering how Faithful John has died for him, he does as stone suggested, and Faithful John stands safe and sound before him.—(15) He rewards King's fidelity by replacing children's heads, and rubbing wounds with their blood; whereupon they are whole as before.—(16) King rejoices, and hides Faithful John and two children in cupboard, as Queen enters.—(17) She relates how, at her prayers, she was thinking of Faithful John, and mourning his misfortune, met through them. King says, that his life may be restored at the sacrifice of their two sons. Queen is pale and terrified, but says his great fidelity demands such sacrifice. King is joyful, opens cupboard and brings forth Faithful John and children; then relates what has happened, praising God.

### Alphabetical List of Incidents.

- Abduction of Princess (6).
- Artful device to entrap Princess (5).
- Beheading of children (14).
- Bridal garment of sulphur and pitch burnt (9).
- Cupboard, Faithful John and children hide in (16).
- Death-bed promises of faithful service (1).
- Disguise of King and servant as merchants (4).
- Forbidden chamber entered and penalty incurred (2).
- Golden gift for Princess (3).
- Heads replaced; children reanimated (15).
- Horse, magic, shot by Faithful John (8).
- Ravens, talking, reveal ensuing dangers and means of escape (7).
- Reanimation of stone figure when sprinkled with blood (14).
- Sacrifice of children to restore life to Faithful John (17).
- Stone figure placed beside King's bed (12).
- Transformation into stone (11).
- Unjust punishment (10).

**Where published.** Grimm's *Household Tales*. London, 1884. Tale No. 6, vol. i. pp. 23-30.

**Nature of Collection, whether:—**

1. *Original or translation.*—Translation by Margaret Hunt.
2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name.*
3. *Other particulars.*

**Special points noted by the Editor of the above.**—See Author's notes, vol. i. p. 348.

**Remarks by the Tabulator.**—For variants of the above Cf. "Rama and Luxman," Frere's *Old Deccan Days*, No. 5. "Pedro and the Prince," *Portuguese Tales*, No. vi. *Folklore Soc.* Cox, *Mythology of the Aryan Nations*, vol. i. pp. 145-149. Dr. Paspatis, Tale 3. *Etudes sur les Tchinghianis ou Bohémiens de l'Empire Ottoman* (Constantinople, 1870).

Crane's *Italian Popular Tales*, pp. 85, 344, 345. Compare Gellert Myth and variants. See Story of Folliculus, *Gesta Romanorum* (Bohn ed.) Introd. pp. xlii. xliii. Baring Gould's *Curious Myths*, p. 136 ff. Edw. Clodd's *Myths and Dreams*, p. 128. "The Gnat and the Shepherd." Ralston's *Krilof*, p. 170. *The Book of Sindibad, Folklore Soc.* pp. 140, 145. For inc. 2, cf. Dasent, "The Lassie and her Godmother," p. 189 (3rd ed.) Busk's *Folklore of Rome*, "The Dark King," p. 100. Ralston's *Russian Folktales*, pp. 89, 100. *Roumanian Gypsy Tale*, "The Bad Mother," *Gypsy Lore Soc.* i. 26. "Our Lady's Child," Grimm, No. 3, vol. i. p. 7, and note to "Cinderella," *ibid.* i. p. 364. "Bluebeard" and variants. (See Hartland on "Forbidden Chamber," *Folklore Journal*, iii. 193-242; and Kirby on "Forbidden Doors of the 1001 Nights." *Ib.* v. 112-124.)

For inc. 7 (talking birds) cf. "The Learned Owl," *Old Deccan Days*, p. 74. Thorpe's *Nule Tide Stories*, pp. 35, 42, 64, 102, 125, 203, 220, 341, 451. *Archaeological Review*, March, 1889, p. 26. "Old Ballads," *Folklore Record*, ii. pp. 107-109; also, p. 192. *Volsunga Saga* (Camelot Series), p. 64. *Corpus Poeticum Boreale*, i. pp. 39, 131, 144, 157, 242, 255, 306. Callaway, *Z. T.* pp. 53, 66, 72, 100, 106, 121, 130, 134, 135, 219, 362, 363. *Sagas from Far East*, "The Use of Magic Language," *Magyar Folktales*, Kropf and Jones, p. 323. Campbell, i. p. 25; ii. pp. 288, 361. Thorpe, *Northern Mythology*, i. p. 97. Cox, *Tales of Thebes and Argos*, p. 175. Dasent, *Norse Tales*, pp. 113, 357 (3rd ed.). Grimm, Nos. 17, 21, 40, 46, 47, 191. Longfellow's "Hiawatha." Weil's *Biblical Legends of the Mussulmans*, pp. 24, 38, 40, 42, 44, 45, 104, 152. Bleek's *Hottentot Fables*, p. 65. Casalis' *Basutos*, p. 339. Tylor, *Early History of Mankind*, p. 347. Grey, *Polynesian Mythology*, pp. 57, 187. Pitré, *Fiabe Novelle e Racconti Popolari Siciliani*, vol. i. No. 21, p. 191. *Stories from the Land of Hofer*, p. 278. Schneller, *Märchen, &c. aus Wälschtirol*, Nos. 31, 32. Crane's *Italian Popular Tales*, pp. 17, 43, 75, 200, 327, 341, etc. Casalis, p. 339. *Folklore Record*, iii. 183, 240, 245. *Folklore Journal*, iii. 291, 292. *South African Folklore Journal*, I. iv. 74. *Ibid.* I. vi. 138. See also *S. ja Tarinoita*, ii. p. 2, "Leppäpölkky" (Alder Block) (where words of warning must not be repeated, or speaker will be turned into a blue cross).

For inc. 11, 14, cf. "Sun, Moon, and Morning Star," Hahn's *Griechische Märchen*.

For inc. 15, cf. Grimm, *Teutonic Mythology*, I. p. 185, note. Roumanian Gypsy Tale, *Gypsy Lore Journal*, i. 29. Stokes, *Indian Fairy Tales*, "Loving Laili," p. 83. Callaway, *Z. T.* "Uzembeni," p. 54 and p. 231, and see Bleek's *Hottentot Fables*, p. 76; also "Fitcher's Bird," Grimm, No. 46, i. 179. No. 47 *Ibid.* i. 185. "The Romance of Unyengebule," *S. African Folklore Journal*, I. iv. 74. Mallet's *Northern Antiquities*, pp. 105, 436. Campbell, II. 287. Dasent, *Norse Tales*, pp. 357, 439. Grey, *Polynesian Mythology*, p. 124.

Cf.? "The Secret-keeping Little Boy," *Magyar Tales*, Kropf and Jones, p. 233, and "The Three Dreams," *ibid.* p. 117.

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## TABULATION OF FOLKTALES.

[No. 8.]

**Title of Story.**—The Twelve Brothers.

**Dramatis Personæ.**—King.—Queen.—Their twelve sons.—Daughter.—Twelve lilies.—Twelve ravens.—Old woman.—King.—Greyhound.—King's mother.—Judge.

**Abstract of Story.**—(1) King and queen have twelve sons. King declares, if a girl is born the twelve boys shall die, that she may be sole heiress. He has twelve coffins made and locked up in room of which he gives key to queen, bidding her tell no one of it. But youngest son, named Benjamin, from the Bible, seeing his mother's grief asks cause, and importunes her till at length she unlocks room and shows coffins, explaining their purpose. Son comforts her, saying he and his brothers will save themselves.—(2) She tells him that they must go forth into the forest, and one must keep watch from the highest tree, looking towards the castle tower. If she bears a son she will hoist a white flag, and they may safely return; if a daughter, a red flag, and they must fly for their lives. She blesses them, and they start. They keep watch in turn, and after eleven days Benjamin sees blood-red flag, their death-sentence.—(3) The brothers are angry and swear to be avenged, saying, wherever they find a girl her red blood shall flow. They go deeper into the forest and find a little bewitched hut standing empty, and determine to live there. Benjamin keeps house while the rest seek food, and they live here ten years.—(4) Queen's daughter, who is fair of face and has a golden star on her forehead, happens to see twelve men's shirts on the great washing day; and, as they are too small for her father, asks queen to whom they belong. Queen tells her, sorrowing, all about the twelve brothers, of whom she has never heard, and shows the twelve coffins. Daughter comforts her and sets forth with the twelve shirts to seek her brothers in the forest.—(5) In the evening she reaches the hut, and Benjamin, astonished at her beauty and her royal garments, ascertains that she is a king's daughter, and is in search of her twelve brothers. He sees the twelve shirts, makes himself known to her, and they rejoice together. Benjamin remembers their vow to slay every maiden they meet, and tells her to hide under tub till he has made an agreement with the brothers. They return at night, and during meal ask Benjamin for news, which he will tell if they promise not to slay the first maiden they meet. He raises the tub and they are overjoyed to see their sister. They live happily together, she always staying at home to help

VOL. 7.—PART 3.

X

Benjamin, whilst the others go in quest of game.—(6) One day she plucks twelve lilies from the garden, meaning one for each of her brothers. As she plucks the flowers the brothers are changed to twelve ravens and fly away, and house and garden vanish.—(7) She finds an old woman standing by her, and is told there is only one way by which she may deliver her brothers, and that so hard as to be impracticable. For seven whole years she must be dumb; must neither speak nor laugh or all will be in vain; and one word would kill her brothers. But she feels confident of accomplishing the task, and seats herself in a high tree to spin.—(8) A king is hunting in the forest, and his greyhound barks at the maiden in the tree. King sees golden star on her brow, and is so charmed with her beauty that he asks her to be his wife. She nods assent. He climbs tree and carries her down, and bears her home on his horse. Wedding is solemnised, and they live happily for a few years; but the bride neither speaks nor smiles.—(9) King's wicked mother slanders young queen; says she is a beggar-girl, and accuses her of evil practices; till king is at last persuaded to sentence her to death. A fire is lighted in the court-yard, and she is bound to the stake.—(10) As the fire begins to lick her clothes the last instant of the seven years expires; a whirring sound is heard, and twelve ravens fly down. As they touch the earth they are her twelve brothers. They deliver their sister from the fire, and she now speaks, and explains why she has been dumb.—(11) King rejoices, and they all live in unity. But the wicked mother-in-law is put in a barrel filled with boiling oil and venomous snakes, and dies an evil death.

### Alphabetical List of Incidents.

- Calumniated wife (9).
- Dumb for seven years, a penalty for release of brothers (7).
- Girl, birth of, king vows to kill twelve sons if girl is born (1).
- Mother-in-law slanders princess, who is to be burned (9).
- Princess born; follows brothers to forest (4).
- Princess delivered and speaks (10).
- Princess hidden under tub by youngest brother (5).
- Princess lives in tree till married by king (8).
- Queen warns boys to flee, and arranges danger-signal (2).
- Ravens, brothers changed into, when princess plucks lilies (6).
- Seventh year-end ravens appear; on touching earth become brothers (10).
- Star, golden, on princess's forehead (4) (8).
- Youngest brother hides princess under tub (5).

**Where published.**—Grimm's *Household Tales*. London, 1884. Tale No. 9, vol. i. pp. 37-42.

### Nature of Collection, whether :—

1. *Original or translation.*—Translation by Margaret Hunt.
2. *If by word of mouth state narrator's name.*
3. *Other particulars.*

Special Points noted by the Editor of the above.—See Author's notes, vol. i. p. 351.

**Remarks by the Tabulator.**—Comp. "The Seven Ravens," "The Six Swans," Grimm, Nos. 25 and 49. Campbell, i. 63. "Tale of the Hoodie." Crane, *Italian Popular Tales*, p. 54. "The Curse of the Seven Children." Dasent, *Norse Tales*, "The Twelve Wild Ducks," p. 51. *Pentameron*, iv. 8. Pitrcé, No. 73.

For inc. (4) (8), (star on forehead), cf. *Folklore Journal*, iii. 303. Crane, pp. 18, 101. "The Dancing Water, etc.," "The Bucket." Day, *Folktales of Bengal*, p. 236 ff., 242. Stokes, *Indian Fairy Tales*, p. 119, "The Boy who had a Moon on his Forehead and a Star on his Chin;" also pp. 1 and 277, note. *Wide-Awake Stories*, p. 310.

For inc. (5), cf. "Hymnis-Kvida." *Corpus Poeticum Boreale*, i. 221. *Folklore Journal*, iii. 296; vi. 199. *South African Folklore Journal*, I. vi. 138. Dasent, *Norse Tales*, "Buttercup," p. 125.

For inc. (6) (transformations), cf. *American Folklore Journal*, i. 205, 206; ii. 37, 125, 127, 137, 139, 141. Apuleius, "Golden Ass." *Arabian Nights*, "Story of the Second Calendar." Ausland, No. 43. *Buhar-i-Danush*, Scott's translation, vol. iii. 288-291. Baring-Gould, *Curious Myths*, ii. 299-302. Burton, *The Book of the Thousand Nights and a Night*, vii. 304, 305. Busk, *Folklore of Rome*, pp. 146-154. Callaway, *Zulu Tales*, pp. 63, 119, 123, 328. Campbell, i. 63; ii. 130, 423; iv. 293, 423, 440. Chambers, *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, 85, 105. Clouston, *Popular Tales and Fictions*, i. 182 ff., 431, 432, 433-5, 444, 482 ff. *Corpus Poeticum Boreale*, i. 398, 425. Cox, *Mythology of the Aryan Nations*, i. 234, 375; ii. 26, note. Crane, *Italian Popular Tales*, pp. 2, 13, 22, 32, 33, 34, 76, 86, 341. Dalton, *Ethnology of Bengal*, pp. 165, 166. Daphne. Dasent, *Norse Tales*, cxiii. pp. 22, 51, 59, 105, 214, 272, 285, 295, 302, 322, 345, 382, 428, 435, 437 (3rd ed.). Dawson, *Australian Aborigines* (Myth of the Lost Pleiad). Day, *Folktales of Bengal*, 139 ff., 183, 185-6, 190, 193, 197, 270. *De Regib.* lib. 20, "Ranulphus and Gulielmus." *Dravidian Nights*, Natesa Sastri's, pp. 8-18. *Facetiae Cantabrigiensis*, 1825, p. 10. Fiske, *Myths and Myth-makers*, 69-102. *Folklore Record*, i. 82, 202; ii. 99, 101, 186; iii. 43, 210, 211, 214, 225; iv. 59, 104, 150; v. 99-100, 112, 113, 114, 115, 118, 119, 127, 141. *Folklore Journal*, iii. 291; vi. 10, 13, 15, 19, 23, 24, 35, 41, 46, 163, 173, 197, 199, 252-262. Grey, *Polynesian Mythology*, pp. 30, 86. Grimm, *Household Tales*, Nos. 1, 6, 9, 11, 13, 25, 29, 49, 51, 56, notes to No. 63; i. 427, 68, 76 and notes, 141. *Deutsche Sagen*, i. 13. *Teutonic Mythology*, i. 326, 337, 427 ff.; iii. 1094-6; iv. 1630-1. Guest, *Mabinogion* (1877), pp. 471-73, 477 ff. Hahn, Nos. 15, 21, 100, and "Sun, Moon, and Morning Star." Hesiod, *Schol. ad Theog.*, 885. *Indian Antiquary*, i. 19, 117, 118, 170, 171. Joe Miller's *Complete Jest Book* (Bohn), No. 151. Kalevala. *Kathasaritsagara*, book vii. chap. 39. Keightley, *Tales and Popular Fictions*, pp. 123, 124. Kohl, *Kitchi Gami*, p. 105. Lane, *Thousand and One*

*Nights*, i. 140, 156; iii. 352. Legrand, *Contes Populaires Grecs*, "La Tzitzinæna." *Magyar Folktales*, Jones and Kropf, pp. 214, 222, 224, 344, 404. *Mahābhārata*, "Nala and Damayanti." Müller, *Chips*, ii. 251. *Old Deccan Days*, pp. 9, 10, 27, 40, 57, 58, 75-78, 86-88, 95-101, 102, 117, 167, 203. *Panchatantra*, i. 254-7, 266-7 (see Benfey's Introduction, 477-8). Perrault, "Le Maître Chat." Persian Romance, "King Bahram Ghūr and Husn Bācū." *Popol Vuh*, book ii. c. 5. *Portuguese Tales*, Folklore Soc., Introd. iii. and Nos. xxiv. xxvi. xxvii. Ralston, *Russian Folktales*, 10-17, 33, 66, 71, 79, 85, 116, 126, 129, 130, 134, 136, 147, 184, 224, 275; *Songs of the Russian People*, pp. 179, 181, 183, 403-4, 407, 408. Rivière, *Contes Populaires Kabyles*, pp. 53, 72. *South African Folklore Journal*, vol. i. pt. iv. pp. 74-79. *Sagas from the Far East*, pp. 2, 4 ff., 18, 28, 32, 34, 68, 93, 128, 221, 296, 307. Schoolcraft, *Algie Researches*, ii. 94-104. Schott, No. 23. Schreck, *Finnische Märchen*, ix., "The Wonderful Birch." *Scottish Celtic Review*, i. 70-77. *Sinhāsana Dvātrīṃśati* (or Thirty-two Tales of a Throne). Sparks, *Decisions of Princess Thoo-Dharma Tsari*, No. 16. Stokes, *Indian Fairy Tales*, pp. 5, 10-11, 13, 30, 42, 51, 56, 63, 74, 77, 81, 131, 141, 143-6, 148 ff., 173, 175, 244, 250. Tamil Romance, "Madana Kāmarāja Kadai." Temple, *Legends of the Punjab*, 5, 68, 180, 181, 183 ff., 416, 488, 498, 499, 502. Theal, *Kaffir Folklore*, p. 37, "The Bird who made Milk," and pp. 55, 87, 98, 101, 111. Thorpe, *Northern Mythology. Yule-Tide Stories*, pp. 64, 159, 295, 336-9, 340. Turner, *Samoa*, p. 102. Tylor, *Early Hist. of Mankind*, p. 346. Urvashi and Pururavas. *Volsenma-Saga* (Camelot Series), p. 95. Vuk Karajich, No. 10. *Wide-Awake Stories*, pp. 13 ff., 15, 29, 30, 33, 49, 54, 79-85, 100, 125, 173, 175, 193, 219 ff., 301, 303. And see Tabulator's Remarks on "The Frog King," Grimm, No. 1 (*Folklore Journal*, vii. part 2).

For inc. 7 (silent bride), cf. Busk, *Folklore of Rome*, "S. Giovanni Bocca d'Oro," p. 201. Dasent, *Norse Tales*, "The Lassie and her Godmother," p. 191. Grimm, Nos. 3, 49. As to custom of imposing silence on newly-married women, see Frazer, *Totemism*, p. 68. In a modern Greek tale the Silent Bride is a Nereid (see B. Schmidt, *Volksleben der Neugriechen*, p. 116). The expression of Sophocles (αἰθόγγους γάμους) may mean that Thetis was silent during her married life. Cf. Bowen, *Central Africa*, p. 303. Lang, *Custom and Myth*, pp. 73 ff. Lubbock, *Origin of Civilization*, p. 75. (1875.)

For inc. 9 (calumniated wife), cf. Dasent, *Norse Tales*, pp. 56, 192, 442. Day, *Folktales of Bengal*, p. 236 ff. Grimm, No. 3. *Indian Antiquary*, iv. 54. *Old Deccan Days*, p. 53 ff. Stokes, *Indian Fairy Tales*, pp. 51, 119 ff., 175-176. Temple, *Legends of the Punjab*, p. 149. *Wide-Awake Stories*, p. 175.

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[No. 9.]

**Title of Story.**—The Wonderful Musician.**Dramatis Personæ.**—Musician.—Wolf.—Fox.—Hare.—Woodcutter.

**Abstract of Story.**—(1) A musician wandering alone in forest, plays fiddle to attract some one as companion. Wolf comes, admires his music, and wishes to learn how to play. Musician, to be rid of him, says an obedient pupil can easily learn. Taking wolf to a hollow oak-tree with a cleft in it, he directs him to put his fore-paws into crevice; then, picking up a stone, he wedges them there, and goes on his way.—(2) Presently his playing attracts a fox, who likewise desires to learn the art. Musician takes him to a footpath amid high bushes; bends two young trees down; ties one of fox's front paws to each; then releases trees, and fox is jerked up in the air.—(3) Musician proceeds farther, and his playing brings a hare. Pretending to teach him how to play, he ties a long string round hare's neck and fastens the other end to an aspen standing in an open space. Directs hare to run twenty times round tree, and goes on his way.—(4) Meanwhile wolf has struggled and released his paws and starts in angry pursuit of musician. Comes upon fox who begs to be set free, and hurries with wolf to be revenged. On the way they deliver hare, who accompanies them.—(5) But a woodcutter has been bewitched by the fiddling, and leaves his work to listen. When the animals come up he raises his axe to protect musician, and drives them terrified into the forest. Musician plays once more out of gratitude.

**Alphabetical List of Incidents.**

Fox wants to learn fiddle; fore-paws tied to trees (2).

Hare wants to learn fiddle; tied by neck to aspen (3).

Wolf wants to learn fiddle; is put in tree cleft (1).

Woodcutter, bewitched by fiddling, protects fiddler from freed animals (5).

**Where published.**—Grimm's *Household Tales*. London, 1884. No. 8, vol. i. pp. 35-37.

**Nature of Collection, whether :—**1. *Original or translation.* Translation by Margaret Hunt.2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name.*3. *Other particulars.*

**Special Points noted by the Editor of the above.**—See Author's notes p. 351.

**Remarks by the Tabulator.**—Comp. Orpheus and Hermes, The Finnish Wainamoinen (cf. Kalevala, *passim*). The Sanscrit Gunādhyā,

(cf. *Katha-sarit-sagara*, i. c. 8). ? Piper of Hamelin. Baring Gould, *Curious Myths*, p. 417, ff. Goethe's "Erkling." The horn of Oberon. The lyre of Apollo. Grimm, Nos. 56, 110. "The Wishing Box," *Folklore Record*, iii. 206. Ladislaus Arany, "The Sad Princess." *Round the Yule-Log*, p. 269, "Hans who made the Princess laugh." Hahn, *Griechische und Albanische Märchen*, i. 222; ii. 240. Engel's *Musical Myths*, vol. ii. p. 29, "The Indefatigable Fiddler," and p. 122. Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, p. 191. *Volunga-Saga* (Camelot Series), p. 144. (Gunnar plays harp with his toes and charms adders in the worm-close), and comp. Rivière, *Contes Pop. Kabyles*, "Le Jouer du Flute," p. 91.

For inc. 1, comp. Ralston *Songs of the Russian People*, p. 101.

(Signed)

MARIAN ROALFE COX.



[No. 10.]

**Title of Story.**—Rapunzel.**Dramatis Personæ.**—Man and wife.—Enchantress.—Rapunzel.—King's son.—Twin children.

**Abstract of Story.**—(1) A man and woman who have long wished for a child at length have hopes that heaven will grant their prayer. A back window of their house overlooks a beautiful garden full of flowers and herbs, and surrounded by a high wall. None dare enter it, as it belongs to a wicked enchantress. One day the sight of a bed of fresh green rampion (rapunzel) excites in the woman such a craving to eat some that day by day she pines away with insatiable longing. Her affectionate husband becoming alarmed at this, decides to clamber down the wall one evening and procure the rampion, at whatever cost. Having much enjoyed her salad, the woman's longing for more is increased threefold; but on his second descent to the garden her husband encounters the enchantress.—(2) The terrified thief pleads for mercy, explaining the necessitous case. The enraged enchantress becomes softened, and permits him to take as much rampion as he will, on condition that he gives to her the longed-for child, and she will treat it kindly. In his terror he consents; and when the child is born the enchantress appears, gives her the name of Rapunzel, and takes her away.—(3) The girl is very beautiful, and at the age of twelve the enchantress shuts her in a tower which lies in a forest, and has neither stair nor door, and only one small window at the top. Rapunzel has magnificent golden hair which she winds round a hook in the window, and lets fall down twenty ells to make a ladder for the enchantress to climb up by.—(4) After a year or two the king's son, riding through forest, hears Rapunzel singing, and longs in vain to enter the tower, for he can find no door. Every day he comes to listen to the beautiful voice, till once, by chance, he hears the enchantress cry, "Rapunzel, let down thy hair," and sees her climb up to the window. He returns next day, and when it is dark repeats the same call, and mounts by the same ladder, to the alarm of Rapunzel, whose eyes had never yet beheld such a man. By degrees she loses her fear, and thinking he will love her more than old Dame Gothel does, accepts him as her husband. He agrees to bring a skein of silk every evening, wherewith to weave a ladder for Rapunzel's deliverance.—(5) The enchantress, whose visits are always by day, suspects nothing till Rapunzel remarks how much heavier is Dame Gothel to draw up than the king's son. Then, in her fury, she clutches the beautiful tresses and cuts them off, and transports Rapunzel to a desert where she has to live in misery.—(6) But the enchantress fastens the severed braids of hair to the window-hook, and lets them fall for the king's son to mount by when he calls. Then she mocks him, saying the cat has got his lovely bird, and will scratch out his eyes as well. Mad with despair, he leaps from the tower, and is blinded by the thorns into which he falls.—(7) For some years he wanders about the forest feeding on roots and

berries, and ever bewailing the loss of his dearest wife, till at last he reaches the desert where Rapunzel dwells in wretchedness with the twins, a boy and girl, to which she has given birth. He hears a loved familiar voice, and on his approach Rapunzel falls on his neck, weeping. Two tears touch his eyes, and sight is restored. He leads her to his kingdom, where long happiness attends them.

### Alphabetical List of Incidents.

- Enchantress demands child when its father robs her garden (2).
- Hair, ladder of (3).
- King's son discovers Rapunzel in desert (7).
- King's son enters tower, and marries Rapunzel (4).
- King's son falls from tower, and blinded by thorns (6).
- Ladder of Rapunzel's golden hair by which enchantress climbs to tower (3).
- Rapunzel loses hair, and is driven to desert (5).
- Sight restored by Rapunzel's tears (7).
- Silken ladder woven for princess's release (4).

**Where published.**—Grimm's *Household Tales*. London, 1884. Tale No. 12, vol. i. p. 50-54.

### Nature of Collection, whether:—

1. *Original or translation.*—Translation by Margaret Hunt.
2. *If by word of mouth state narrator's name.*
3. *Other particulars.*

**Special Points noted by the Editor of the above.**—See Author's notes, vol. i. p. 353.

**Remarks by the Tabulator.**—For variants of the above cf. Crane, *Italian Popular Tales*, pp. 26-30, "The Fair Angiola." Pitré, No. 20. *Pentamerone*, ii. 1. *Pomiglianesi*, pp. 121, 130, 136, 188, 191. Busk, *Folklore of Rome*, p. 3; and for other Italian versions, see Crane, p. 334. Ralston, *Russian Folktales*, p. 141. *Basque Legends*, p. 59. *Portuguese Tales*. Folklore Society, No. 2.

For inc. 2 (child promised to ogre, demon, &c.), see Campbell, Nos. 2, 4. Crane, *op. cit.*, 136-147, and *note*, p. 351. Dasent, *Norse Tales*, p. 181. Grimm, Nos. 31, "The Girl without hands;" 55, "Rumpelstiltskin;" 92, "The King of the Golden Mountain;" and 181, "The Nix of the Mill Pond." Hahn, *Griechische Märchen*, i. p. 47, No. 8; also Nos. 4, 5, 54, 68. *Magyar Folktales*, pp. 189, 397. Ralston, *Russian Folktales*, pp. 124, 132, 133, 135. *Romania*, No. 28, p. 531. Pitré, No. 31. Schleicher, *Litanische Märchen*, No. 26, p. 75. Schott, Nos. 2, 15. "Widter-Wolf," No. xiii.; and the various versions of "Liombruno" (see Crane, pp. 136-147, and *note*, p. 351).

For inc. 3 (hair ladder), see *Pomiglianesi*, p. 126. Crane, pp. 3, 27, 72, 83.

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[No. 11.]

**Title of Story.**—Brother and Sister.**Dramatis Personæ.**—Brother.—Sister.—Mother.—Witch step-mother.—Three bewitched brooks.—Roe.—King.—Huntsmen.—Queen's little boy.—Step-mother.—One-eyed daughter.—Nurse.—Guards.—Judge.

**Abstract of Story.**—(1) Little brother and sister wander forth into the world to escape ill-treatment of step-mother. Tired and hungry they reach by nightfall a large forest, and fall asleep in a hollow tree. Next day the sun is hot, and they go in search of brook which they hear running, for little brother is thirsty.—(2) But wicked step-mother had seen children go away, and had crept after them and bewitched all the brooks in forest. When brother is about to drink, brook says whoever drinks will become a tiger. Sister persuades him to seek another. Second brook they find says whoever drinks will become a wolf. Third brook says whoever drinks will become a roebuck; but brother can resist no longer, takes a draught at this one, and is transformed. Brother and sister weep together, but she promises never to leave the little roe, and ties her golden garter round its neck, and makes a soft cord of rushes, and leads it further into forest.—(3) They come to a little house and resolve to live there. Sister makes bed of moss for the roe, and every morning gathers roots and berries for her own food, and grass for his. At night pillows her head on roe's back. After some time king of the country holds great hunt in forest. Roebuck hearing hounds and huntsmen begs hard to be allowed to go, promising to return in the evening, knock, and say, "My little sister let me in." Bounds happily away; king and huntsmen try to catch him, but he hides in bushes, and when it is dark returns to cottage, gives password, and is admitted.—(4) Next day, on hearing bugle horn, he again begs to be let out. King and huntsmen see his golden collar and chase him all day. He is surrounded by the huntsmen in the evening and wounded in foot. Hunter creeps after him as he limps to cottage, hears the password, and returns to inform king. Sister is alarmed at roe's hurt, dresses wound with herbs, and next morning it is well. Again roebuck longs for the chase, and sister predicts his death if he goes. Roebuck cannot be pacified, and she is forced to yield.—(5) King commands huntsmen to chase all day till nightfall, taking care that no one harms roebuck. At sunset king is conducted to cottage, gives password, and is admitted by the most beautiful maiden. She is alarmed to see man with golden crown instead of her roe. King asks her to marry him, and she consents on condition that roe may be always with her. Just then roe returns, and she puts cord of rushes on him, and all go to palace. Wedding is celebrated.—(6) Wicked step-mother, who had thought brother and sister had perished, is filled with envy and hatred hearing of their happiness. Her own ugly one-eyed daughter grumbles because she is not in queen's place.—(7) Queen has

son, and king is out hunting. Witch step-mother takes form of chamber-maid, and with daughter's help carries sick queen to bath room and suffocates her. Then witch puts night-cap on her own daughter, gives her shape of queen, and puts her in queen's bed, bidding her lie on the side on which she has no eye. King returns, rejoices to hear of his son's birth, but old woman prevents his drawing curtains aside to see queen; so fraud is undiscovered.—(8) At midnight, when only nurse is awake, she sees true queen enter nursery, take child from cradle and suckle it, shake up pillow and put child back; then stroke roebuck and silently depart. Next morning on inquiring of guards nurse learns that no one had entered palace during night. Nurse sees queen many nights, but tells no one. After a time queen says, "How fares my child, how fares my roe? Twice shall I come, then never more." Nurse tells king, who watches next evening, and hears queen say that she will return once only.—(9) When on following night she says she will never more return, king springs forward, calling her his wife. Hereupon she receives her life again, and tells of the wickedness of witch and her daughter.—(10) They are judged and condemned: daughter is torn to pieces by forest beasts, and witch cast into fire.—(11) As she is burnt roebuck returns to human form, and brother and sister live happily together.

### Alphabetical List of Incidents.

- Brooks bewitched by step-mother (2).
- One-eyed daughter envious of step-sister (6).
- Queen returns at night to suckle child and stroke roebuck (8).
- Queen returns to life; step-mother and daughter put to death (9) (10).
- Roebuck persists in going a-hunting (3) (4).
- Roebuck returns to human form (11).
- Sister marries king, who protects roebuck (5).
- Stepmother drives brother and sister from home (1).
- Stepmother suffocates queen, puts own daughter in queen's bed (7).
- Substituted bride (7).
- Transformation of brother into roebuck (2).

**Where published.**—Grimm's *Household Tales*. London, 1884. Tale No. 11, vol. i. pp. 44-50.

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2. *If by word of mouth state narrator's name.*
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### Special Points noted by the Editor of the above.

See Author's notes, vol. i. pp. 352-3.

**Remarks by the Tabulator.**—Cf. "The Two Orphans." *Magyar Folktales*, p. 220, and notes, p. 402.

For inc. 1, cf. Theal, *Kaffir Folklore*, pp. 36, 118. Phryxos and Helle

(Jason Myth). Castren, *Samojedische Märchen*, p. 164. Hahn, *Griechische Märchen*, i. 65. See Introd. Grimm, lxiii. Cf. also Grimm, Nos. 47, 141. Crane, p. 334. *Portuguese Tales*, Nos. 2, 3, 9, 22. *Norse Tales*, 66, Asbjørnsen. *Tales from the Fjeld*, No. 25.

For inc. 2 (transformations) see Tabulator's remarks on "The Twelve Brothers," Grimm, No. 9.

For inc. 6 (one-eyed persons), cf. Stokes, *Indian Fairy Tales*, pp. 3, 36. *Wide-Awake Stories*, 12, 295.

For inc. 7 (hot bath) cf. *Magyar Tales*, pp. 276, 297. *Afanasief*, v. 23. Ralston, *Russian Folktales*, pp. 129, 223, 225.

(Substituted bride), cf. Busk, *Folklore of Rome*, "Filagranata," p. 1; "The King who goes out to dinner," p. 40. Callaway, *Zulu Tales*, p. 120, "Ukcombecantsini." Campbell, iv. 294. Chambers, *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, pp. 95, 99. Crane, *Italian Popular Tales*, pp. 58, 338. Dasent, *Norse Tales*. "The Lassie and her Godmother," p. 188. Denton, *Serbian Folklore*, p. 191. "Bushy Bride," p. 322. *Folklore Record*, iii. 146; 1884, p. 242; 1885, p. 292. Friis, *Lappiske Eventyr*, "Haccis-ædne." Geldart, *Folklore of Modern Greece*, p. 63, "The Knife of Slaughter." Gerle, *Völkemärchen der Böhmen*, No. 5, "Die goldne Ente." Grimm, note to No. 21, vol. i. p. 364; No. 89, "The Goose Girl;" No. 135, "The White Bride and the Black One;" No. 198, "Maid Malcen." Gubernatis, vol. ii. p. 242. Hylten-Cavallius, *Svenska Folk Säger*, No. 7. Lang's *Perrault*, lxxxv., xcii. *Magyar Folktales*, pp. 133, 214, 222. *Notes and Queries*, seventh series, ii. 104. *Pentamerone*, "The Three Citrons." *Portuguese Tales*, Folklore Society, "The Maid and the Negress." Ralston, *R. F. T.*, p. 184, and No. 32. *Itrec Celtique*, 1870, p. 373, "Chat Noir." Rink, *Eskimo Tales*, p. 310. *Satuja ja Tarinsita*, i. 59, 77. Schreck, ix., "The Wonderful Birch." Steere, *Swahili Tales*, p. 398. Stokes, *Indian Fairy Tales*, pp. xxiii., xxv., 1, 3, 138, 143, 164, 284, 285. Theal, *Kafir Folklore*, pp. 136, 158. Thorpe, *Fule-Tide Stories*, pp. 47, 54, 61, 62.

For inc. 8, cf. Grimm, No. 13. *Danske viser*, i. 206-208. *Altd. Blätter*, i. 186. Comp. Melusina. "The Dead Mother," Ralston, *Russian Folktales*, p. 19, and see p. 184. Scott, *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Borders*, vol. ii. p. 223. Comp. Theal, *Kafir Folklore*, pp. 60-61.

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[No. 12.]

**Title of Story.**—The Good Bargain.**Dramatis Personæ.**—Peasant.—Cow.—Frogs.—Another cow.—Troop of dogs, headed by greyhound.—Butcher.—King.—His daughter.—Sentry.—Jew.

**Abstract of Story.**—(1) A peasant returning from fair, where he has sold his cow for seven thalers, hears frogs in pond, crying, "Aik, aik, aik, aik." They persist in their cry, though he rates them for their ignorant stupidity in contradicting him, and counts out the money in his pocket to convince them that he received seven and not eight thalers. Enraged at their heedless croaking, "Aik, aik," he throws money into water, telling frogs to count it for themselves. He waits in vain for money to be returned, the frogs instead maintaining their opinion, "aik, aik;" and at last by evening is obliged to return home.—(2) After awhile he buys another cow, kills it, and calculates that the meat ought to fetch value of the two cows, and he would have the skin besides. At the gate of the town he finds a great troop of dogs, headed by a greyhound, who sniffs at the meat, barking "Wow, wow, wow." Peasant, who cannot silence greyhound, supposes he is asking for meat, and offers, if he will promise not to devour it, and to go bail for his companions, to leave it for him, saying that he knows dog's master, and if payment is not brought within three days the dog will rue it. He unloads meat and returns home; dogs fall upon it, barking. Hearing them from afar, he reflects that the big one is responsible to him. After three days, receiving no money, he goes to butcher to demand it. Butcher at first thinks he is joking about the dog, but afterwards grows angry, and drives peasant away with broomstick.—(3) Peasant goes to palace, and asks for audience with king. Complains that the frogs and dogs have taken his property, and butcher has paid him with a stick. King's daughter, who is present, laughs heartily, and king says he cannot give him justice, but he may have his daughter to wife, for she was promised to the man who could make her laugh. Peasant declines her, saying his wife at home is one too many for him. King is angry and calls him a boor, and peasant rejoins, what can one expect from an ox but beef?—(4) King promises another reward. If he returns in three days he shall have five hundred counted out in full. Sentry at the gate remarks to him that he will certainly have something good for making princess laugh, and, hearing that peasant is promised five hundred, asks for some of it. Peasant promises him two hundred, and tells him to claim it from king in three days.—(5) A Jew overhearing runs after peasant and offers to change the heavy thalers into small coin. Peasant says he will take the small coin at once, and the Jew can get payment from king in three days. Jew gives the sum in bad groschen.—(6) In three days peasant goes before king, who gives orders for

his coat to be removed, and the five hundred to be given him, but peasant explains that he has no right to them, having given two hundred to sentry, and three hundred to Jew. These two enter with their claim, and receive the blows strictly counted out. Sentry bears it patiently, but Jew reflects sorrowfully about the heavy thalers.—(7) King laughs at peasant, promising another reward in place of the one he did not receive. Tells him to take as much money as he likes from treasure chamber. Peasant fills his pockets and goes to an inn to count his money; Jew creeps after him, and, over-hearing disrespectful soliloquy about king, hopes to get reward for informing against him. King is enraged and commands Jew to bring the offender.—(8) Jew tells peasant to go at once to king in the clothes he is wearing; but peasant says, wealthy as he is, he will certainly have a new coat made before presenting himself. Jew, dreading delay lest king's anger should cool, offers to lend his own coat, which contents peasant.—(9) King reproaches peasant with his evil speaking; peasant rejoins that a Jew is always false, and that that rascal would probably maintain that he had *his* coat on. Jew shrieks out that such is even the case, when king, perceiving that either he or peasant has been deceived by Jew, orders something to be counted out to him in hard thalers. Peasant goes home exultant in the good coat with good money in his pocket.

### Alphabetical List of Incidents.

- Butcher drives peasant away with broomstick (2).
- Frogs correct peasant's counting (1).
- King's daughter offered to peasant on making her laugh (3).
- King gives sentry two hundred blows, and Jew three hundred (6).
- Laughter of King's daughter at peasant's loss (3).
- Meat given to dogs; butcher to pay for it (2).
- Money thrown into water for frogs to count (1).
- Peasant appears before King in Jew's coat (8).
- Peasant exchanges rest of reward with Jew (5).
- Peasant promises part reward to sentry (4).
- Peasant secures coat and money (9).

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**Special Points noted by the Editor of the above.**—See Author's notes, p. 351.

**Remarks by the Tabulator.**—See Clouston, *Popular Tales and Fictions*, ii. 27, ff. "The Sharpers and the Simpleton," and *The Book of Noodles passim*. Ralston, *Russian Folktales*, "The Fool and the Birch-tree." Fox inc. (3) cf. "The Golden Goose," Grimm, No. 64. *Corpus Poeticum Boreale*, i. 464 (Loki makes Scathe laugh). "Hans who made the Princess laugh," *Round the Yule Log*, p. 269. "The Sad Princess," Ladislaus Arany. "The Powerful Whistle." Gaal, vol. iii. De Gubernatis, *Le Novelle di Santo Stefano*, No. 26, p. 51. Crane, *Italian Popular Tales*, "The Shepherd who made the King's Daughter laugh," p. 119, and see p. 347. Grimm, *Teutonic Mythology*, i. 331; iv. 1382. "The Wishing Box," *Folklore Record*, iii. 206. "The Stupid Boy and the Three Laughs," *Folklore Journal*, vi. 186. *Sagas from the Far East*, p. 225.

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[No. 13.]

**Title of Story.**—The Pack of Ragamuffins.**Dramatis Personæ.**—Cock.—Hen.—Duck.—Pin.—Needle.—Innkeeper.

**Abstract of Story.**—(1) Cock and hen go to hill to feast on nuts before the squirrel gets them all. Having eaten all day they are too fat to walk home, so cock builds little carriage of nutshells. Hen gets in and tells cock to harness himself to it.—(2) Cock objects to this, and whilst they dispute, a duck approaches and rates them for robbing his nut-hill, fights with cock, and being sorely wounded, begs for mercy, and submits to be harnessed to carriage. Cock sits on box and drives at a gallop.—(3) They meet two foot-passengers, pin and needle, who beg for a lift as it is getting dark, and they have stayed too long at tailors' public-house over their beer. Being slim people, they are taken into carriage.—(4) They arrive late at an inn; host at first objects to admit such undistinguished personages. But he is promised the egg which hen laid on the way, and also he may keep the duck, which lays one every day; so he consents to admit them for the night.—(5) Early next morning cock wakes hen, and they eat egg together, throwing the shell on the hearth. Then they take needle, still asleep, by the head, and stick it into cushion of landlord's chair; put pin in his towel; and fly away over the heath. Duck, who has preferred sleeping in the open air, hears them departing, finds a stream, and swims away down it.—(6) Two hours later landlord uses towel, and pin scratches his face from ear to ear. Goes to kitchen to light his pipe, and eggshell darts into his eyes. Sits down angrily in his grandfather's chair, and is pricked by needle. Is thoroughly enraged, suspects his guests, and finds on looking that they have gone. Vows never again to admit ragamuffins who consume much, pay for nothing, and play mischievous tricks to boot.

**Alphabetical List of Incidents.**

- Carriage made of nutshells (2).
- Nuts eaten by cock and hen (1).
- Pin and needle ask to ride in nutshell carriage (3).
- Tricks played on landlord by cock and hen (5).

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**Remarks by the Tabulator.**—Cf. variant No. 41, "Herr Korbes."

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VOL. 7.—PART 3.

Y

[No. 14.]

**Title of Story.**—The Three Little Men in the Wood.**Dramatis Personæ.**—Widower, his daughter.—Widow, her daughter.—Three little dwarfs.—King—Scullion.—Little duck (= queen transformed).—Queen's baby.

**Abstract of Story.**—(1) A widower and widow have each a daughter, and these girls are friends. The woman one day bids the widower's daughter tell her father she would like to marry him, and then his daughter should have milk to wash in and wine to drink, while her own daughter should wash in water and drink water. Hearing this the man deliberates awhile, and, coming to no decision, directs his daughter to hang up in the loft a boot with a hole in the sole; if it holds water he will again take a wife, if it leaks he will not. The girl reports that the water draws the hole together, and the boot is full to the top.—(2) He examines it for himself, and forthwith woos and weds the widow. Next morning the man's daughter has milk to wash in and wine to drink, while the woman's daughter has only water for both uses. On the second morning there is water only for both girls. On the third morning and henceforward the man's daughter has the water, the woman's daughter the milk and wine. The woman becomes bitterly and ever increasingly unkind to her step-daughter, who is beautiful and lovable, while her own daughter is ugly and repulsive.—(3) Once when the ground was frozen hard and covered deep in snow, the woman bids her step-daughter don a paper frock and go into the wood to gather strawberries. The girl demurs, and scolding her severely, her step-mother gives her a little piece of hard bread, and warns her not to show her face again without the basketful of strawberries. Clad in the paper frock, the maiden wanders far and wide over the snow with her basket.—(4) Sees three little dwarfs peeping out of their small house in the wood. Greets them civilly, and being told to enter, warms herself at the stove, and begins to eat her breakfast. The elves ask for a share, and she divides with them her bit of bread. Having wondered at her thin attire, and learnt the nature of her errand, they give her a broom with which to sweep away the snow behind the little house, and there she finds real ripe strawberries.—(5) The little men confer how best to reward her generosity. The first says she shall grow every day more beautiful; the second, that gold pieces shall fall from her mouth whenever she speaks; the third, that a king shall marry her. Having filled her basket with strawberries and thanked the little men, the girl runs home to her step-mother. She relates what has happened, and gold pieces fall from her mouth—covering the whole room.—(6) Her step-sister is abusive and envious, and, in spite of the cold, anxious herself to seek strawberries. Her mother dresses her in fur and gives her bread and butter and cake to take with her, but she does not greet the little men when they peep

at her, but enters their room without invitation and sits by the stove eating. She will not spare any food for the little men, and when they give her a broom and tell her to sweep all clean outside the back door, she replies that she is not their servant, and they must sweep for themselves. As they give her nothing she leaves.—(7) Then to punish her incivility, the first dwarf decrees that she shall grow uglier every day; the second, that at every word a toad shall spring from her mouth; the third, that she shall die miserably. Finding no strawberries outside, the girl goes angrily home, and every one is filled with loathing at sight of the toads.—(8) Her mother is the more enraged against her beautiful step-daughter, and contrives every possible injury. She boils some yarn and flings it on the girl's shoulders; gives her an axe to cut a hole in the frozen river and rinse the yarn.—(9) The girl obeys, but while she is cutting the ice the king drives up in a splendid carriage. He takes compassion on her, marvels at her great beauty, and with her consent drives her to his palace and weds her.—(10) A year afterwards the queen bears a son, and her step-mother and her daughter hearing of her good fortune come on pretence of visiting her. When the king is absent they lift the queen out of bed and throw her from the window into the stream. The ugly daughter gets into bed, and when king returns, old woman says he must not speak to his wife, who is in a violent perspiration. The next day he is alarmed to see toads leap from his wife's mouth as she answers him, instead of gold as formerly. Old woman explains it as result of the perspiration, and promises speedy recovery.—(11) During the night a duck swimming up the gutter says, "King, what art thou doing now? Sleepest thou or wakest thou? And my guests, what may they do?" The scullion, who has been listening, replies, "They are sleeping soundly too." Duck asks again, "What does little baby mine?" and he answers, "Sleepeth in her cradle fine." Then in form of queen she goes up-stairs, nurses the baby, shakes up the bed, and returns down stream in shape of duck. (12) This she does for two nights, and on the third bids scullion tell king to swing his sword three times over her on the threshold: which being accomplished, the queen stands safe and sound before him. King rejoices greatly, but keeps queen hidden away till after christening of child, then asks, "What does a person deserve who drags another out of bed and throws him in the water?" Old woman replies, "Nothing better than to be put in a barrel stuck full of nails and rolled down-hill into the water."—(13) Which sentence, by the king's command, is forthwith executed upon herself and her ugly daughter.

### Alphabetical List of Incidents.

- Barrel with nails, step-mother and daughter put in and drowned (13).
- Duck resumes queen's shape on king's swinging sword (12).
- Gold pieces from step-daughter when she speaks (5).
- King marries step-daughter (9).
- Queen visits baby in bed, and returns to water as duck (11).

- Step-mother's treatment of her own and step-daughter (1) (2).
- Strawberries, step-daughter to gather (3).
- Tasks set by step-mother (3) (8).
- Three dwarfs help step-daughter in return for gift of bread (4).
- Three dwarfs punish daughter for her unkindness (6).
- Toads from daughter's mouth when she speaks (7).
- Transformation of drowned queen into duck (10).

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**Special Points noted by the Editor of the above.**—See Author's notes, vol. i. pp. 353, 354.

**Remarks by the Tabulator.**—Cf. "St. Joseph in the Forest." *Children's Legends*, Grimm, ii. 360. Busk, *Folklore of Rome*, pp. 29, 30. Crane, *Italian Popular Tales*, p. 326. *Folklore Record*, iv. 57 ff., "Slavonic Folklore." *Portuguese Tales*, Folklore Society, Nos. 12, 16; and for opening of story, see No. 18.

For cruelty of step-mother comp. "Cinderella" and variants. *Corpus Poeticum Boreale*, i. 93. "Lay of Swipday." Crane, *op. cit.*, pp. 326, 331. Dasent, *Norse Tales*, pp. 22, 322, 357. Day, Lal Behari, *Folktales of Bengal*, p. 97. *Folklore Record*, ii. 182; iii. 237, 241, etc. *Folklore Journal*, vi. 41, "Aino Tales." Grimm, Nos. 11, 13, 21, 47, 56, 141. *Indian Antiquary*, iv. 261. *Old Deccan Days*, "Punchkin," and pp. 3, 197, 219, 220, 223. Phryxos and Helle (see Grimm, *Introduction*, lxi. ff.). Psyche in "Golden Ass" of Apuleius. Ralston, *Russian Folktales*, pp. 139, 149, 150, 183, 214, 223, 260; and see *Songs of the Russian People*, p. 22. *Revue Celtique*, iii. 365. Rivière, *Contes Populaires Kabyles*, pp. 52, 67 ff. Schreck, ix, "The Wonderful Birch." Steere, *Swahili Tales*, "Sultan Darai." Stokes, *Indian Fairy Tales*, 7-10. Theal, *Kaffir Folklore*, p. 158, "The Wonderful Horns." *Wide-Awake Stories*, p. 138.

For inc. 3, cf. *Folklore Record*, iv. 57.

For inc. 4 and 6, cf. *American Folklore Journal*, i. 144. Bladé, *Contes Aigéniens*, p. 149. Callaway, *Zulu Tales*, p. 219. Clouston, *Popular Tales and Fictions*, i. 105 and p. 366. Coelho, *Contos Portuguezes*, No. 36. Cosquin, *Contes Populaires Lorrains*, No. 48. Crane, *op. cit.*, p. 100. Dasent, *Norse Tales*, pp. 113, 322. Grimm, Nos. 24, 64. Henderson, *Northern Counties*, p. 349. Leger, *Contes Populaires Slaves*. *National Review*, 1857, v. 398, 399 (Story of Fo.). *Danchatantra* i. 219 (Benfey). Ralston, *Russian Folktales*, pp. 149, 150. *Romania*, No. 32, p. 564. *Sagas from the*

*Far East*, p. 151. Comp. also Philemon and Bancis (for virtue rewarded and avarice punished).

For inc. 5, cf. Chambers, *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, p. 105. Dasent, *Norse Tales*, "Bushey Bride," p. 322. Day, Lal Behari, *Folktales of Bengal*, No. 5, p. 97. *Dravidian Nights* (Natésa Sastri's), p. 129. Gonzenbach, *Sicilianische Märchen*. Grimm, No. 24, "Mother Holle." *Old Deccan Days*, p. 239. Perrault, "Les Fées." *Portuguese Tales*, Folklore Society, No. XVIII. pp. 75-79. *Sagas from the Far East*, pp. 18, 49. Stokes, *Indian Fairy Tales*, p. 13. Temple, *Legends of the Punjab*, p. 233.

For inc. 7, cf. Dasent, 113. *Portuguese Tales*, Nos. 18, 24. Rivière. *Contes Populaires Kabyles*, p. 53. Etc., etc.

For Substituted Bride, see Tabulator's remarks on Grimm, No. 11, "Brother and Sister;" and for Transformations, Grimm, No. 9, "The Twelve Brothers."

For inc. 11, cf. Grimm, No. 11. Ralston, *Russian Folktales*, p. 19, "The Dead Mother;" comp. also p. 184. See Scott, *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Borders*, vol. ii. p. 223.

For inc. 13, cf. Dasent, *Norse Tales*, p. 59, "The Twelve Wild Ducks." *Old Deccan Days*, 65, 93, 238, 249, 269. Stokes, *Indian Fairy Tales*, 137, 152. *Wide-Awake Stories*, 67, 88, 89.

(Signed) MARIAN ROALFE COX.

## [No. 15.]

**Title of Story.**—The Straw, the Coal, and the Bean.

**Dramatis Personæ.**—Old woman.—Straw.—Coal.—Bean.—Tailor.

**Abstract of Story.**—(1) Old woman lights fire with handful of straw to cook a dish of beans. In emptying them into the pan one bean falls to ground beside a straw, and anon a burning coal leaps down to them. Saith the straw, "Whence come you both?" The coal replies, "Happily I sprang out of the fire, or I should have been burnt to ashes." The bean says she too has barely escaped with a whole skin, for had old woman got her into pan she would have been reduced to broth like her comrades. "And had I not slipped through the old woman's fingers," says the straw, "I should have perished with my sixty brethren in fire and smoke."—(2) Having alike escaped untimely death, they agree henceforth to live together, and, lest a new mischance overtake them, to repair to a foreign country. Their course being barred by a brook, the straw volunteers to lay herself across it that the others may walk over her. The impetuous coal trips boldly on to the extemporised bridge, but, hearing the water rushing beneath her, stops midway panic-struck. The straw meanwhile begins to burn, divides, and falls into the stream. The coal slips after her, hisses at touch of water, and expires.—(3) The prudent bean, watching the event from the shore, laughs so uncontrollably that she bursts and nearly dies. But a travelling tailor, who chanced to be resting by the brook, takes compassion on her and sews her together. She thanks him most prettily; but as the tailor used black thread all beans since then have a black seam.

**Alphabetical List of Incidents.**

Bean bursts with laughter at others' fate; re-joined by tailor (3).

Bean saved from broth by falling from pan (1).

Beans all black-seamed because tailor used black thread (3).

Coal saved from burning by leaping from fire (1).

Straw becomes bridge for coal, which burns it and falls into water (2).

Straw saved from burning by slipping through fingers (1).

**Where published.**—Grimm's *Household Tales*. London, 1884. Tale No. 18, vol. i. pp. 76, 77.

**Nature of Collection.**—whether:—

1. *Original or Translation.*—Translation by Margaret Hunt.

2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name.*

3. *Other particulars.*

**Special Points noted by the Editor of the above.**—See Author's notes, vol. i. pp. 357-358.

**Remarks by the Tabulator.**—Related to group of stories explaining the special features of plants and animals.

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[No. 16.]

**Title of Story.**—The Three Spinners.**Dramatis Personæ.**—Girl; her mother.—Queen; her son.—Three Spinners.

**Abstract of Story.**—(1) A woman is beating her daughter for refusing to spin, when queen driving by hears crying, and stops to inquire cause. Ashamed to reveal her daughter's laziness, woman says she cannot get her girl to leave off spinning, and she is too poor to procure flax for her. Queen never tires of hearing humming of spinning-wheel, and would like to take girl away with her that she may spin to her heart's content. Mother consents, and queen takes girl to palace and shows her three rooms filled from floor to ceiling with finest flax, saying when she has spun all this she shall marry queen's eldest son as reward for industry.—(2) Girl is secretly terrified, as she is quite unable to spin; and sits for three days idly weeping. Queen is surprised to see nothing spun, but is satisfied with girl's excuse that she was distressed at leaving home, and bids her begin work on the morrow. Girl is looking out of window in her despair about the task, and sees three women approaching, the first having a broad flat foot, the second a great underlip hanging down to her chin, the third a broad thumb. They look up, ask her trouble, and offer help, undertaking to spin all the flax in a very short time provided she will invite them to her wedding as her aunts. Girl readily consents, and the strange women enter and set to work. One draws the thread and treads the wheel; another wets the thread; the third twists it, and as often as she strikes the table with her finger a skein of beautifully spun thread falls to the ground. Girl hides the three spinners from queen, and is greatly praised for the quantity spun. When the three rooms are cleared the spinners depart, reminding girl of her promise, which will make her fortune.—(3) Queen sees the great heap of yarn, and gives orders for wedding. Bridegroom is proud of his clever industrious bride. Girl asks permission to invite her three aunts, and when they arrive at the feast in strange apparel says, "Welcome, dear aunts." Bridegroom is aghast to see her odious friends, and asks the first how she comes by such a broad flat foot, "By treading," she says; the second, how she comes by the hanging lip, "By licking," she answers; the third, how she comes by her broad thumb, "By twisting the thread," is the reply. On this the queen's son becomes alarmed, and says his beautiful bride shall never touch a spinning-wheel again. And thus she gets rid of the hateful flax-spinning.

**Alphabetical List of Incidents.**

Bridegroom sees deformed aunts at wedding, and commands bride never to spin (3).

Queen takes girl to palace (1).

Reward for task done, queen's son in marriage (1) (3).

Task to spin three rooms full of flax (1).

Three deformed women spin flax for girl on promise to be received at wedding as her aunts (2).

Woman beats daughter for not spinning (1).

**Where published.**—Grimm's *Household Tales*. London, 1884. Tale No. 14, vol. i. pp. 59-61.

**Nature of Collection,**—whether :—

1. *Original or translation.*—Translation by Margaret Hunt.
2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name.*
3. *Other particulars.*

**Special Points noted by the Editor of the above.**—See Author's notes, vol. i. p. 354-355.

**Remarks by the Tabulator.**—For variants of the above story see Mr. Clodd's paper on "The Philosophy of Rumpelstiltskin," *Folklore Journal*, vii. 135-163.

(Signed) MARIAN ROALFE COX.

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[No. 17].

**Title of Story.**—Hänsel and Grethel.**Dramatis Personæ.**—Woodcutter.—His children, Hänsel and Grethel.—Their Step-mother.—White bird.—Old witch.—White duck.

**Abstract of Story.**—(1) In time of great scarcity, a poor woodcutter living hard by a forest with his wife and two children, Hänsel and Grethel, fears he will be unable to procure them daily bread. Wife tries to persuade him they must get rid of children by taking them into forest, and there forsaking them; leaves him no peace till, with aching heart, he consents. Children lying awake with hunger overhear conversation. Grethel weeps, but Hänsel says he will find means of escape. Whilst the old folks sleep, he creeps out of house, fills his pocket with white pebbles, and returns to comfort sister. Before sunrise woman wakes the children roughly, and giving each a little piece of bread, the last they will get, says they are all going together into forest to fetch wood. Hänsel loiters behind to strew the white pebbles on the road, and says he is waving good-bye to his little white cat on the roof. Step-mother retorts, "The little fool sees the morning sun shining on the chimneys."—(2) In the middle of forest father tells children to pile up brushwood for a fire, and while they rest by it he and the woman go away to cut wood, promising to return. At noon Hänsel and Grethel eat a little bread, and believe their father is still near. But it is not the stroke of his axe that they hear, but a branch which he had fastened to a withered tree, and which the wind blows backwards and forwards. Children fall asleep, and do not wake till dark. Grethel cries, but Hänsel comforts her, saying all will be well when the moon rises. Then he takes her by the hand, and they follow the pebbles, which shine in the moonlight like new silver pieces. By daybreak they reach their father's house. Step-mother opens door and scolds them for having slept so long in the forest; but father rejoices to see them safe.—(3) Again great scarcity of food induces father to listen to wife's counsel to sacrifice children as the only means of saving themselves. Hänsel overhears their conversation, but finding door locked, he cannot steal out to get pebbles as before. In the morning, when their bit of bread is given them, and they start together into forest, Hänsel crumbles his in his pocket, and takes care to drop a morsel on the ground from time to time, pretending he is looking back at his pigeon on the roof. This time they are taken deeper into forest and left to rest by a big fire while parents go to cut wood. Grethel shares her bread with Hänsel, and they sleep till nightfall.—(4) But when moon rises they look in vain for the trail of crumbs, for the birds had eaten them; and they wander night and day without getting out of forest. Weary and famished, they fall asleep beneath a tree. It is now three mornings since they left their father's house. They try to walk again, but only get deeper into

forest. At midday they see a beautiful snow-white bird on bough, and pause to hear it sing. They follow it till it alights on the roof of a little house, which is built of bread and covered with cake, and has windows of clear sugar. Hänsel reaches up to break off and taste a piece of roof; Grethel leans against window and nibbles at the panes.—(5) A soft voice asks, "Who is nibbling at my little house?" and children answer, "The wind, the wind, the heaven-born wind," and go on eating, till suddenly door opens, and very, very old woman hobbles out on crutches. Children are terrified, and drop what they have in their hands, but old woman pets them, and leads them inside. All sorts of delicacies are laid before them, and they are put to sleep in two pretty little clean beds. But old woman is a wicked witch who entices children into her power that she may kill and eat them. Witches cannot see far with their red eyes, but, like the beasts, can scent human flesh.—(6) Early next morning, after gloating over the plump, red cheeks of the sleeping children, witch seizes Hänsel and shuts him in a little stable, where he may scream in vain, then wakes Grethel and tells her to fetch water and cook food for her brother, who is to be fattened for witch's dinner. Grethel weeps, but is forced to obey; gets nothing but crab-shells for herself, whilst Hänsel has the best of food. Every day witch creeps to stable to feel how fat Hänsel is growing; but he deceives her by stretching out a little bone instead of his own finger. After four weeks she grows impatient, and, saying she will eat him lean as he is, tells Grethel to get water to cook him.—(7) In great distress, Grethel hangs up cauldron of water and lights fire. Witch says she will first bake, as the dough is kneaded, and bids Grethel creep into oven, to see if properly heated, meaning to shut her in and eat her too. Divining her intent, Grethel pretends she needs to be shown how to enter oven, and when witch thrusts her own head in, Grethel gives her a push and shuts to the iron door, so that witch is miserably burnt to death.—(8) Grethel rushes to stable and releases Hänsel. They embrace; fill their pockets with pearls and jewels from witch's store, and set forth. After two hours' walking, they come to great piece of water.—(9) There is no bridge, but a duck carries them across, one at a time, on her back. Arrived at length at father's house, they find step-mother has died, and father has never ceased to mourn for them. They show their wealth of pearls and precious stones, and all anxiety is at an end.

My tale is done. There runs a mouse; whosoever catches it may make himself a big fur cap out of it.

### Alphabetical List of Incidents.

- Bone instead of boy's finger given witch to deceive her (6).
- Brother and sister taken to forest; abandoned by father and step-mother (2).
- Brother drops pebbles on the way (1).
- Cake-and-sugar house gives food to children (4).
- Crumbs dropped to show way; eaten by birds (3).

- Duck carries children home across water (9).
- Helpful animal, duck (9).
- Pearls, etc., from witch's house taken by children (8).
- Pebbles guide children home again (2).
- Witch entices children that she may eat them (5).
- Witch pushed by sister into oven and burnt (7).

**Where published.**—Grimm's *Household Tales*. London, 1884. Tale No. 15, vol. i. pp. 62-69.

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2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name.*
3. *Other particulars.*

**Special Points noted by the Editor of the above.**—See Author's notes, vol. i. pp. 335-356.

**Remarks by the Tabulator.**—Cf. "Hop o' my Thumb," Halliwell's *Popular Tales*. "Le Petit Poucet" (see Lang's *Perrault*, p. civ. ff.). "The Three Princesses," *Magyar Tales*, Kropf and Jones, p. 144. "The Two Children and the Witch," *Portuguese Tales*, No. 14, Folklore Society.

For inc. 1 and 3, cf. D'Aulnoy, No. 11, "Finette Cendron." Denton, *Serbian Folklore*, "The Wicked Step-mother." Friis, pp. 85, 106. *Magyar Folktales*, p. 145. *Old Deccan Days*, "Surya Bai," "Raksha's Palace." *Pentamerone*, v. 8, "Nennillo e Nennella." *Roumanian Fairy Tales*, p. 81, "Handsome is as Handsome does." Theal, *Kaffir Folklore*, p. 120.

For inc. 2 (log tied to tree makes noise like wood-cutting), cf. Ralston, *Russian Folktales*, p. 223.

For inc. 4, cf. Ralston, *Russian Folktales*, pp. 295, 297.

For inc. 5 (smelling human flesh), cf. Bleek, *Hottentot Fables*, p. 60, and *Bushman Folklore*. Callaway, *Zulu Tales*, p. 49, "Uzembeni." Campbell, i. 9, 252. Clouston, *Popular Tales and Fictions*, i. 134 note. Cosquin, *Contes de Lorraine*, i. 103. Crane, *Italian Popular Tales*, pp. 90, 340. Dasent, *Norse Tales*, pp. 59, 146. Day, Lal Behari, *Folktales of Bengal*, pp. 73, 77. Eumenides smelt out Orestes, *Eumenides*, 244. *Folklore Record*, iii. 41, 210; iv. 147, 159. *Folklore Journal*, ii. p. 68, "Mally-Whuppy;" iii. 296, 300; vi. 199. Grey, *Polynesian Mythology*, pp. 34, 64. Grimm, Nos. 15, 29, etc. "Jack the Giant Killer." *Magyar Folktales*, pp. 55, 241; and see p. 340. Petitot, *Traditions Indiennes du Canada Nord-Ouest*, Paris, 1886, p. 171. *Portuguese Tales*, Folklore Society, p. 105. Ralston, *Russian Folktales*, pp. 100, 154. Theal, *Kaffir Folklore*, pp. 124, 138. Thorpe, *Fule-Tide Stories*, p. 339. *Wide-Awake Stories*, pp. 58, 172.

For Cannibalism, cf. *Afanasiief*, i. 121. *American Folklore Journal*, ii.

51, "Legends of the Cherokees." Asbjörnson and Moe, Nos. 1, 52. Callaway, *Zulu Tales*, notes, p. 158 et seq. Campbell, iii. 297. Dasent, *Norse Tales*, pp. 71, 128, 220. Day, *Folktales of Bengal*, pp. 72, 79, 120, 272. *Folklore Record*, v. 136. Hahn, *Griechische Märchen*, Nos. 3, 65, 95; ii. 181, 283-284, 309. Haltrich, *Deutsche Volksmärchen aus dem Sachsenlande, etc.*, No. 37. Haupt and Schmaler, ii. 172-174. *Indian Antiquary*, i. 171; iv. 56. *Kathāsaritśāgar* (Tawney, i. 162, 163.) Lang, *Perrault*, cvii. *Magyar Tales*, p. 147, and see note, p. 388. *Old Deccan Days*, pp. 28, 198. Payne, *Arabian Nights*, vi. 112, "History of Gherib and his Brother Agib." Radloff, i. 31. Ralston, *Russian Folktales*, pp. 140, 154, 165, 168, 169, 171, 179, 182; *Songs of the Russian People*, p. 169. Rink, *Eskimo Tales*, p. 128, "The Brothers visit their Sister." Riviere, *Contes Pop. Kabyles*, pp. 210, 216, 228, 240. *Scottish Celtic Review*, i. 70-77, "How the great Tuariscgul was put to death." Stokes, *Indian Fairy Tales*, pp. 5, 51, 99, 175. Theal, *Kaffir Folklore*, pp. 81, 108, 119, 122, 134, 136 ff., 164. Vuk Karajich, *Volksmärchen der Serben*, No. 35, pp. 174-5. *Wide-Awake Stories*, pp. 267, 101, 171.

For inc. 6, cf. Dasent, p. 219. Ralston, *Russian Folktales*, p. 168. Riviere, *Contes Pop. Kabyles*, p. 229. Zingerle, p. 138, Tyrolese Story.

For inc. 7, cf. Callaway, *Zulu Tales*, pp. 16-18, "Uhlakanyana," and p. 20. Campbell, i. 255, 328. Dasent, pp. 128, 220. Hahn, *op. cit.*, Nos. 3, 95; and ii. pp. 181, 309, note. Haltrich, No. 37. Haupt and Schmaler, ii. 172-174. *Magyar Tales*, p. 147. *Portuguese Folktales*, Folklore Society, p. 60. Radloff, i. 31. Ralston, pp. 165, 168. Theal, *Kaffir Folklore*, p. 99. *Wide-Awake Stories*, p. 194.

For inc. 9 (helpful animals) cf. *Afanasief*, iv. 11; vi. 54; vii. No. 18. *American Folklore Journal*, ii. 89 ff. *Archæological Review*, March, 1889, p. 25. D'Aulnoy, "Chatte Blanche." Bleek, *Hottentot Fables*, p. 60. Callaway, *Zulu Tales*, pp. 97, 230. Campbell, i. 101; ii. 265-275, No. 41. Casalis, *Basutos*, p. 309. Castren, *Samoyedische Märchen*, p. 164. Crane, *Italian Pop. Tales*, pp. 29, 327, 348. Dasent, *Norse Tales*, pp. 155, 266, 272, 291, 302, 357, 382. Day, Lal Behari, *Folktales of Bengal*, "The Match-making Jackal." Deulin, *Contes de Ma Mère l'Oye*, pp. 205, 265, 266. *Folklore Record*, iii. 44, 185, 214. *Folklore Journal*, vi. 69, 163. Friis, *Lappiske Eventyr*, p. 52, etc., and pp. 63, 140, 170. Gonzenbach, *Sicilianische Märchen*, ii. 243. Grimm, *Household Tales*, No. 21, "Cinderella" and variants; No. 63 and notes, vol. i. p. 427; Nos. 127, 130; and see i. lxxiii. Gubernatis, *Zool. Myth.* i. 193; ii. 134, 136, 157. Hahn, *Griechische Märchen*, Nos. 45, 65. *Indian Evangelical Review*, Oct., 1886 (Santal Story by Campbell). 'Jason' Myth, Apollodorus, I. ix. 1. (see Lang's *Custom and Myth*, "A Far-Travelled Tale). *Kalevala*, Rune 15, 530. Kletke, *Märchensaal aller Völker*, "Gagliuso." *Magyar Folktales*, Jones and Kropf, p. 1, and notes, p. 303. Mallet, *North. Ant.*, p. 436. Maspero, *Contes Egyptiens*, p. 4, "The Two Brothers." Naake, *Slavonic Tales*, p. 133. *Old Deccan Days*, "The Brahman," "The Tiger

and the Six Judges." Payne, *1001 Nights*, iv. 10, "Abou Mahommed." *Pentamerone*, ii. 4, "Gagliuso." Perrault, *Contes des Fées*, "Le Maître Chat." Pitré, 41. *Portuguese Tales*, Folklore Society, No. xviii. pp. 75-79. Ralston, *Russian Folktales*, pp. 133, 134, 149, 167, 173, 183, 184, 231, 260, 286, 296; *Songs of the Russian People*, pp. 169, 180, 182; and "Puss in Boots" in *XIXth Cent.*, Jan., 1883. *Revue Celtique*, vol. iii. p. 365; 1870, p. 373. *Revue des Langues Romances*, iii. 396. Rivière, *Contes Pop. Kabyles*, pp. 99 ff. *Satuja ja Tarinoita*, i. 119, 138; ii. 36. Schiefner, *Avar Tales*, "Boukoutchi Khan." Schreck, *Finnische Märchen*, ix, "The Wonderful Birch." Sébillot, *Contes pop. de la Haute Bretagne*, Paris, 1880, p. 15. *South African Folklore Journal*, March, 1880. Steere, *Swahili Tales*, "Sultan Darai." Stokes, *Indian Fairy Tales*, p. 180. Straparola, xi. 1. Temple, *Legends of the Punjab*, 272 ff, 354 ff. Theal, *Kafir Folklore*, pp. 37, 53 ff., 56, 63, 86, and 169, "The Wonderful Horns." Thorpe, *Yule-Tide Stories*, pp. 64, 114, 295, 296, 353. Vernaleken, *In the Land of Marvls*, "The Dog and the Yellowhammer." Vuk Karajich, No. 32. *Wide-Awake Stories*, 205.

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[No. 18.]

**Title of Story.**—The Three Snake-Leaves.**Dramatis Personæ.**—Old man; his son.—King.—Warriors and leader.—King's daughter.—Sentries.—Two snakes.—Servant.—Skipper.

**Abstract of Story.**—(1) A young man leaves his father, who is too poor to support him, to join king's army. In fierce battle many of his comrades with their leader fall, and the rest are about to take flight, when youth rallies them and leads them to victory. King, hearing of his prowess, rewards him with great wealth, and makes him heir to the throne.—(2) King has a beautiful daughter who has vowed to accept no husband who will not promise to be buried alive with her if she dies first. Should she survive her husband she would do likewise. Hitherto all wooers have been distanced by this strange oath, but youth loves her notwithstanding, and with king's consent they are married. After awhile queen sickens and dies, and young king is horrified at having to fulfil compact. Sentries are posted to prevent him escaping his doom, and when funeral takes place he is shut in royal vault with corpse. (3) A table stands near coffin bearing four candles, four loaves, and four bottles of wine. He ekes out this provision, but death draws daily nearer. A snake creeps out of corner of vault and approaches coffin; whereupon he hews it in three pieces with his sword, lest it touch the corpse. Presently a second snake creeps out, but draws back on seeing the other lying dead, and anon returns with three green leaves in its mouth. Placing the severed parts together it lays a leaf on each wound. Immediately the snake is whole, and the two glide off together, the leaves remaining on the ground. The unhappy man bethinks him to try their wondrous power on his dead wife; lays one on her mouth, the others on her eyes. The blood stirs in her veins; she draws breath, and looking around, inquires where she is. He tells her all, gives her food; then knocks and shouts till sentries hear and tell king, who sets them free with great rejoicing. The young king secures the three snake-leaves and gives them to his servant to carry always with him against a day of trouble.—(4) But a change has befallen the queen, and all love for her husband has left her heart. Whilst they are voyaging across the sea to visit his old father, she forgets the love and fidelity that have rescued her from death, and conceives a liking for the skipper. When the young king is sleeping she calls her lover to help her throw him overboard; then suggests that they return home and tell her father that her husband has died on the way. She will then praise the skipper to her father, and he will marry her to him and make him heir.—(5) But the faithful servant has witnessed all, and, unseen by them, lowers boat, picks up his drowned master, and resuscitates him by laying the three snake-leaves on his eyes and mouth. They row swiftly day and night, and

VOL. 7.—PART 3.

Z

reach old king before the others, and tell of his daughter's wickedness. They are kept concealed till queen has returned and given false report of husband's death.—(6) Then king says he will bring the dead to life again, and bids the two men enter. Woman is thunderstruck at sight of her husband, and begs for mercy. King shows none, but puts her to sea with her accomplice in a ship pierced with holes, which soon sinks amid the waves.

### Alphabetical List of Incidents.

Buried alive, husband, in vault with wife's corpse (3).

Husband of king's daughter must promise to be buried alive with her at her death (2).

Poor man's son joins army and rallies it to victory (1).

Poor man's son marries king's daughter (2).

Queen and lover put to sea in ship which sinks (6).

Queen false to her husband, and drowns him (4).

Reanimation of drowned husband by snake-leaves on mouth and eyes (5).

Reanimation of snake by leaf on wound (3).

Reanimation of wife by leaves on mouth and eyes (3).

Snake cut to pieces on nearing corpse (3).

**Where published.**—Grimm's *Haushold Tales*. London, 1884. Tale No. 16, vol. i. pp. 69—72.

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2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name.*

3. *Other particulars.*

**Special Points noted by the Editor of the above.**—See Author's notes, vol. i. pp. 356, 357.

**Remarks by the Tabulator.**—For inc. (1) cf. Callaway, *Zulu Tales*, p. 234. Campbell, ii. 446—448. Dasent, "The Widow's Son," p. 320.

For inc. (3) comp. Sinbad, 1001 *Nights*, ii. 137. Story of Polyidos and Glaucos, told by Ælian and Apollodorus. For custom of burial alive with corpse, see Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, p. 328. See also *Corpus Poeticum Boreali*, i. 144.

For inc. 3 (life-giving leaves), cf. *Basque Legends*, p. 117. Benfey, *Panchatantra*, i. p. 454. Clodd, *Myths and Dramas*, p. 110. Coronedi-Berti, No. 14. *Corpus Poeticum Boreali*, i. 398 (Sigmund and Sinfjotli). Cox, *Aryan Mythology*, i. 160. *Finnish Story*, "Golden Bird." *Folklore Record*, 1884, p. 98. Fouqué's "Sir Eliduc." *Germania*, xxi. p. 68. Gonzenbach, *Sicilianische Märchen* (dead prince revived by grass from Mount Calvary). Grimm, No. 60 (root). *Katha-sarit-sagara*, ch. 59. Lang, *Custom and Myth*, "Moly and Mandragora." *Lu Posillechejata*, No. 1. *Magyar Folktales*, p. 55, and note, p. 341 (grass). *Old Deccan Days*, p. 126, "Panch Phul Rancee," and p. 139. *Past Days in India*, Snake

and Mongoose Story (root). *Pentamerone*, i. 7. Pitré, No. 11. Polyidos resuscitates Glaukos (grass). *Ramáyana* (four herbs used by Hanuman, the monkey deity), see Talbot Wheeler's *History of India*, ii. 368. Rivière, *Contes Pop. Kabyles*, p. 199 (herb). *Tuscan Fairy Tales*, No. 9, p. 93, "The Glass Coffin." Vermieux, *The Hermit of Motu Jhurna* (2nd ed.), pp. 101, 102. *Volsunga-Saga* (Camelot Series), p. 22. *Wide-Awake Stories*, p. 417, note.

The Gypsy word for remedy, medicine, is *drab*, i.e. grass (also used for poison).

(For life-giving ointment), cf. Asbjörnson and Moe, No. 35. Bernoni, *Puntate*, iii. p. 84. Campbell, i. p. 218. Comparetti, No. 32. Crane, *Italian Popular Tales*, pp. 23, 335. Dasent, *Norse Tales*, pp. 18, 183, 321, 357. (Comp. Day, *Folktales of Bengal*, pp. 135, 219). Gonzenbach, *Sicilianische Märchen*, No. 40. *Indian Antiquary*, iii. 9. *Kalevala*, Schiefner's Translation, 1852, pp. 80, 81 (honey). Ralston, *Russian Folktales*, pp. 231, 232. See also *Sagas from the Far East*, pp. 75, 110 (life-restoring cordial).

(For healing mud), cf. *Dublin Magazine*, 1862, p. 356, "Right is always Right." *Magyar Folktales*, pp. 36, 152, 323, 336. (Comp. Temple, *Legends of the Punjab*, 155, 214, 215, 358, 415, 456, 484.) Vernaleken, "The Accursed Garden," p. 308. *Wide-Awake Stories*, 247, 248, 295.

(For Resuscitations), cf. *American Folklore Journal*, i. 213, 214; ii. 137. *Bahâr-i-Dânush*, ii. 290 (Scott's translation). Bleek, *Hottentot Fables*, p. 76; *Reynard the Fox in South Africa*, p. 55. Callaway, *Zulu Tales*, pp. 54, 211, 231. Campbell, ii. 287, 437, *et. seq.* Castren, *Ethnologische Vorlesungen, etc.* p. 174. Clodd, *Myths and Dreams*, p. 196. Clouston, *Popular Tales and Fictions*, ii. 407 ff. Cox, *Aryan Mythology*, i. 234, 375; ii. 26. Crane, *Italian Popular Tales*, p. 78. Dasent, *Norse Tales*, pp. 19, 59, 105, 357, 439; *Tales from the Fjeld*, p. 289, "Golden Palace that hung in Air." Day, Lal Behari, *Folktales of Bengal*, "Life's Secret," and No. 20; and pp. 224 ff., 266, 267, 277, 504. *Decisions of the Princess Thoo-Dhamma Tsari*, No. 10. Deulin, *Contes de Ma Mère l'Oye*, p. 178, (Legend of Ste. Triphime). *D'Orbiney Papyrus*, "The Two Brothers." Ezekiel xxxvii. 1-10. *Folklore Record*, iv. 104, 152; v. 5, 6. *Folklore Journal*, vi. 58-59, 137, 138, 177. *Fortnightly Review*, 1869, "The Worship of Plants and Animals." Grey, *Polyn. Mythology*, pp. 116, 124, 185. Grimm, *Household Tales*, Nos. 6, 16, 26, 46, 47, 60, 97, and note, vol. ii. p. 399; *Teutonic Mythology*, i. 185, note. *Gypsy Lore Society Journal*, i. 29. Hahn, *Griechische Märchen*, "Sun, Moon, and Morning Star." Holy Grail Legends. *Indian Antiquary*, i. 119; iv. 262. *Kalevala* (Lemminkäinen reanimated). *Katha-sarit-sagara*, ch. 59. Keating, chap. x. *Tuatha de Dannaán Saga*, see *Mabinogion*, Guest, p. 390. *Magyar Folktales*, p. 374. Mallet, *North. Ant.*, pp. 105, 436 (Prose Edda). Medea's spell. Comp. Muhammadan legend of Isa, son of Maryam (=Jesus), also found in Gospels of Pseudo-Matthew and the Infancy. *Old Deccan Days*, "Punchkin," "Chundum Rajah," "Sodewa Bai." Osiris



reanimated by Isis. *Panchatantra*, book v. Fable 14 (also in *Tuti Nama Pentamerone*, 47th. *Peredur Saga* (comp. legends of Buddha's Alms Dish, see Nutt, *Archæological Review*, June, 1889.) Powell and Magnusson, *Legends of Iceland*, p. 159. Pryn and Socin, *Syriscche Märchen*, No. 18. Radloff, *South Siberian Folktales*, i. 75; ii. 237-238, 532-533; iii. 344. Ralston, *Russian Folktales*, pp. 17, 57, 85, 147, 204, 230-236, 286, 311, 317, 352, 363. Rasmaun, *Deutsche Heldensage* (2nd ed.), ii. 134 (Gudrun brings to life the hosts slain by Hogni). Rivière, *Contes Populaires Kabyles*, p. 199. *Sagas from the Far East*, No. v. p. 75; and No. ix. p. 110. Schiefner, *Heldensagen der Minnessischen Tataren* (St. Petersburg 1879), p. 60. *South African Folklore Journal*, I. iv. 74. Stokes, *Indian Fairy Tales*, "Loving Lailli," p. 83; No. xxiii. 164; "The Demon and the King's Son," p. 173, and p. 141. Temple, *Legends of the Punjab*, pp. 47, 80, 81, 85, 124; and see pp. 394, 401, 472, 474, 492. Theal, *Kaffir Folklore*, pp. 153-154. Thorpe, *F.T.S.*, pp. 75, 167. *Toldoth Jéshu. Twenty-five Tales of a Demon*, No. 2. Comp. Typhon cut up by Osiris, restored to life by Horus. *Uarda*, note to cap. viii. Vernaleken, p. 269, "The Three White Doves." Vetala Panchavinsati (= 25 Tales of a Demon), "The Four Brothers." *Wide-Awake Stories*, "The King and his Seven Sons," and pp. 282 ff., 290, 65, 109, 224 ff., 141, 58, 177, 269, 55-56, 147. *Zeitschrift der Deutschen Morgenländischen Gesellschaft*, 1860, Bd. xiv. s. 280-287, and see Tabulator's Remarks on "Faithful John," Grimm, No. 6.

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[No. 19.]

**Title of Story.**—The White Snake.**Dramatis Personæ.**—King.—Servant.—White snake.—Sparrows.—Queen.—Ducks.—Cook.—Three fishes.—Ant-king.—Two old and three young ravens.—King's daughter.

**Abstract of Story.**—(1) A king, famed for his wisdom and knowledge of all secret things, has this strange custom. Every day after dinner, when no one else is present, he requires his trusty servant to bring him a special dish. Not even this servant knows what it contains, for the king never removes cover till he is quite alone. After a time servant is overcome by curiosity; carries dish into his own room, locks door, and removing cover discloses a white snake. Cuts off a piece to taste, and straightway hearing sparrows chattering together, he knows what they say, for he now understands language of all animals.—(2) This very day queen chances to lose a beautiful ring. Suspicion falls on trusty servant, who is to be executed as guilty should he fail to find the thief before the morrow. In great tribulation he wanders into courtyard to consider means of escape. He listens to the ducks telling each other how they had fared during morning, and one complains of the discomfort he suffers from having in his haste swallowed a ring which lay outside queen's window. Servant at once seizes that fine fat duck and gives her to cook to roast. He cuts off her head and finds queen's ring inside her.—(3) To make amends for wrong done to innocent servant, king promises to grant any favour, even to foremost place at court. Servant only asks a horse and money to enable him to see the world. His request is granted, and having set out he comes to a pond where three fishes are caught in the reeds and gasping for water. He hears their lament that they must untimely perish, dismounts and puts them back in water. Quivering with delight they promise to remember and repay his kindness.—(4) He rides on, and presently hears a voice from the sand at his feet. It is the ant-king complaining because folks with their clumsy beasts tread down his people without mercy. He turns his horse aside, whereat the ant-king cries, "We will remember you; one good turn deserves another."—(5) He now enters a wood and sees two old ravens throwing young ones from the nest, saying they must henceforth provide food for themselves. Young ravens lie on the ground bemoaning their helplessness and dreading starvation. Youth alights, kills his horse, and gives it them for food. Young ravens satisfy their hunger and promise to recompense their benefactor.—(6) He travels now on foot, and at length reaches a large city, where there is great commotion because a man rides forth proclaiming that king's daughter wants a husband; but every suitor must perform a hard task or forfeit his life if he fail. Many have attempted in vain; but youth is overcome by great beauty of princess, and

forgetting danger, declares himself ready to win her.—(7) He is ordered to fetch a gold ring which king flings to bottom of the sea. Should he return without it he will be thrown in again and again till he is drowned. All the people grieve for the handsome youth as they leave him alone by the sea. While he stands considering, the three fishes he had saved come swimming towards him, and the middle one lays a mussel shell at his feet. He opens it, and finds inside the ring, which he takes to king, expecting to receive the promised reward.—(8) But princess scorns him as beneath her rank, and requires the performance of another task. She goes to garden, and scatters ten sacksful of millet seed on the grass, and tells him to pick all up before sunrise, leaving not a single grain. Youth considers impossibility of performing this task, and sorrowfully awaits his doom at break of day. But by the first sun's ray he sees the ten sacks standing quite full beside him, not a grain missing. For during the night the grateful ant-king with his thousands had gathered all the millet seeds into the sacks. King's daughter comes down to garden and is amazed to find the task is done.—(9) But her pride is still unconquered, and she requires her suitor to bring her an apple from the Tree of Life. Youth knows not where this tree may stand, and sets out without hope. He wanders through three kingdoms, and lays him down to sleep beneath a tree. Hears a rustling in the branches, and a golden apple falls into his hand. At the same time the three ravens he had saved from starving perch upon his knee and tell him how, when they heard that he was seeking the golden apple, they flew over the sea to the end of the world and plucked it from the Tree of Life.—(10) Full of joy the youth now takes it to the king's beautiful daughter, who has no excuses left. They cut the Apple of Life in two and eat it together. Then her heart is filled with love for him, and a happy lot is theirs.

### Alphabetical List of Incidents.

- Animals, language of (1).
- Ant-hill saved from horse's hoof by servant (4).
- Dish with white snake, by which king knows secret things (1).
- Fish delivered from reeds by servant (3).
- Grateful beasts, fish (7), ants (8), ravens (9).
- Ravens saved from starving by servant (5).
- Ring found in duck (2).
- Ring lost by queen ; servant condemned as thief (2).
- Servant given horse and money to see the world (3).
- Snake, eating white, gives knowledge of animals' speech (1).
- Tasks wrought by servant to win princess (6).
- Tree of Life, apple from (10).

**Where published.**—Grimm's *Household Tales*. London, 1884. Tale No. 17, vol. i. pp. 72-76.

**Nature of Collection, whether:—**

1. *Original or translation.*—Translation by Margaret Hunt.
2. *If by word of mouth state narrator's name.*
3. *Other particulars.*

**Special Points noted by the Editor of the above.**—See Author's notes, vol. i. p. 357.

**Remarks by the Tabulator.**—For inc. 1. (wisdom-giving fish or snake), cf. Campbell, ii. 361, 363; and see 366, No. 47 (white snake); iii. 331, No. 82. (Fionn), and see p. 297. *Corpus Poeticum Boreale*, i. 39, 157 (Sigfried). *Folklore Journal*, vi. 299 ff. (white snake). Kennedy, *Legendary Fictions*, p. 216, "Farquhar the Physician." *Mabinogion* (Guest), ed. 1877, pp. 471 ff. Rassmann, *Deutsche Heldensage*, i. 124. *Volsunga-Saga* (Camelot Series), pp. 64, 92. See also Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, p. 99 (understanding secret things by means of fern).

Kassandra the prophetess had been licked by a serpent. (See Tzetzes' Argument to *Lycophron's Alexandra*; also Eustathius, the Homeric Scholiast's remarks about Helenus, brother of Kassandra, ad *Iliad*, vii. 44.) Compare the "Melampus" myth. (Apollodorus I. 9; see also III. 6, for the story of Teiresias in which serpents figure. Pliny, x. 137, throws doubt on the story of Melampus.) Michael Scott obtained his wisdom by serpents' bree (brigh), cf. *Inferno*, canto xx.; Scott's *Lay of Last Minstrel*, canto ii. and notes in Appendix.

(For understanding language of animals), cf. Boner, *Transylvania*, p. 372. *Corpus Poeticum Boreale*, i. 242, "Lay of Righ" (Kin-the-Young learnt language of birds). Dasent, *Norse Tales*, lii. lxiv. Day, *Folktales of Bengal*, 150, 152. Denton, *Serbian Folklore*, "The Snake's Gift." Grimm, *Household Tales*, No. 122, "Donkey Cabbages," and ii. 541 ff.; *Deutsche Sagen*, i. 131; *Teutonic Myth.*, iii. 982-983, 1216; iv. 1682. Gubernatis, *Zool. Myth.*, i. 152. *Ind. Antiquary*, iii. 520. *Magyar Tales*, p. 301, and notes, p. 421. Naake, *Slavonic Tales*, "The Language of Animals." Payne, *Arabian Nights*, i. 14. *Sagas from the Far East*, p. 21. *Satujaja Turinoita*, iii. p. 37. Straparola, 12th Night, Fable 3. *Tales of the Alhambra*, "Legend of Prince Ahmed al Kamel." Tylor, *Prim. Cult.*, i. 190, 469; J. G. Frazer in *Archaeological Review*, vol. i.

(For talking birds), cf. *American Folklore Journal*, i. 204. *Arabian Nights*, "The Merchant, his Wife, and his Parrot" (also in *Seven Wise Masters*). *Archaeological Review*, March, 1889, p. 26. *Asiatic Researches*, vol. x. "Vasavadatta." Bleek, *Hottentot Fables*, p. 65. Busk, *Folklore of Rome*, p. 11. "Filigranata." *Calcutta Review*, 1884, "Legends of Rāja Rasālu" (see also Temple, *Legends of the Punjab*). Callaway, *Zulu Tales*, pp. 53, 66, 72, 100, 106, 121, 130, 134, 135, 219, 362, 363. Campbell, i. 25, 219; ii. 288, 361. Casalis, *Basutos*, p. 339. Chaucer, "Manciple's Tale," "Squire's Tale." Comparetti, "Il Pappagallo," No. 2. *Corpus Poeticum Boreale*, i. 39, 131, 144, 157, 242, 255, 259, 306, 307. Cox, *Tales of Thebes and Argos*, p. 175. Crane, *Italian Popular Tales*, pp. 17, 43, 75, 167-183,

200, 327, 341. Dasent, *Norse Tales* (3rd ed.), 59, 113, 289, 357, 371. Day, Lal behari, *Folktales of Bengal*, No. 8. Dunlop, *History of Fiction*, i. 428. *Folklore Record*, ii. 107-109, 192; iii. 183, 240, 245. *Folklore Journal*, iii. 291, 292; vi. 21, 31, 137-8, 194. *Gesta Romanorum*, ch. 68. Grey, *Polynesian Mythology*, pp. 57, 187. Grimm, *Household Tales*, Nos. 6, 17, 21, 25, 40, 47, 107, 191, etc.; *Children's Legends*, No. 6; *Teutonic Mythology*, ii. 672. Gubernatis, *Zool. Myth.*, ii. 322. Hiawatha, Longfellow's, *passim*. *Household Tales from the Land of Hofer*, p. 278. *Ind. Antiquary*, vol. iii., "The Minister and the Fool." *Katha-sarit-sagara*. Leger, *Contes Pop. Slaves*, No. 15. *Mabinogi of Branwen* (see *Folklore Record*, v. 5). *Magyar Folktales*, pp. 322, 323, 421. *Mahabharatha*. "Nala and Damayanti." *Mélusine*, May 5, 1887, "Le Chaperon Rouge." *Old Deccan Days*, pp. 14, 74, 80, 105. *Pentamerone*. Pitré, *Fiabe, Novelle e Racconti Popolari Siciliani*, vol. i. No. 21, p. 191. Ralston, *Russian Folktales*, pp. 66, 131. *Revue Celtique*, iii. 365. Rivière, *Contes Populaires Kabyles*, pp. 36, 53, 126, 188, 191, 211, 224, 243. *Sagas from the Far East*, pp. 90, 159, 162, 213, 215, 310. *Satujä ja Tarinoita*, ii. p. 2. Schneller, *Märchen, &c., aus Wälschtirol*, Nos. 31, 32. *South African Folklore Journal*, I. iv. 74-79; I. vi. 138-145. Stokes, *Indian Fairy Tales*, 5, 149 ff. Theal, *Kaffir Folklore*, pp. 29 ff., 63-66, 125, 141, 148 ff. Thorpe, *Yule-Tide Stories* pp. 35, 42, 64, 102, 125, 203, 220, 341, 451; *Northern Myth.*, vol. i. p. 97. *Túti Náma* ("Tales of a Parrot"). Tylor, *Early History of Mankind*, p. 347. *Volsunga-Saga* (Camelot Series), p. 64. Vuk Karadžich, No. 32. Weil, *Biblical Legends of the Mussulmans*, pp. 24, 38, 40, 42, 44, 45, 104, 152. *Wide-Awake Stories*, pp. 205, 139, 74-75, 176.

For inc. 6 (tasks) cf. *Afanasief*, vi. 54. *Arabian Nights*, "The Prince of Sind and Fatima, etc." *Basque Legends*, p. 120. Callaway, *Zulu Tales*, pp. 165, 170, 470. Campbell, i. 32; ii. 328; iv. 282, 289. Casalis, *Basutos*, p. 350. *Corpus Poeticum Boreale*, i. 93; 219 ff. (Thor performs three tasks.) Crane, *Italian Popular Tales*, pp. 5, 7, 30, 61, 65, 343. "Cupid and Psyche," in *Golden Ass of Apuleius*. Dasent, *Norse Tales*, pp. 71, 155, 181, 193, 199, 215, 232, 272, 302, 330. Dozon, *Contes Albanais*, No. 12. *Dravidian Nights*, pp. 109, 115-117. *Folklore Record*, ii. 184; iv. 57, 60. *Folklore Journal*, vi. 252 ff. Gonz., No. 68. Grimm, lxxvii. and Nos. 13, 14, 17, 62, 63, 113, etc. Gubernatis, *S. Stefano*, No. 8. *Indian Antiquary*, ii. 357. 'Jason' legend (see Lang's *Custom and Myth*, "A Far Travelled Tale"). *Kalevala*. *Katha-saritsāgara*, ch. 39 (sesame seeds). Lang, *Custom and Myth*, p. 91. "Nicht, Nought, Nothing." Leger, *Contes Populaires Slaves*, No. 25. *Magyar Folktales*, pp. 319, 379. *Old Deccan Days*, pp. 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 73, 95, 135, 197, 229. *Orient und Occident*. Pitré, Nos. 21, 95, 96; II. 103. *Portuguese Tales*, Folklore Society, No. xviii., pp. 75-79. Ralston, *Russian Folktales*, pp. 126, 132, 154, 242, 260; *Songs of the Russian People*, pp. 176, 180. *Revue Celtique*, iii. 3, 4. Rivière, *Contes Populaires Kabyles*, 237 ff. *Romania*, No. 28, p. 527. *Sagas from the Far East*, pp. 6 ff., 14, 94, 185. Schoolcraft, *Algonic Researches*, ii. 94-

104. Schreck, ix., "The Wonderful Birch." Sicilian Story, "The Beautiful Cardia." Stokes, *Indian Fairy Tales*, 160 ff. Straparola, Fable 2. Temple, *Legends of the Punjab*, 42, 143, 240. Thorpe, *Yule-Tide Stories*, "Svend's Exploits." Turner, *Samoa*, p. 102.

For inc. 7, 8, 9, (grateful beasts) cf. *American Folklore Journal*, ii. 132-134. *Arabian Nights*, "The Prince of Sind and Fatima." Asbjörnsen, No. 63. "Beauty and the Beast" and variants. Campbell, i. 265-275. Chambers, *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, p. 103. Clouston, *Popular Tales and Fictions*, i. 223 ff.; also p. 320 ff. Crane, *Italian Popular Tales*, pp. 7, 61, 127, 324, 335, 343. Dasent, *Norse Tales*, pp. 59, 113, 296, 311; *Tales from the Ejdal*, "Father Bruin in a Corner," "Golden Bird." Day, *Folktales of Bengal*, pp. 209 ff., 281, 135, 219. Denton, *Serbian Folklore*, pp. 51, 296. Dozon, *Contes Albanais*, Nos. 5, 9, 12. *Dravidian Nights*, Nat'esa Sastri's, pp. 109, 115-117. *Folklore Record*, i. 80; iii. 47, 146, 184. *Folklore Journal*, iii. 56, 60, 67, 214, 348-353; vi. 252, ff. Gaal, *Märchen des Magyaren*, "Die dankbaren Thiere." *Gesta Romanorum*, 119th (Swan). Gonzenbach, 65, "Conte Piro." Gower, *Confessio Amantis*, Bk. 5. Grimm, Nos. 17, 57, 60, 62; see lxxiii. Hahn, *Gr. Mär.*, i. 109, "The Three Grateful Beasts," and No. 25. *Indian Antiquary*, i. 116, 118; ii. 358; iv. 261. *Kalila na Dimna* (Fables of Bidpai). *Katha-sarit-sagara*, bk. x. ch. 65. Krausz, *Sagen und Märchen der Sudslaren*, No. 88, p. 97. Leger, *Contes Populaires Slaves*, Nos. 15, 19, 25. *Madana Kāmarāja Kadai*, 2nd Story (translated by Nat'esa Sastri). *Magyar Folktales*, pp. 1, 149; and notes pp. 303, 322, 374. *Mahabhārata*, Manu and the Fish, in "Legend of the Deluge." Mitford, *Tales of Old Japan*, "Little Peachling," and "The Grateful Foxes." *Nineteenth Century*, Dec. 1878, (Ralston). *Old Deccan Days*, pp. 13, 17-22, 55-56, 121, 220. *Panchatantra* (Benfey), i. 194, 208, etc. Persian Romance of "Hatim Tai." Pitré, No. 188. *Portuguese Tales*, Folklore Society, No. 30. Ralston, *Russian Folktales*, pp. 85, 100, 120, 140, 169, 264. Rivière, *Contes Populaires Kabyles*, p. 243. *Sagas from the Far East*, p. 136 ff. *Satuja ja Tarinoita*, i. 151. Schiefner, *Tibetan Tales*, xxvi., xxxvii. Sicilian Story of the Beautiful Cardia. Sparks, *Decisions of Princess Thoodhamma Tsari*, Burmese "Aladdin" story. Stokes, *Indian Fairy Tales*, pp. 17, 63 ff., 153, 156, 161, 162, 165, 173, 180, 182. Temple, *Legends of the Punjab*, 11, 12, 29, 41 ff., 48 ff., 218, 219, 233 ff. Thorpe, *Yule-Tide Stories*, "Svend's Exploits." *Wide-Awake Stories*, "Sir Bumble," pp. 5 ff., 198, 205, 271, 276.

For inc. 10 (magic apples), cf. Campbell, I. lxxxii ff. *Corpus Poeticum Boreale*, i. 114, "Lay of Skirmi." Dasent, *Norse Tales*, pp. 22, 71, 92, 155, 363. *Folklore Record*, ii. 180, "Conn-Eda; or the Golden Apple of Lough Erne." *Folklore Journal*, vi. 252 ff. Grimm, Nos. 17, 29, 53, 57, 121, 130, 136; (Apple from the Tree of Life, No. 121). *Gypsy Lore Journal*, i. 29. Ralston, *Russian Folktales*, pp. 172, 176, 285. Wolf, "The Wonderful Hares."

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[No. 20.]

**Title of Story.**—Sultan Darai.

**Dramatis Personæ.**—Gazelle.—Carpenter.—First wife.—Their daughter.—Her husband, Hamdani, afterwards Sultan Darai.—Carpenter's second wife (was widow on marriage).—Her daughter.—Kinsman.—Neighbours.—People.—Slaves.—Sheikh.—Mualims.—Muhadim.—Men.—Almighty God.—Sultan.—His daughter.—Soldiers.—Robbers.—Old woman.—Snake.—Ladies.—Woman-servant.

**Abstract of Story.**—(1) Carpenter and wife had a daughter; wife died, husband thought he should marry some one to look after child; advised by kinsman to marry widow with one daughter. Carpenter sent kinsman to ask her to be his wife; she consented. Next day kinsman took woman, clothes, and dowry, who fixed marriage on the morrow. Kinsman told carpenter this, and told woman to be ready. After they had been married a week, living in bride's house with his daughter and step-daughter, carpenter resumed work.—(2) Woman cooked food; gave to her daughter good rice, but to step-daughter hard, dry rice (skin, from peculiar way of cooking). Husband returning at noon, told woman to dish up food and call children. Woman asked if children should eat twice. Husband said he did not know they had eaten. Evening meal given same way as before. Husband's question and woman's answer about children's food repeated. Afterwards husband told wife to bring him the tambure (leaf of betel pepper, in which tobacco is folded for chewing). Finding no tobacco in it, told her to look in end of bedstead, where he had put it. She could not find it at first, as it was in the side. Next morning man told his wife his child was to play with her sister in enclosure. Woman cooked food, called children, who answered, "Here, mother." Step-daughter, on being taunted for not being her child, went away crying. Woman's daughter asked her why. Girl bewailed her treatment. Daughter asked mother what she had done to her; woman said she was not her child, but bid her be called in for her food. She refused to come; asked for rice to be brought out. Woman's daughter having eaten her rice, was sent to see if step-daughter had eaten hers. She had not, but gave it to goat. Father returned, had supper, question and answer about children's food repeated. Woman says it is wife's place to manage house. Next morning husband did not feel well enough to go to work, so went to a neighbour's and played at bao, understanding that a child was to call him when food was done. He returned before child came; as before, step-daughter had dry rice, of which she did not eat all, crying at her step-sister having good rice.—(3) Step-daughter went crying to her mother's grave, from which she gathered two tangos (a vegetable size and shape of vegetable marrow, tasting like cucumber), ate one, and took other home to make doll. Step-mother asked her where

she got it. Child answered, "I plucked it in people's shambas" (a shamba is a garden or plantation, however large), and it was taken from her for the other girl. Father returned, found child crying; she would not tell him why. Step-mother came, said, "she had been stealing somebody's tangos, so she (step-mother) returned it to owners;" compared her with her own daughter, who was plating strips for mats, and said that husband should pay if owners came about their things.—(4) Father then tied daughter to a pole, saying she must stay there till she died. Child asked her father why. He said mother had told him she had stolen tangos, which had been returned to owner. Child replied she feared to tell her father about it. He said he would not repeat to his wife. Child told father how thin she was; that step-mother gave her burnt rice; how she found the tangos at her mother's grave, telling step-mother she came with it from people's gardens, but the woman would gather them all. Man untied daughter, asked forgiveness; said to-morrow he would buy her a female slave, and she should live in her mother's house.—(5) Next day man bought slave, and sent her to his child's home, telling her to take care of daughter. Wife jealous when she heard he had bought this woman, and said she would go to sheikh for divorce. Husband returned home, found wife across doorway; she said he should not come there. Then a man came, saying, "Fundi" (master workman), "a man wants to marry your daughter." Father agreed, as it might stay wife's jealousy for slave. Man who had come on errand went to house of would-be bridegroom and told him to make his plans, father-in-law being ready. Bridegroom said his plan was to give him clothes and dowry (for the bride), turban for her father, and presents for mother. The man took the gifts, and went to the house of the bride's father, who was at neighbour's playing tiabu (a game played with pieces of stick), and who, after seeing presents, showed them to his wife, bidding her call his daughter; and the girl was glad to please her father.—(6) Next day bridegroom went with his party to father's house, and the mualim (writer of marriage contract) came to marry the pair. Bridegroom and his father-in-law lived many years without quarrelling, till father-in-law died, and then man's wife died.—(7) After wife's death, man lived dissipated life and became a beggar; went to dust-heap (every African village has one outside it), got grains mtama (millet). One day found no grain, but eighth of pillar dollar. Next morning returned to dust-heap, and on great road saw a muhadim (a sort of sultan representing ancient kings of the country), with cage of baazi twigs, in which were gazelles, and three men who joked with muhadim at idea of beggar buying. Man bought gazelle for eighth of dollar, and from dust-heap found grains of mtama, eating some and giving others to gazelle. They slept that night at man's house. Next day man found more grains, which were again divided.—(8) About five days passed: one night gazelle spoke. Man was astonished, when gazelle told him Almighty God made him speak; that he saw he was an expense to man, and asked leave to go and feed until evening, re-



turning to sleep; for the diet was little. Man let gazelle go; it ran away, man crying, "O, my mother!" (African exclamation when surprised or startled). Neighbours taunted him; man went to dustheap, got grains *mutama*; sunset gazelle returned; next day and the next same thing happened, gazelle on returning describing beauties of country.—(9) After five days' feeding it rested under great tree, woke up, and found bitter grass; scratched with its foot, saw a large diamond. Thought people would not believe his master if he said "I picked it up," or "I was given it," so ran to look for people of power to use it. Went through forest with diamond in mouth; found no town until third morning, when it reached sultan's house, people staring to see gazelle run with something wrapped in leaves between teeth.—(10) Sultan sitting before door; gazelle cried "Hodi!" and laid diamond at sultan's feet. Sultan ordered cushion and food for it.—(11) Sultan asked news. Gazelle said he was come to ask kinship and family alliance with him, and he gave him diamond as pledge from his master Sultan Darai, who wished to marry sultan's daughter; sultan consented, and gazelle set out for his master, who meanwhile was mourning for it. Gazelle returned to master, went with him through forest till fifth day, when it told him to stay near stream and beat him soundly; then it went to sultan's house. Soldiers said that Sultan Darai was coming as they saw gazelle. Sultan set out with people; was met half-way by gazelle, who told him that Sultan Darai had been met by robbers in the forest, who had robbed Sultan Darai of his clothes. The sultan hastened home, ordered groom to saddle horse, called woman slave to bring clothes, and he got sword, dagger, sandals, and walking stick, with all which gazelle returned to master, the people wondering at gazelle's power of speech.—(12) Gazelle ordered its master to bathe, rub his teeth with sand, and dress himself in clothes it had brought, gazelle telling his master he was only to salute and ask news, it would do all talking, and it had asked a wife for him, and given all gifts for her and her parents. Man mounted horse gazelle had brought, gazelle running by side. When they saw sultan's house, gazelle told master to say his name was Sultan Darai. Then he and the sultan entered and talked.—(13) Next day the *mualim* married Sultan Darai to the sultan's daughter. The next day gazelle told its master it was going on journey; and if not back at end of seven days, he was not to go out. Gazelle took leave of sultan, telling him Sultan Darai had sent him to get horse in order.—(14) Gazelle went till it came to large town, where was house built of sapphire, turquoise, and marble. After thinking, gazelle said, "This is the house for my master; I will see if there are people in it. I have seen no one in town yet. If I die I die: if I live I live." It knocked at door with fist crying "Hodi," till an old woman opened it. Gazelle asked who was owner of house. Old woman foretold evil fate to gazelle, and said house was full of wealth, prisoners, food, and horses, and the owner of whole town was a great seven-headed snake. Old woman was afraid when gazelle asked for plan to kill snake, at whose coming the

wind blew. Old woman gave gazelle snake's sword, when it heard storm blowing. When snake put one head after another inside, the gazelle struck them off until the seventh head was cut off, and gazelle fainted. Old woman threw water over it. She then showed it house and contents, when gazelle bade her keep them till it called its master, who was owner. After staying there three days it returned to Sultan Darai, and told him that in four days he should go home with his wife. Then Sultan Darai, his wife, her ladies, and their slaves, set out till they reached the house, when gazelle went in with Sultan Darai, who was welcomed by old woman; and he bade that the horses be untied, the bound people loosed, and all work resumed for the mistress, and after a time the waiting-women went home.—(15) Gazelle complained to old woman that his master, for whom it had done so much, never asked how it had got the house.—(16) Next morning, gazelle feeling ill on waking, bade old woman tell its master.—(17) When Sultan Darai heard this, he only told her to mix gruel for it, when his wife reproved his ingratitude. Old woman returned weeping to gazelle; at first was reluctant to give answer; told what had passed, when he bade her return to the master and say that it had not drunk gruel. Then Sultan Darai was angry, and bade her pay no heed to the gazelle, which old woman returning to, found bleeding, and took it on her lap. Full of sadness, it told the old woman to see Sultan Darai and say it was nearer death than life, but he sent harsh answers eleven times, bidding it die. Woman returned to gazelle sad, and kissed it.—(18) Sultan's wife secretly took milk and rice, gave it to a woman-servant to cook for gazelle, and sent her with it and a cover and pillow, with offers to have it carried to her father's to be cared for.—(19) Gazelle died, and all the people wept. Sultan Darai said, "You are weeping for gazelle, whose price was but an eighth, as if I had died myself." His wife recounted the gazelle's services.—(20) Gazelle was thrown into well. Sultan Darai's wife hearing this, sent letters secretly to her father, who wept at the news, and set out in haste, with retinue.—(21) Reaching the well, they all went into it and carried away gazelle's body, and buried it with great mourning.—(22) Then Sultan Darai's wife dreamed she was at her father's; on awaking found it so.—(23) Sultan Darai dreamed he was on dustheap scratching; on awaking found it so. She lived the rest of her days in peace, and he had to work as before.

### Alphabetical List of Incidents.

- Carpenter losing wife, marries again (1).
- Darai, Sultan, returns to former position (23).
- Daughter, Sultan's, marries Hamdani, alias Sultan Darai (13).
- Daughter, Sultan's, kind to gazelle (18).
- Daughter, Sultan's, returns to former position (22).
- Father going to punish daughter learns step-mother's cruelty (4).
- Father purchases slave as companion to his daughter (5).
- Gazelle's body thrown into well (20).

Gazelle complains of Sultan Darai's ingratitude (15).  
 Gazelle, death of (19), burial (21)  
 Gazelle finds diamond (9), takes it to Sultan (10).  
 Gazelle finds house for Sultan Darai (14), illness of (16).  
 Gazelle speaks (8).  
 Hamdani finds eighth of pillar dollar and buys gazelle (7).  
 Kindness of gazelle to man (12).  
 Marriage of carpenter's daughter (6).  
 Step-daughter goes to mother's grave (3).  
 Step-mother, unkindness of (2).  
 Sultan will give his daughter in marriage (11).  
 Unkindness, man's, to gazelle (17).

**Where published.**—*Swahili Tales*. Steere. London, 1870. Tale No. 2, pp. 12—137.

**Nature of Collection**, whether:—

1. *Original or translation.*—Told in Swahili, with mixture of Arabic words, to Dr. Steere.
2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name.*—By Masazo, cook and house steward to him.
3. *Other particulars.*

**Special Points noted by the Editor of the above.**—Whenever a snake is mentioned, something more or less magical is sure to be connected with it.

**Remarks by the Tabulator.**—Variant of "Puss in Boots." See Lang's *Introduction to Perrault's Tales* (Oxford, 1888), also *Sat. Rev.*, Dec. 1, 1888, for Nubian variant.

(Signed) JANET KEY.



[No. 21.]

**Title of Story.**—The Hare, the Hyæna, and the Lion.**Dramatis Personæ.**—Hare.—Hyæna.—Lion.

**Abstract of Story.**—(1) Hare, hyæna, and lion went into country, making a garden, planting it with eatables, returning to dwellings till they were ripe. After a while they started to look at things; garden long way off, hare suggesting if any one stopped on road should be eaten; others agreed.—(2) Hare stopped first, but answered his companions' remark that he should be eaten, thus: "I am thinking about those two stones, one big and one little; the little one does not go up, nor does the big one go down," which they said was true.—(3) Again hare stopped, saying, "I am thinking about this: When people put on new clothes, where do the old ones go to?" His companions let him go, as before.—(4) Presently hyæna stopped, said he was thinking about nothing at all, so he was eaten. Lion and hare went to till they reached cave; hare stopped; lion said, "Let him be eaten." Hare said, "I am thinking about that cave; in old times our elders used to go in here and go out there." Hare went in and out many times.—(5) Lion followed example, but became wedged; hare got on his back, ate flesh. Lion asked him to eat him in front; hare said, "I cannot, my eyes are ashamed;" so he went away, leaving lion, and took garden himself.

**Alphabetical List of Incidents.**

Hare, hyæna, and lion go to see if vegetables are ripe.

Hare speaks (2) (3).

Hyæna eaten (4).

Hare leaving lion, takes garden (5).

**Where published.** *Swahili Tales*, by Edward Steere. London, 1870. Story No. 8, pp. 327-329.

**Nature of Collection,**—whether :—1. *Original or translation.*—Translation.

2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name.*—Written out in dialect of Mombas for Dr. Steere, by Mohammed bin Abd en Nuri or Kathi (grandson of Sheikh Motu ed din, who was said by Capt. Burton to be the one learned man on the East African coast).

3. *Other particulars.***Special Points noted by the Editor of the above.**—*Nil.***Remarks by the Tabulator.**—*Nil.*

(Signed) JANET KEY.

[No. 22.]

**Title of Story.**—The Lioness and the Antelope.**Dramatis Personæ.**—Lioness.—Her cub.—Antelope.

**Abstract of Story.**—In old times there was a lioness, and she was with young, and bore a cub; and when she had borne her cub she was seized with hunger seven days. And she said, "I will go outside and look for food." And when she went outside she saw an antelope feeding. And she crept up to it. And the antelope turned its head and saw the lioness, and said to her, "Welcome, cousin!" And the lioness was ashamed, so that she did not seize it; because it called her cousin.

**Alphabetical List of Incidents.**

- Animals, kindness for each other.
- Antelope, calls itself cousin to lion.
- Cousin, antelope considered as, to lion.
- Lion, called cousin by antelope.

**Where published.**—*Swahili Tales*, by Edward Steere. London, 1870. Tale No. 17, p. 437.

**Nature of Collection.**—whether:—

1. *Original or translation.*—Translation from Swahili.
2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name.*—Told to Dr. Steere by Munyi Khatibu, a native of Mtang'ata, a place on the mainland, opposite the island of Pemba.
3. *Other particulars.*

**Special Points noted by the Editor of the above.**—*Nil.***Remarks by the Tabulator.**—*Nil.*

(Signed) JANET KEY.

[No. 23.]

**Title of Story.**—The Hare and the Lion.**Dramatis Personæ.**—Hare.—His wife and father.—Buku.—Tortoise.—Lion.—People.

**Abstract of Story.**—Hare, looking for food in forest, saw large calabash tree in which was hive of honey, returned to town to look for companions to eat with him.—(1) Went into buku's house (buku a large kind of rat), invited him to come and eat honey, which he said his father who had died had left him; they went to tree, climbed up, ate honey, having fired bees with burning straw so that they flew away. Lion came out under calabash tree, looked up, saw people eating, asked who they were. Hare told buku not to speak as old fellow was mad. Lion repented question; buku was afraid, and said, "We are here." Hare told buku to put him among straw and tell lion that he was going to throw it down, and he (buku) was coming too.—(2) Buku did so, and hare escaped from straw. Lion then told buku to come down, and after learning who had been with him lion ate buku and then went to find hare.—(3) Third day hare invited tortoise to eat honey with him, and they went up tree. Lion came out, and he was owner of honey. Hare tried trick as before about straw; tortoise suspected it and calling out told lion hare was coming, so this time he was caught.—(4) Hare told lion if he ate him he would find flesh tough, but he was to take him by tail, whirl him round, knock him on ground, then eat him. Lion deceived and hare escaped from his paw. Tortoise, who came down at lion's bidding, told latter to put him in water and rub him till shell came off; lion essayed this, tortoise escaped; lion rubbed his paws, found blood coming from them.—(5) Lion went searching for hare's house; he and his wife had moved to top of mountain, where people told lion to go. Lion found him out when he got there, and hid in house, ready to eat hare and wife when they returned. Hare found on path lion's paw-marks; sent his wife back. Reaching house said, "Oho, lion, you are inside." Then he stood at distance, saying three times, "Salaam, house." No reply, so he said, "How is this? Every day, as I pass this place, if I say 'Salaam,' the house answers me; but to-day, perhaps there is some one inside it." Lion was deceived, and said, "Salaam." Hare laughed at him, saying, "You are inside and want to eat me; when did you hear of a house's talking?" Lion chased hare till he was tired, and gave it up, acknowledging he was beaten.

**Alphabetical List of Incidents.**

- Hare and buku climb tree (1).
- Hare and tortoise climb tree (3).
- Hare, through cunning, escape of (2) (4).
- Lion goes to hare's house (5).

**Where published.**—*Swahili Tales*, by Edward Steere. London, 1870.  
Story No 11, pp. 371-377.

**Nature of Collection**, whether:—

1. *Original or translation.*—Translated from Swahili.
2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name.*—Told to Dr. Steere, by Hamisi wa Kayi, or Khamis bin Abubekr.
3. *Other particulars.*

**Special Points noted by the Editor of the above.**

**Remarks by the Tabulator.**—Cf. Chandler Harris's *Uncle Remus*. Bleek's *Hottentot Fables*. I. Jackal Fables; II. Tortoise Fables.

(Signed) JANET KEY.



[No. 24.]

**Title of Story.**—Tobacco.**Dramatis Personæ.**—Wise men.—Fools.**Abstract of Story.**—When tobacco came into the world, and wise men saw it, they took it and smelt it; the wise men who followed them took it and smoked it, and watched it smoke; the fools of Pemba thought it was food, and took it and ate it.**Alphabetical List of Incidents.**

Tobacco, eating and smoking of.

**Where published.**—*Swahili Tales*, by Edward Steere. London, 1870. Story No. 15, p. 415.**Nature of Collection**, whether:—

1. *Original or translation.*—Translated from Swahili, by Dr. Steere.
2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name.*
3. *Other particulars.*

**Special points noted by the Editor of the above.**—*Nil.***Remarks by the Tabulator.**—*Nil.*

(Signed) JANET KEY.

## [No. 25.]

**Title of Story.**—Story of the Kites and the Crows.

**Dramatis Personæ.**—King of Crows.—Crows.—King of kites.—Kites.

**Abstract of Story.**—King of crows sent letter to king of kites, asking him to be his soldier. Receiving refusal, king of crows fought king of kites. Crows were beaten. At one crow's suggestion they fled to another town, kites taking possession of their old one.—(2) Crows took counsel; and one of them suggesting that his feathers should be plucked off, and he should be thrown into kites' town, his wishes were granted. Kites found him; and he said, to inquiry what he was doing there, that companions had turned him out because he told them to obey the kites.—(3) Crow taken to king of kites, told him similar story. King told him to stay there. After many days they went to church, kites asking him, on coming out, whether they or he worshipped God the best, he replying they. Kites became fond of him. Night before kites' feast-day crow went and told crows to-morrow kites would go to church, when they should put fire outside door. Fire and firewood were fetched.—(4) Morning kites went to church, crow giving reason for stopping away that he was indisposed. Crows fired church. King and kites nearly all died, remaining ones fled when crows took town.

**Alphabetical List of Incidents.**

- Battle between kings of crows and kites (1).
- Crow personates kite (2), invited to stop in kites' town by king (3).
- Church fired by crows (4).

**Where published.**—*Swahili Tales*, by Edward Steere. London, 1870. Story No. 10, pp. 365—367.

**Nature of Collection, whether:—**

1. *Original or translation.*—Translated from Swahili by Dr. Steere.
2. *If by word of mouth state narrator's name.*—Told to Dr. Steere by Mohammed bin Khamis.
3. *Other particulars.*

**Special Points noted by the Editor of the above.**—The narrator, on the inspiration of the moment, out of compliment to us, has substituted church for mosque.

**Remarks by the Tabulator.**—*Nil.*

(Signed) JANET KEY.

[No. 26.]

**Title of Story.**—The Cheat and the Porter.**Dramatis Personæ.**—Cheat.—Porter.

**Abstract of Story.**—(1) A man, who cheated by not paying people for carrying things which he bought, having one day purchased box of glasses, asked porter if he would be paid in money for carrying them or in three words that would be of service to him in the world. Porter chose words. When he had got third of way found box too heavy, asked cheat for one word to give him spirit.—(2) Cheat said, "If any one tells you that slavery is better than freedom, don't believe him." Porter suspected man's nature, presently asked for second word.—(3) Cheat said, "If any one tells you that poverty is better than riches, don't believe him." On reaching house porter asked third word, was told (4) "If any one tells you that hunger is better than fulness, don't believe him." Porter told man to get out of way that he might set box down. Lifting it above head, he let it fall. Man said, "You have broken my box for me." Porter replied, "If any one tells you that there is one glass left in this box that is not broken, don't you believe him."

**Alphabetical List of Incidents.**

Cheat hires porter to carry box (1)

Words, cheat's (2), (3), (4).

**Where published.**—*Swahili Tales*, by Edward Steere. London, 1870. Story No. 14. pp. 413—415.

**Nature of Collection, whether:—**1. *Original or translation.*—Translated from Swahili.2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name.*—Told to Dr. Steere by Mohammed bin Khamis.3. *Other particulars.*—Occurs in Arabian Nights (not in Lane).**Special Points noted by the Editor of the above.**—*Nil.***Remarks by the Tabulator.**—*Nil.*

(Signed) JANET KEY.

[No. 27.]

**Title of Story.**—The Spirit and the Sultan's Son.**Dramatis Personæ.**—Sultan.—His wife.—Three sons.—Demon.—People.  
Horse.—Slaves.—Sultan.—His daughter.—Her child.

**Abstract of Story.**—(1) A sultan who owned property and many towns much wished for a son, thinking all possessions would be lost at death. Demon came, in form of a man, asked sultan what he would give him if, owing to his (demon's) medicine, a son were born? Sultan offered half property. Demon would not accept it or half his towns, but was satisfied with promise of one child should sultan have two.—(2) Sultan's wife ate medicine, and three boys were born. Sultan would not separate children at demon's first request, saying they could not read. Demon said he would teach them, and at his home they stayed until they knew all learning, and made letters, when they were taken home to sultan and division made, one of the lads who was very clever falling to demon, the other two remained with sultan. The boy was taken home by adopted father, and being trusted with everything, could use what keys he liked. One day unfastened room in which was molten gold, which would not come off finger he touched it with, so he tied on a rag, telling father he had cut it.—(3) Next day father went out. Boy took all keys, opened first room, saw goats' bones; in second room, sheeps' bones; third, those of oxen; fourth, donkeys'; fifth, horses'; sixth, men's skulls; seventh, living horse, which told him it was his father's business to eat people, donkeys, horses, oxen, goats, and all things, it and the boy only being left.—(4) Horse told boy to unfasten it, open treasure chamber, when it would swallow everything, and when man returned, having invited people to eat them both, would tell boy to get firewood, make up fire for cauldron, and get into a swing over it. Boy was to refuse, and man would do these things himself, which happened, latter meeting death by being pushed into boiling ghee.—(5) People came for feast, could not find man; on looking into cauldron, saw food done; ate the contents and food and rice in house. Next day came again and ate.—(6) Boy, who had run away after man's death met horse (who went before man returned) under a tree, rode on its back till arriving at end of a town. They stopped and built a large house, putting in it horses, asses, oxen, goats, and slaves. Sultan hearing of it, sent to know if news was true that there was large house, and asked who was owner. People told him it was a foreigner who was travelling. Sultan went to see him, and stayed there, becoming much attached to him.—(7) Sultan gave him daughter in marriage. Man dwelt there with his wife, their one child, and his horse, unto the end, he loving his horse like his own soul.

**Alphabetical List of Incidents.**

- Boy discovers horse (3), they build a house (6).
- Boy marries sultan's daughter (7).
- Death of father (4).
- Demon offers medicine (1).
- Demon, son given to (2).
- People come to feast (5).
- Sultan has three sons born (2).

**Where published.**—*Swahili Tales*, by Edward Steere. London, 1870. Story No. 12, pp. 380—389.

**Nature of Collection, whether:—**

1. *Original or translation.*—Translated from Swahili by Dr. Steere.
2. *If by word of mouth state narrator's name.*—Told to Dr. Steere by Hamisi wa Kayi, or Khamis bin Abubekr.
3. *Other particulars.*

**Special Points noted by the Editor of the above.**—*Nil.*

**Remarks by the Tabulator.**—*Nil.*

(Signed) JANET KEY.

[No. 28.]

**Title of Story.**—The Ape, the Lion, and the Snake.**Dramatis Personæ.**—Ape.—Lion.—Snake.—Youth.—Women.—People.

**Abstract of Story.**—In olden times in a town a woman bore posthumous son. Husband's work had been to set traps, catch game, sell it. Son told mother they were dying of hunger. (1) Learning what had been father's work, determined to do same. First day cut branches of trees; second, cut traps; third, twisted rope; fourth, set up traps; fifth, set traps; sixth, tried traps, took out game, killed, and sold it for corn. They became wealthy. At last youth tried traps, got nothing. (2) First day only found an ape, which asked not to be killed but saved from rain by being taken out of trap that it might save him from sun. Ape warned him that no son of Adam being good he was not to benefit any one. (3) Second day man took a snake from a trap, which begged for life, saying to-morrow he would come and help him, but a son of Adam did good to no one. (4) Third day lion was caught, who begged for life and to be saved from rain, and it would save him from sun. Lion said too that a son of Adam does not do good. (5) Another day a man was found in a trap and loosed. When all food had been finished youth asked his mother to make seven cakes, which he took in forest with bow to hunt game, lost himself, ate all cakes but one. (6) Went on in forest, met ape, said he was lost; ape to repay him for former kindness went to people's plantations, stole papaws and bananas, gave them to him and calabash of water. When youth had drunk they parted. (7) Man met lion, told him he was lost; lion caught him game and gave fire to roast meat as a reward; when man had eaten they parted. Man next came out upon plantation, where was very old woman, who said that in her town a man was ill, and if he could he was to prepare medicine, but man did not know how to. When he reached road he saw a well and pail beside it. Wanting water to drink, peeped in, saw snake, who said it was one he had released; for reward it would fill his scrip with chains of gold and silver. On reaching town man met the man whom he had freed from trap. (8) This man took from him scrip, conducted him to his home, where wife cooked stranger porridge. The man (who had been caught in trap) went and told Sultan a stranger had come to his house, who was not a son of Adam but a snake living in well, personating a man; asked Sultan to send a man to take from him the scrip, he had seen gold and silver chains. A man went and scrip was opened, people testifying things of Sultan's child, vizier's children, and people in town. Man's hands were tied behind him. (9) Snake came out of well to town where man was, who was asked by troubled people to send snake away, and they untied his hands; snake returned to well telling man to call him if necessary. Man became much honoured in country; people asked him why his host should do him wrong, and he said, "Snake, lion, and ape told me

that a son of Adam does you wrong for the good you do, which is true, for that man has done me harm for good." Matter was explained to Sultan, who said offending man deserved to be put in sleeping mat and drowned.

### Alphabetical List of Incidents.

Boy follows father's occupation (1).

Gratitude to deliverer of ape (6), lion (7), snake (9).

Ingratitude of man (8).

Traps, caught in, ape (2), snake (3), lion (4), man (5).

**Where published.**—*Swahili Tales*, by Edward Steere. London, 1870. Story No. 16, pp. 425-433.

### Nature of Collection, whether:—

1. *Original or translation.*—Translation from Swahili.

2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name.* Told to Dr. Steere by Munyi Khatibu, native of Mtang'ata (place opposite Isle of Pemba). It represents dialect of that coast, which has many small peculiarities.

3. *Other particulars.*

**Special Points noted by the Editor of the above.**—*Nil.*

**Remarks by the Tabulator.**—Story related to group of helpful animals, for references to which cf. Miss Roalfe Cox's remarks in No. 19, *ante*, p. 57.

(Signed) JANET KEY.

## TABULATION OF FOLKTALES.

[No. 29.]

**Title of Story.**—Filagranata.

**Dramatis Personæ.**—Poor woman.—Witch.—Heroine : Filagranata (poor woman's first child). Hero : Prince.—Pigeons.—Prince's horse.—Little old woman (fairy).—Chancellor.—Queen - mother.—Princess.—Two paste pigeons.

**Abstract of Story.**—(1) Poor woman steals parsley from garden of witch, found out, has to promise first child to witch in expiation.—(2) First child girl, Filagranata, goes according to agreement to live with witch; "as soon as she was of an age to dress herself without help," is imprisoned in tower, no door or staircase, visited once a day by witch who is drawn up by Filagranata's hair, on repeating a rhyming formula.—(3) Prince comes riding by in search of a wife, overhears witch, sees Filagranata at window. When witch goes away he repeats formula, and is drawn up into tower with his steed. Witch returns, Filagranata by touch of wand turns prince and horse into pomegranate and orange. Witch comes up. "What a stink of Christians," says she; finds out nothing, goes away. Filagranata restores prince and steed to natural shape. Prince proposes marriage. Filagranata consents, mounts behind Prince, they ride off.—(4) Witch pursues; they come to a wood, see little old woman (fairy) making signs; they stop, she gives them three magic gifts to be thrown down in the way of the witch, viz. a mason's trowel, a comb, a jar of oil; she whispers to Filagranata.—(5) Witch close behind, Prince throws down trowel, huge wall rises, hinders witch, but she soon overtakes them.—(6) Prince throws down comb, strong hedge of thorns rises, witch takes some time to get through, but soon overtakes again.—(7) Prince throws down jar of oil, oil spreads over whole country side, witch cannot pass it, wherever she steps only slides back.—(8) Prince asks what fairy whispered to Filagranata; she says when he reaches home he must kiss no one till after their marriage, or he will,



forget all about her. Prince promises to observe this. They reach home; chancellor and queen-mother receive Filagranata with honour as the prince's bride. That night Prince goes, according to old habit, to see his mother asleep, forgets prohibition, kisses her, forgets Filagranata and all his adventures. His father having died in his absence, he finds himself king; has to be reminded of this in the morning, and when they bring Filagranata to him he does not know her; sends away to fetch a princess to be his queen, great feast prepared.—(9) Filagranata gets fine flour and sweetmeats from queen-mother (who loves her and tries to bring her to prince's remembrance), makes paste and moulds two pigeons, which she fills with sweetmeats, places them one at each end of the table. Pigeons converse, one recalling each event of the finding of Filagranata, and the other answering, "Yes, I remember it now," to each. Memory slowly returns to prince with each event described, till first pigeon relates the fairy's prohibition and his promise, and the second answers, "Yes, ah, yes, I remember it now," when all flashes back in the prince's mind. He runs in haste to fetch Filagranata, places her by his side, sending away the princess with presents to her own people.

### Alphabetical List of Incidents.

Child promised to witch before birth (1).  
 Comb thrown down as obstacle to pursuit (6).  
 Fairy appears with three magic gifts (4).  
 Forgetfulness caused by kiss (8).  
 Gifts, magic, from fairy (4).  
 Hair, witch pulled up by heroine's (2), also prince (3).  
 Kiss, forgetfulness caused by (8).  
 Obstacles to pursuit, see "comb," "oil," "trowel."  
 Oil thrown down as obstacle to pursuit (4) (7).  
 Orange, horse changed to (3).  
 Parsley stolen by poor woman (1).  
 Pigeons, tended by heroine (2), paste pigeons made by heroine converse (9).  
 Pledge of child in expiation of theft (1).  
 Pomegranate, prince changed to (3).  
 Thorny hedge raised by comb (6).  
 Tower, heroine shut up in (2).  
 Transformation of hero into pomegranate (3).  
 Trowel thrown down as obstacle to pursuit (5).  
 Wall raised by trowel (5).

**Where published.** —Busk's *Folklore of Rome*. London, 1874. Tale No. 1, pp. 3-12.

**Nature of Collection, whether :—**

1. *Original or Translation.*—Told in Italian to Miss Busk.
2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name.*
3. *Other particulars.*

**Special Points noted by the Editor of the above.**—See Author's notes p. xx. (preface, note); also Appendix A, p. 425; also notes, pp. 12-15, also Appendix B, 426.

**Remarks by the Tabulator.**—See various incidents, imprisonment by witch or wizard, rescue, pursuit, obstacles thrown, discomfiture of pursuer, in tales outlined in "A Far-travelled Tale," *Custom and Myth*, by Andrew Lang.

(Signed) · ISABELLA BARCLAY.

[No. 30.]

**Title of Story.**—The Three Love-Oranges.

**Dramatis Personæ.**—Hero: Prince.—Parents.—Little old woman.—The two maidens from first and second of magic oranges.—Heroine: Maiden from third orange.—Black Saracen woman.—Cook.—Dove (third maiden in disguise).

**Abstract of Story.**—(1) Prince goes hunting in the snow, sees marks made by blood on snow; resolves to find one fair as snow, rosy as blood, for his bride; tells parents, who approve and send him forth.—(2) He meets little old woman (fairy) who gives him three oranges, telling him that when he opens one such a maiden as he seeks will appear, that he must at once sprinkle her with water, or she will disappear.—(3) Wanders a long way, opens one orange, fair maiden appears, he forgets water till she has already vanished.—(4) Wanders on again till he fancies opening another orange; when he does so, another maiden fairer than the last appears; he runs to fetch water, finds none, when he comes back she is gone.—(5) Wanders on again till he is nearly home, when he finds fountain by roadside, and close by a fine palace; opens third orange, maiden fairer than ever appears, sprinkles her with water, she remains; he goes to fetch retinue, leaving her by the fountain.—(6) A black Saracen woman lives in the palace; she goes down to draw water, and as she looked into the water she said, "My mistress says I am so ugly, but I am so fair, therefore I break the pitcher and the little pitcher;" then she looks up in the bower, sees beautiful maiden, calls her down, caresses her, strokes her hair, runs magic pin into her head; maiden changes to dove. Prince comes back, black Saracen woman declares she is maiden he left changed by sun; he takes her home, preparations for the marriage are made.—(7) Dove comes and perches on kitchen window, where cook is preparing banquet, sings, "Cook, cook, for whom are you cooking? for the son of the king, or the Saracen moor! May the cook fall asleep, and may all the viands be burnt." After this nothing will go right. Prince goes to kitchen to find out what has happened; they show him dove; he feels pin in its head and draws it out; dove changes to maiden. Marriage is celebrated and witch is burnt.

**Alphabetical List of Incidents.**

- Black Saracen woman runs pin into bride's head and passes herself off as bride (6), is burnt (7).
- Dove, bride changes to (6), casts spell on cook (7).
- Maidens, three, from magic oranges (3, 4, 5).
- Oranges, gift of three magic (2).
- Pin, run into bride's head, causes transformation (6).
- Spell, cast on cook by dove (7).
- Substituted bride (6).
- Transformation of bride into dove (6).
- Water, sprinkling of, on maiden to prevent her disappearance (2).

**Where published.**—*Folklore of Rome*, by R. H. Busk. London, 1874. Tale No. 2, pp. 15-18.

**Nature of Collection**, whether:—

1. *Original or translation.*—Told in Italian to Miss Busk.
2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name.*
3. *Other particulars.*

**Special Points noted by the Editor of the above.**—See Author's notes, pp. 18-21, and Appendix B, 427-428.

Miss Busk points out that black Saracen woman's words, as she goes to fountain for water (inc. 6), would have no sense if the incidents were not fully developed in other stories. See Campbell's *Tales of the West Highlands*, pp. 56-57, and below.

**Remarks by the Tabulator.**—The incident referred to by Miss Busk is fully described in a variant published in the *Folklore Journal*, vol. 6. No. 3, called "The Three Lemons," contributed by Rev. A. H. Wratislaw, from *Slovenish of North Hungary*, J. Rimarski's *Slovenskje Povesti*, 1, 37.

(Signed) ISABELLA BARCLAY.

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[No. 31.]

**Title of Story.**—Palombelletta.**Dramatis Personæ.**—Peasant.—Stepmother.—Heroine : daughter by first wife.  
—Daughter of stepmother.—Hero : king of country.—Witch.—Dove.—Cook.  
—Chamberlain.**Abstract of Story.**—(1) Peasant, widower, has one little girl fair and beautiful, marries widow with one daughter, black and hideously deformed.—(2) King of the country, passing cottage of peasant, asks for glass of water; falls in love with fair daughter, says he will come back in eight days and make her his wife.—(3) Simple girl tells stepmother, who before the day comes conceals her in the cellar, and substitutes her own daughter covered up with a wide mantle, a veil, and hood. King asks to have wrappers taken off, but stepmother says she will lose all her beauty at the least breath of air; king adds another hood and veil, and takes her away.—(4) Stepmother wonders how to continue to conceal fair girl; consults witch, obtains from her long pin with gold head; has a cage ready, runs pin into fair girl's head, and she turns into dove. Dove does not fly into cage, but over stepmother's head and out of sight.—(5) Dove goes to king's palace, where cook is preparing a great dinner, dove beats against kitchen window, is admitted by cook, flies three times round cook's head, singing, "O cook, O cook, of the royal kitchen, what shall we do with the queen? All of you put yourselves to sleep, and may the dinner be burnt up!" Cook falls into deep sleep, dinner burnt up.—(6) King comes to table bringing bride still wrapped in thick veils. "Where is the dinner?" he says; hears what has happened from chamberlain. "Go fetch me a dinner from the inn," says the king, "and when the cook comes to himself let him be brought before me." Cook comes, tells what has happened; king sends for dove, King takes dove, feels pin, draws it out, and the fair maiden stands before him. The king pulls off veil from false bride, sends for stepmother, and orders them to be killed.**Alphabetical List of Incidents.**

Cage bought to put dove in (4).

Dove, fair girl changed to (4), casts spell on cook (5).

Marriage of peasant with widow (1), of king with fair girl (6).

Pin, run into bride's head causes transformation (4).

Spell, on fair girl by pin (4), cast on cook (5).

Substituted bride (3).

Transformation of heroine (4).

**Where published.**—Busk's *Folklore of Rome*. London, 1874. Tale No. 3, pp. 22-25.

**Nature of Collection**, whether:—

1. *Original or translation.*—Told in Italian to Miss Busk.
2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name.*
3. *Other particulars.*

**Special Points** noted by the Editor of the above.—See Author's notes,  
pp. 25-26.

**Remarks by the Tabulator.**—*Nil.*

(Signed)

ISABELLA BARCLAY.

[No. 32].

**Title of Story.**—La Cenorientola.

**Dramatis Personæ.**—Merchant.—Three daughters.—Captain of boat.—Magic bird (fairy).—King.—King's servant.

**Abstract of Story.**—(1) Merchant goes to foreign countries to buy, promises rich gifts to his daughters. First chooses jewels; second, shawls; third, always kept out of sight in kitchen by others and made to do dirty work of the house, asks for little bird. Sisters jeer at her; she tells her father his boat will stand still if he does not fulfil his promise.—(2) Merchant goes, does all his business; forgets bird, boat won't stir by any means; remembers what his daughter said to him, tells captain, captain shows him garden full of birds; he goes, catches bird, captain gives cage, merchant goes safely home.—(3) That night two elder sisters go to ball; bird is a fairy, third daughter goes to it saying, "Give me splendid raiment and I will give you my rags." Bird gives her beautiful clothes, jewels, and golden slippers, splendid carriage and horses. She goes to ball, king falls in love, will dance with no one else; sisters furious.—(4) Next night same happens, tells king her name is Cenorientola, king charges servants with pursuit, they fail, as horses go so fast.—(5) Third night, same; servants pursue more closely, she drops golden slipper, which they take to the king.—(6) King sends servant to try golden slipper on every maiden in city, last of all comes to merchant's house, tries it on two elder sisters, does not fit, servant insists on trying slipper on heroine, and it fits.—(7) King comes to fetch her, bird gives her more beautiful dress than any before; king marries her; she forgives sisters and gives them fine estates.

### Alphabetical List of Incidents.

- Bird, chosen by merchant's third daughter (1), obtained from garden (2), gives ball dress (3, 4, 5, 7).
- Choice of gifts (1).
- Dresses given by fairy bird to heroine (3).
- Gifts promised by merchant to three daughters (1).
- Slippers, golden, means of finding heroine (6).
- Youngest daughter, household drudge (1).

**Where published.**—*Folklore of Rome*, by R. H. Busk. London, 1874. Tale No. 4. pp. 26-29.

**Nature of Collection, whether:—**

1. *Original or translation.*—Told in Italian to Miss Busk.
2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name.*
3. *Other particulars.*

**Special Points noted by the Editor of the above.**—See Author's notes, pp. 29-30.

**Remarks by the Tabulator.**—For parts of stages (1) (2) see "The Pot of Rue," No. 8 of this collection. For negro use of "Golden Slippers" see negro song "Golden Slippers" in No. 16 of *Diamond Music Book* (Boosey and Co).

(Signed) ISABELLA BARCLAY.



[No. 33.]

**Title of Story.**—Vaccarella.**Dramatis Personæ.**—Widower, father of Maria.—Widow, stepmother.—Two children, Maria (Heroine) and stepmother's daughter.—Vaccarella (fairy cow).—Man who kills cow.—King's son.—Prince's men.—Officer.—Stepmother's servants.—Little daughter born after father's marriage with stepmother.

**Abstract of Story.**—(1) Widower and widow have each one little girl. Man sends his child to be taught with widow's child. Widow sends message every evening, saying, "Why doesn't your father marry me?" Father does not want to, but yields at last, widow solemnly promising to treat his daughter Maria as tenderly as her own.—(2) Before many months Maria treated with every kind of harshness; stepmother sends her to Campagna to tend cow, has to litter its stall freshly every day and take it to graze; though work is hard she gets so fond of cow that she finds pleasure in tending it.—(3) Stepmother sees this, and to vex her gives her a lot of hemp to spin, Maria urges she has never been taught; stepmother threatens punishment if she does not bring it home that night properly spun. Maria goes to Campagna, complains to cow. Cow is enchanted cow and says, "Throw it on to the horns of me and go along get grass for me." Maria obeys, when she comes back finds heap of hemp beautifully spun.—(4) Next day stepmother gives quantity of spun hemp to be woven into a piece of cloth. Maria complains to cow as before, cow answers as before, when Maria comes with grass she finds all her work done.—(5) Stepmother conceals herself next day, having given Maria shirt to make up. When Maria has given piece of stuff to cow and gone for grass, stepmother sees cow turn into woman and sit down and stitch away, till very shortly shirt is made, when woman immediately becomes cow again.—(6) Stepmother tells Maria she is going to kill cow. Maria runs to warn cow, who says there is no need for her to escape, as killing will not hurt her; but Maria is to put her hand under cow's heart, when killed, where she will find golden ball; she is to take it, and whenever she is tired of present state of life, she is to say to it on some fitting occasion, "Golden ball, golden ball, dress me in gold and give me a lover." Stepmother comes with a man, who slaughters cow at her order. Maria finds ball and hides it away carefully.—(7) Shortly there is a *nocena* (a short service held for nine days before a great festival in preparation for it). Stepmother dares not keep Maria at home, for fear neighbours should cry "shame." Maria goes to church, slips away in the crowd, speaks to ball, which opens and envelops her in beautiful clothing like a princess. Prince sees her, sends servants for her after prayers; she has restored raiment to ball and passes on undiscovered in her sordid attire.—(8) Every day this happens till last day of novena; prince's attendants use extra

diligence, in the hurry Maria drops slipper, prince's servants seize it, Maria disputes possession of it, but they retain it.—(9) Stepmother hates Maria more than ever, determines to rid herself of her, sends her to cellar to clean out large barrel, tells her to get in and scrape it out before they scald it. Maria does so, stepmother goes to boil water.—(10) Prince's men had taken slipper to him, he sends officer round to every house to proclaim that the maiden whom the slipper shall fit shall be his bride, but it fits nobody, for it is under a spell. Stepmother's own daughter goes down to help Maria, is inside barrel and Maria outside when officer comes, he tries slipper on Maria without asking leave, it fits perfectly, he carries her off in carriage to prince.—(11) Stepmother comes back with servants, each carrying can of boiling water, they stand round barrel and empty their charge into it; so stepmother's daughter is scalded to death. After a time she discovers what she has done, is greatly dismayed.—(12) To conceal murder, dresses body in dry clothes and sets it at top of stairs; husband comes home with ass-load of wood, calls step-daughter to come and help him, she never stirs, at last he throws piece of wood at her, body falls down stairs; he sees deception.—(13) Asks, "Where's Maria?" "Nobody knows, she has disappeared," replied stepmother. He finds she is not in the house, goes away next day with his little daughter, born since his marriage with Maria's stepmother. As he starts sees Maria go by in a gilded coach with prince.

### Alphabetical List of Incidents.

- Animal helps heroine (3).
- Ball, golden, contains dresses for heroine (6).
- Barrel to be cleaned (9).
- Cow, enchanted, helps heroine (3, 4, 5).
- Dead body set up on stairs as though living (12).
- Golden ball, found under cow's heart (6), gives raiment and golden slippers (7, 8).
- Golden slipper, dropped (8), fitted on heroine (10).
- Slipper, golden, dropped by heroine means of finding her (10).
- Stepmother, harsh treatment of heroine by, gives her hard work and impossible tasks (2, 3, 4, 5); kills cow (6); plans her death (9); kills own daughter by mistake (11).
- Tasks set heroine by stepmother (3, 4, 5, 9).

Where published.—*Folklore of Rome*, by R. H. Busk. London, 1874. Tale No. 5, pp. 31-37.

### Nature of Collection, whether :—

1. *Original or translation*.—Told in Italian to Miss Busk.
2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name*.
3. *Other particulars*.

Special Points noted by the Editor of the above.—See Author's notes, 37-39.

**Remarks by the Tabulator.**—In No. 1, vol. iii., of the *Archæological Review*, is "A Fresh Scottish Ashpitel Story," by Karl Blind. It is worth noticing that the meeting in church, in which this version agrees with Vaccarella, is spoken of by Mr. Karl Blind as "this interpolated modern and Christian trait which is not to be found in the German and other versions."

(Signed) ISABELLA BARCLAY.

[No. 34.]

**Title of Story.**—The King who goes out to Dinner.

**Dramatis Personæ.**—Peasant.—Two children: boy (afterwards Viceroy) and girl, heroine (afterwards queen).—Teacher (afterwards stepmother—witch).—Birds who eat millet.—Old man.—King.—Queen-mother.—Whale.—Two infants.—Gardener.

**Abstract of Story.**—(1) Peasant whose wife has died leaving him two beautiful children, boy and girl, sends them to woman to be taught. She sends message every day to ask father why he does not marry her. Father says he does not want to marry. She wearies him by her importunity. At last he says when a thick pair of woollen stockings, which he sends to her by the children, are rotted away he will marry her. She hangs them up in a loft and damps them with water twice a day; they soon rot, children tell their father, he says there must be foul play. Gives them a large pitcher of water for teacher, says when the water has all dried up he will marry her. She pours out a little water every day, children see it gradually diminish, at last they see it empty, tell father, he can scarcely believe it, but sees no way of disproving fact, so marries teacher.—(2) Teacher immediately says she can't bear sight of children; father expostulates, at last yields. One day stepmother makes a large cake for children; puts it in a basket with bottle of wine, goes with them for walk outside the gate a long way, proposes they shall sit down and lunch off their cake and wine. Children do so. Step-mother goes off, thinking they will be lost, but boy has heard the talk about disposing of them, and has provided paper parcel of ashes, has strewn them all along as they came. They return by this track.—(3) Stepmother furious at seeing them, conceals it, takes them another walk. Boy provides parcel of millet seed, strews it as they go, they lunch as before, are in no haste to finish their meal, but when they want to go back find no track, for birds have come and eaten up all the grain.—(4) They wander about to look for shelter, come to a lonely cottage, knock at door, voice asks, "Who's there?" they answer, "Friends." Old man opens door, boy asks for shelter as step-mother has turned them out, old man welcomes them, adopts them for his children.—(5) Old man and brother both out one day, king comes by hunting, asks for water; extraordinary beauty of girl astonishes him, asks her story, goes home, tells queen-mother, begs her to come and see maiden; queen-mother consents. King drives beforehand to cottage and gives notice he will dine there with queen-mother. Cottage so neat, and dinner so well prepared, honours so gracefully done, that queen-mother is won to admire girl as much as king does, readily consents to his marrying her. Heroine becomes queen, her brother made viceroy.—(6) Stepmother has a divining-rod, she strikes it, asks after children, and answer comes, "The girl is married to the king, and the lad is made viceroy." Stepmother pretends remorse, says she must go and find them, disguises herself as pilgrim, goes to city, stands opposite palace windows, calls up golden hen

and chickens with divining-rod; queen sends down for pilgrim woman, wants to buy them; woman says price is that queen shall herself show pilgrim the whale in fish-pond. Queen takes her there, pilgrim touches water with rod, bids whale swallow queen.—(7) This done she goes into queen's bed, hides herself with coverlets, pretends to be ill, sends for king, tells him, after some persuasion, that the only cure for her is the blood of the viceroy. King, bent on saving her at any price, has viceroy imprisoned ready to be slain.—(8) Viceroy, from prison, looks out on fishpond, there comes up voice to him out of whale, "Save me, save me, my brother, for here am I imprisoned in the whale, and behold two children are born to me." Brother answers that he cannot help, being himself bound ready to be slain. Voice of lamentation out of whale attracts gardener; he goes to king, begs him to come himself to hear the voice wailing. King goes down, recognises queen's voice, commands whale to be ripped open, he sees queen and two children, embraces them, says, "Who then is in the queen's bed?" Queen, seeing her, says it is her stepmother. King pronounces her a witch, she is put to death, and viceroy set at liberty.

### Alphabetical List of Incidents.

- Ashes strewn on ground to show way (2).
- Birth of heroine's children in whale (8).
- Blood of heroine's brother required as cure by pretended queen (7).
- Cake made for children (2, 3).
- Children borne in whale (8).
- Divining-rod used by stepmother (6).
- Golden hen and chickens called up by rod (6).
- Marriage promised conditionally (1).
- Millet strewn to show the way, eaten by birds (3).
- Stepmother, hates children, gets rid of them (2, 3).
- Substituted bride (17).
- Whale, in fish-pond swallows heroine (6).
- Widower marries teacher (1).

**Where published.**—*Folklore of Rome*, by R. H. Busk. London, 1874. Tale No. 6, pp. 40-45.

### Nature of Collection, whether:—

1. *Original or Translation.* Told in Italian to Miss Busk.
2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name.*
3. *Other particulars.*

**Special Points noted by the Editor of the above.**—See Author's notes, p. 45.

**Remarks by the Tabulator.**—See Grimm's "Brother and Sister," "Three Little Men in the Wood," and "Hänsel and Gretel," tabulated by Miss Roalfe Cox, Nos. 11, 14, and 17, for various incidents, also Tabulator's notes to the same.

(Signed) ISABELLA BARCLAY.

[No. 35.]

**Title of Story.**—The Story of the Washerman's Donkey.**Dramatis Personæ.** — Sultan. — Washerman. — Monkey. — Shark. — Hare. — Donkey. — Lion.

**Abstract of Story.**—(1) A monkey, friendly with a shark. Near deep water grew a great *nikuyu* tree. Monkey went to it every day and ate fruit. A shark under tree, to whom for many months monkey threw down fruit. One day shark told monkey he would take him to his home as payment for his kindness. Monkey objecting to go into water, shark offered to carry him. Getting half way shark told monkey reason he had brought him, which was: (2) Sultan at shark's home very ill, medicine for him monkey's heart. (3) Monkey for resource invents this story, "When going out, monkeys leave their hearts in trees." Shark believing this takes back monkey, who climbs tree. Shark vainly tries to get monkey down from tree. Monkey says, "Do you take me for a washerman's donkey that has neither heart nor ears?" Shark, not knowing what this means, is told following story. (4) A washerman had a she-donkey which ran away into forest and got fat there. A hare going by saw it and told a sick lion that he would bring him meat. Lion agreeing, hare told donkey that lion wanted to ask her in marriage. Hare took donkey to lion, who fought and scratched her, but was thrown down at last by donkey, who returned to forest. Lion got strong after some days, and hare said he would again bring him donkey. Hare fetched donkey, who at first was afraid to come. Lion tore her in two pieces, and said hare might eat all but heart and ears. (5) Hare took heart and ears, and secretly ate them. On lion's asking for them, hare said, "This was a washerman's donkey, if it had had heart and ears would it have come here a second time, for first time it saw it would be killed and ran away?" Monkey said to shark, "You wanted to make a washerman's donkey of me, our friendship is ended, good-bye."

**Alphabetical List of Incidents.**

- Donkey tells falsehood (3).
- Hare eats donkey's heart and ears (5).
- Heart (animal's) as medicine (2, 4).
- Medicine, animal's heart and ears, as (2, 4, 5).
- Monkey and shark friends (1).
- Trees, animals hearts in (3).

**Where published.**—*Swahili Tales*, by Edward Steere. London, 1870. Story I. Swahili Text, pp. 3-8. English Version, pp. 4-9.

**Nature of Collection, whether:—**

1. *Original or translation.*—Translated into English.
2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name.*—Told by Hamisi wa Kayi or Khamis bin Abubikr to Dr. Steere.
3. *Other particulars.*—Nil.

**Special Points noted by the Editor of the above.**—Nil.

**Remarks by the Tabulator.**—Nil.

(Signed)     JANET KEY.

[No. 3

6.]

Title of Story.—An Indian Tale.

Dramatis Personæ.—Sultan and son—Vizir and son—Vizirs—Sultan—God—Slaves.

Bedouin—People—Soldiers

**Abstract of Story.**—(1) The son kingdom and love him as himself. Lad governed. directed vizirs to it, and he and sultan's son were very fond of one another; Vizir had one or property and then kingdom. One day sultan's son suggested they spent it, that they should travel and see various towns; they went in a ship, with provisions, money, and soldiers. (2) They were wrecked, many vizir's son eaten by shark, slave of his carried away by water; people, son and one of his slaves saved and fell in with a strange city; reaching town they stopped in field, son sending slave to look for (3) Slave arriving in town found many people collected and games on, for the sultan of the town had died. Method of choosing sultan to throw a lime, whoever it struck three times being sultan. Lime was thrown and each time struck slave, who was taken round city with a stick; he was made ruler. (4) In that city was a Bedouin, who slaughtered animals and sold goats' flesh and killed people, mixing his flesh with his meat. This was his employment, but no one knew it. (5) Sultan's son passing by Bedouin's door was seized and fastened to stocks; he saw many people bound with goats. In the morning a person, and goat were killed, flesh mixed together and sold by Bedouin on seat at door; this happened every day. (6) Sultan's son, who became very ill through grief, called a slave of Bedouin's, gave him small coin with which to buy thread and little bit of cloth, and he stitched beautiful cap, writing verses in it, giving it to Bedouin, and telling him to sell it at sultan's house where he would get its price. (7) Bedouin sold it, and sultan knew it was a master's work and also meaning of verses.

“A wonder from God,  
One was taken by the water,  
One was taken by the shark,  
I, a freed man, am bound,  
My slave has got a kingdom,  
A wonder from God.”

And he asked Bedouin where he got cap, who said his wife made it. Sultan gave him fifty dollars and order for another; Bedouin went his way.—(8) Sultan chose soldiers, telling them to follow Bedouin and see what house he went into; they returned, saying they had seen it. A hundred soldiers were sent to his house, with orders to seize, bind him, and bring him, with all people in his house. They were brought, and he, being unable to deny his employment, people corroborating it, was imprisoned in fort.



Sultan took his master, who was  
 he ate and was satisfied, telling Sultan  
 to-morrow he would resign, and he translated into English.  
 before his master, who agreed to propose *for's name*.—Told by Hamisi wa Kayi  
 gathered and went to Sultan, who clothed *him*.  
 wondering. Sultan asked vizira if they had  
 or jest; they said in truth, as what pleased him  
 it pleased him this man should be sultan. They agreed.—Nil.  
 "This is my rightful sultan and master there at home  
 ordering." Those in town had great joy.—(10) Bedo  
 property given to poor, and they lived in peace and enjoyment. **JANET KEY.**

### Alphabetical List of Incidents.

- Cap, made by hero, means of discovering him (6, 7).
- Chief [sultan] method of choosing (3).
- Drowning, death by, as punishment (10).
- Food, men's flesh sold for (4).
- Human beings, flesh of, sold for food (4).

**Where published.**—*Swahili Tales*, by Edward Steere. London, 1870.  
 No. 3, pp. 141-147.

### Nature of Collection, whether :—

*Original or translation.*—Translated by Dr. Steere from Swahili (except  
 verse).

2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name.* Told to Dr. Steere  
 Hamisi wa Kayi or Khamisbin Abubekr.

**Special Points noted by the Editor of the above.**—I am indebted  
 the kindness of the Rev. Dr. Kay, formerly Principal of Bishop's College  
 Calcutta, for the following suggestions as to these verses (written in  
 They may be read thus in Urdu (now follows different verse to one in  
 given above), and their literal English would run thus :

"A wonder, truly, well proved; oh, how great a King is not God!  
 One the water ate, one a lion ate;  
 The King in a dungeon! the slave a monarch!  
 A wonder, truly, well proved; how great a King is God!"

My Swahili informant gave me the words exactly as they are printed in the  
 text, but did not know whence they came or what language they were in.

A very common means of earning a little money among the poorer classes  
 of men in Zanzibar is by stitching or quilting patterns on the white linen  
 skull-caps which form the basis of a turban; this is custom referred to.

(Signed) **JANET KEY.**

[No. 3']

[No. 37.]

**Title of Story.**—An Indian Tale. **Itan Majnún.**

**Dramatis Personæ.**—Sultan. —the-Kitchen. —Women. —Headman. —Slaves. —People. —Bird. —Bedouin. —People. —Soldier. —cat, or Nunda.

**Abstract of Story.—Plot of Story.**—(1) Sultan Majnún married uncle's daughter, who bore

directed vizirs to seven boys. Sultan made great fruit garden; also planted one date-

Vizir had one <sup>car</sup>, going there three times daily. Sultan's children went to school. He

they spent the liked seventh child for staying in kitchen among women. After beating

to visit him, let him go his own way.—(2) When date-tree bore fruit, sultan was

ship, with glad.—(3) Told one son to watch dates, who caused slaves to beat drums,

people till the cold made the boy go to sleep, when bird ate the dates. Youth

awoke, and wondered what excuse to make to sultan. Resolved to tell the

truth. Went to father, who was sitting on baraza with five sons; told him

he had good and bad news; bad that the dates were eaten, good that he

had returned safely. Father dismissed him.—(4) When date-tree bore

fruit again, sultan sent another son to watch it. He read Koran, then fell

asleep, when bird came again and ate dates. At daylight headman came

and woke youth, who, seeing dates gone, felt ill with dread and loss of wits.

Then he left, and met man sent by father to cut the dates. Told him they

were not yet ripe. Father was vexed with him on his return; sent him

away, and promised wedding feast of three months to the son who should

watch dates till he tasted them.—(5) After many months tree bore much

fruit; then eldest son of four that were left went, ate food, and also fell

asleep, when bird took dates as before. Headman woke him. When he saw

no dates he felt as dead, and would not face father; but at last went and

told him all, when his father banished him. Sultan promised beautiful wife

and four months' feast to him who should gather the dates when next ripe.—

(5) Next son went to watch, riding round the garden, heard guinea fowl cry

and went after it in vain, when bird came and ate all the dates. Wept

bitterly at seeing this, because at loss of promised gifts. His angry father

bade him in scorn dress himself as a woman and seek a husband, and so he

went away. Sultan waited till date-tree again bore fruit.—(6) The two

sons were sent to watch, bonfires were lit in garden, then storm came.

Slaves ran away, sons lay down to sleep, and bird ate dates. In the

morning father sent servant to headman, who took him to the sons, who re-

turned to father, and he bade wife dress them as women, and would have

nought more to do with them. Date-tree bore still more fruit, and sultan

grieved he had none.—(7) Seventh son, who lived in kitchen, offered to

watch it, but parents laughed at him. He went, slept well, then chewed

Indian corn and grit till bird came. Bird said, "There is no one here;"

and, as he alighted on the tree, the youth caught his wing. Bird flew to

great height with him, begged him to leave it, but the lad would not because

his father and all the people would see him and be glad. Then bird flew

so high that the earth looked like a star, but youth held fast; then bird descended, and promised not to go to the tree again if he would set it free. Then the two made a covenant, the lad to save the bird from sun, and the bird to save him from rain. Bird promised to come if he took feather which it gave him and put it in the fire, the smell telling it when to come. Then bird set free. Lad went to date-tree. Felt glad, saying, "This is my luck, Sit-in-the-Kitchen's." He slept. Headman came, with all the people, who returned with son to his father. Father refused dates at first, and then his son won his love, and the love of all except his mother.—(8) Sultan's cat caught animals and child, then caught and ate people; but sultan would not interfere till it killed three of his sons. Seventh son went to avenge them, though the cat (Nunda, eater of people) should eat him. After killing animals, but not the Nunda, he went with slaves to mountain top, when they killed Nunda and carried it home. Then people brought gifts, and father gave him the country. Nunda buried in pit, and all who passed it commanded to leave presents there. Father and mother died, son married, made his brothers high men of the state, and they all agreed together.

#### Alphabetical List of Incidents.

- Animal, helpful to hero (7).
- Bird eats dates from Sultan's tree (3, 4, 5, 6, 7).
- Cat, man-eating, killed by hero (8).
- Covenant between bird and hero (7).
- Son, seventh, successful when elder brothers fail (7).

**Where published.**—*Swahili Tales*, by Edward Steere. London, 1870. Story No. 5, pp. 197-283.

#### Nature of Collection, whether:—

1. *Original or translation.*—Translated from Swahili, in which is mixed Arabic, by Edward Steere.
2. *If by word of mouth state narrator's name.*—Told to Dr. Steere by Masazo, who was for a long time cook and house steward to him.

**Special Points noted by the Editor of the above.**—The most curious part in this collection (of tales) is, perhaps, the latter part of the tale of "Sultan Majnún," from p. 254, when every one present joins in singing the verses, if they may be so called, which, besides, are not in Swahili. The words *niulaga* for the Swahili *nimeua*, and *nilawa* for *nalitoka*, are such as occur in more than one mainland language. In "Sultan Majnún" the hero has a name as nearly like Cinderella as may be (p. 241), and his exploits, after all his elder brothers have failed, are quite in the old track.

**Remarks by the Tabulator.**—The likeness between the seventh son and the Boots of *Norse Tales* is noticeable. For inc. 7 (helpful animal), cf. Miss Roalfe Cox's Remarks, *ante*, pp. 46, 47. Steere, *Swahili Tales*, "The Spirit and the Sultan's Son," and "The Ape, the Lion, and the Snake." For inc. 7 (talking bird), cf. Miss Roalfe Cox's Remarks, *ante*, pp. 16, 55, 56. Steere, *Swahili Tales*, "Story of the Kites and the Crows."

(Signed) JANET KEY.

[No. 38.]

**Title of Story.**—Goso the Teacher.**Dramatis Personæ.**—Goso the teacher.—Scholars.—Gazelle.—South wind.—Mud wall.—Rat.—Cat.—Rope.—Knife.—Fire.—Water.—Ox.—Tick.

**Abstract of Story.**—(1) A teacher, Goso, teaching children to read under calabash-tree, was hit by a calabash, which a gazelle threw from tree, and he died. When scholars had buried Goso, they searched for he who had thrown calabash, wishing to kill him.—(2) Scholars said it was south wind that blew down calabash, and it struck teacher; so they beat south wind, which asked what it had done; they said, "It was you, south wind, who threw down the calabash, and it struck our teacher Goso; you should not do it;" south wind said, "If I were the chief, should I be stopped by a mud wall?"—(3) They took mud wall and beat it; it asked what it had done; they said, "You, mud wall, stop the south wind," etc.; wall said, "If I were the chief, should I be bored through by the rat?"—(4) They took rat and beat it; it asked what it had done; they said, "You, the rat, bore through the mud wall which stops the south wind," etc.; rat said, "If I were the chief, should I be eaten by the cat?"—(5) They beat cat, who asked what it had done; they said, "You are the cat which eats the rat which bores through the mud wall," etc.; cat said, "If I were the chief, should I be tied by a rope?"—(6) They beat rope, which asked what it had done; they said, "You are the rope which ties the cat, and the cat eats the rat, &c.;" rope said, "If I were the chief, should I be cut by a knife?"—(7) They took knife and beat it, and it asked what it had done; they said, "You are the knife which cuts the rope, and the rope ties the cat," etc.; knife said, "If I were the chief, should I be consumed by the fire?"—(8) They beat fire; it asked what it had done; they said, "You are the fire which consumes the knife, and the knife cuts the rope," etc.; fire said, "If I were the chief, should I be put out by water?"—(9) They beat water; it asked what it had done; they said, "You are the water which puts out the fire, and the fire consumes the knife," etc.; water said, "If I were the chief, should I be drunk by the ox?"—(10) They beat ox; it asked what it had done; they said, "You are the ox which drinks the water, and the water puts out the fire," etc.; ox said, "If I, the ox, were the chief, should I be stuck to by a tick?"—(11) They beat tick; it asked what it had done; they said, "You are the tick which sticks to the ox, and the ox drinks the water," etc.; tick said, "If I were the chief, should I be eaten by the gazelle?"—(12) They found and beat gazelle, which asked what it had done; they said, "You are the gazelle which eats the tick, and the tick sticks to the ox, and the ox drinks the water, and the water puts out the fire, and the fire consumes the knife, and the knife cuts the rope, and the rope ties the cat, and the cat eats the rat, and the rat bores through the mud wall, and the mud wall stops the

south wind, and the south wind threw down the calabash, and it struck our teacher Goso; you should not do it." Gazelle did not speak; they said it was the one who threw calabash that struck Goso, and they killed it.

### Alphabetical List of Incidents.

Animals beaten for killing man (4, 5, 10, 11, 12).

Gazelle killed for killing man (12).

Man (teacher) killed by calabash (1).

Objects, inanimate, beaten for killing man (2, 3, 6, 7, 8, 9).

**Where published.**—*Swahili Tales*, by Edward Steere. London, 1870. Tale No. 6, pp. 287—293.

### Nature of Collection, whether :—

1. *Original or translation.*—Translated by Dr. Steere (Mombas dialect).
2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name.*—Written out for Dr. Steere by Mohammed bin Abd en Nuri, or Kathi (grandson of great Sheikh Mohammed on mother's side), whom Captain Burton said was only learned man on East African coast.

**Special Points noted by the Editor of the above.**—Goso the Teacher is absurdly after the pattern of the "House that Jack built." Cf. Campbell, l. 157, "Murchag a's Mionachag."

(Signed) JANET KEY.

[No. 39.]

**Title of Story.**—Sell Dear, don't sell Cheap.

**Dramatis Personæ.**—Merchant.—His wife.—Their son Ali.—Sultan.—Vizir.  
—Juma.—Slave.

**Abstract of Story.**—(1) A wealthy merchant, sultan's vizir, died, leaving a son, Ali, twenty-five years old, with his mother. Ali squandered all father's property. Every one asked him what he had done with it, and he replied, "He who does not know the meaning of it will be told." These words reached Sultan, who sent for Ali to know if it was so. Ali borrowed ragged clothes, came to Sultan, told him he had thrown one-fourth part into sea, one into fire, one lent and would not be paid, with one had paid part of debt. Sultan said, "Sell dear, don't sell cheap." Ali left.—(2) Then sultan's vizir said he knew meaning of those words. Sultan promised him on telling it without asking Ali, his sultanhip and possessions, if not he would take vizir's property, except wife. Vizir went, looked in books without finding meaning, told Juma to take him to Ali, and at midnight went with slave to Ali, who put ear to door to learn his name, and went to his house with him. Vizir asked meaning of sultan's words to Ali, and of his words to sultan. Ali kept repeating them, till vizir promised him everything except wife.—(3) Then after going to mosque, Ali told him meaning; vizir went to sultan, repeated meaning to him, sultan became vizir, and vizir became sultan.—(4) Ali, who stayed in and possessed house, when asked why there, repeated sultan's words. Then sultan knew vizir had asked Ali, and given him all he had as bribe. Sultan sent for vizir, who denied all, then for Ali, who confessed, and sultan disgraced vizir, and put Ali in his place.

#### Alphabetical List of Incidents.

Interpretation of obscure phrase (1).

Property obtained by correct interpretation of obscure phrase (3, 4).

**Where published.**—*Swahili Tales*, by Edward Steere. London, 1870. Story No. 7, pp. 295-323.

#### Nature of Collection, whether:—

1. *Original or translation.*—Translated from Swahili and Arabic, by Edward Steere.
2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name.* Told to Dr. Steere by Masazo, a long time cook and house steward to him.

**Special Points noted by the Editor of the above.**—The dialect spoken by a class less refined and educated, less exact in its style, and with more Arabic words, is represented by this tale.

**Remarks by the Tabulator.**—The stories of Mohammed the Languid (pp. 149—189) and Hasserbu Karum ed deen (pp. 331—361) have not been tabulated here, as they are taken from the *Arabian Nights*. Dr. Steere says, "They occur in *Arabian Nights*. Mohammed the Languid, which is chapter xiv. of Lane's translation, appears under the title of Abou-Mohammed the Lazy (it will be seen on comparison that the variations of the Swahili are almost all by way of abridgment). Haseebu Kareem ed deen is not included in Lane's translation. We have an Arabic MS. in the mission library at Zanzibar, containing the story of 'Haseebu,' but differing in many of the names and circumstances from the form given in the *Arabian Nights*. I do not know how far others of the tales may come from Arab sources. It must be remembered that as a Swahili is by definition a man of mixed Negro and Arab descent, he has an equal right to tell tales of Arab and Negro origin."

(Signed) JANET KEY.

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[No. 40.]

**Title of Story.**—Blessing or Property.**Dramatis Personæ.**—Woodcutter and wife.—Son and daughter.—King and queen.—King's son.—Son of king's son.—Snake.—His parents.—People.

**Abstract of Story.**—(1) Woodcutter and wife praying to God for children, had son and daughter.—(2) Father fell ill, asked children whether they would have blessing or property. Son said property. Daughter blessing.—(3) (4) Father died, mother fell sick, asked children same question, had same answer. On seventh day brother bade sister put out all his parents' things, then took them away, leaving her cooking pot and mortar for cleaning corn, which neighbours borrowed, and gave her food.—(5) She found pumpkin seed, planted, and had many pumpkins. When brother heard how she obtained food he stole pot and mortar, so she sold pumpkins to get food, and got wealthy. Brother's wife hearing about pumpkins, sent slave to buy one, and sister gave her one, but next day all had gone, could not let her have another.—(6) Husband went to sister, pulled up pumpkin, cut off her right hand, spent her money, and sold her house.—(7) Sister wandered in forest till seventh day, then came to a town, climbed tree to eat fruit and sleep. King's son shooting birds, rested under tree. Woman's tears fell on him; his slave climbed tree, told master, who climbed tree, and took her in litter to his city, and sent word to parents he was ill. When they came he wanted to marry woman.—(8) Wedding took place, son born, and king's son took journey.—(9) Brother came begging, heard king's son had married one-handed woman, and then told king she was a witch killing all husbands. Brother asked king and queen to kill her, but they sent her and her son away. She went to forest, carrying pot.—(10) Saw snake, which bade her let it get into pot to save it from sun, and it would save her from rain. Snake left pot, and bade her follow it; they came to lake, where she bathed with boy, who fell in.—(11) Snake bade her put hand in, then arm without hand; she found son, and her hand was restored. She went with snake to his elders. Her husband returned, heard wife and son had died, shown their tombs. Snake let woman go; she took leave of its parents, taking ring from its father, casket from mother. Ring gave her all she wanted; she reached husband's town, bade ring produce great house, where she and son lived.—(12) King heard of this, went with son and people; woman looked through telescope, saw them, had food ready, and then she told them all that befell her. Husband embraced her, and her brother was banished.



**Alphabetical List of Incidents.**

- Animals help heroine (10, 11).
- Blessing chosen by daughter as legacy (2, 3).
- Choice of legacy (2, 3).
- Grateful animal saves heroine (10, 11).
- Hand of heroine cut off, restored by snake (11).
- Property chosen by son as legacy (2, 3).
- Ring, magic, produces food for heroine and son (11, 12).
- Snake takes care of heroine (10).
- Witchcraft, heroine accused of, and sent away by husband's parents (9).

**Where published.**—Swahili Tales, by Edward Steere. London, 1870. Story No. 13, pp 391-409.

**Nature of Collection, whether :—**

1. *Original or translation.*—Translated from Swahili, by Dr. Steere.
2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name.*—Told to Dr. Steere by Hamisi wa Kayi or Khamis bin Abubekr.

**Special Points noted by the Editor of the above.**

**Remarks by the Tabulator.**—For inc. 2, see Campbell, I. p. 237, "The King of Lochlin's Three Daughters"; Ib. p. 251, "Maol a Chliobain. For inc. 10, 11 (helpful animal), cf. Miss Roalfe Cox's Remarks, p. 46. Steere, "Spirit and the Sultan's Son" and "The Ape, the Lion, and the Snake," and "Sultan Majnûm." For incs. 10, 11 (grateful beast), cf. Miss Roalfe Cox's Remarks, *ante*, p. 57, and above stories of Steere's.

(Signed) JANET KEY.

[No. 41.]

**Title of Story.**—Story of Liongo.

**Dramatis Personæ.**—Liongo.—His mother.—His nephew.—People.—Soldiers.—Slave girl.—Chief man.—Men.

**Abstract of Story.**—(1) When Stanga was flourishing city, a strong and great man, Liongo, lived there, oppressing people, who, unable to stand it, seized and bound him, putting him in prison, but he soon escaped, and harassed people outside town, so that they could not go into country for wood or water. Resorting to a stratagem, they brought him to town, binding him with chains and fetters, and tying him to a post. He was left there many days, his mother sending food regularly, soldiers always watching him. Many months passed; every night he used to sing such beautiful songs that every one went to hear them, every day he composed fresh ones, but no one knew meaning except Liongo, his mother, and her slave.—(2) One day the soldiers took food from slave-girl, ate it, giving her scraps, for which Liongo was grateful. He told girl to go to his mother, and ask her to make a cake, and put in middle files, that he might cut fetters and escape. His mother made many fine cakes and a bran one, in which she put files; soldiers took fine cakes from girl, but bade her take bran one to her master, who took out files. Liongo hearing people of the town say they wished him to be killed, asked the soldiers when he would be. On hearing to-morrow, he told them to call his mother, the chief man in town, and townspeople, that he might take leave.—(3) When all were assembled, he asked for a horn, cymbals, and an upato (plate of metal beaten with a stick), which he gave to people to play, and he sang. When music was in full swing; he took a file and cut fetters and chains, people not knowing it through delight in music; when they looked up he was free, and throwing down instruments they ran to catch him, but he knocked their heads together and killed them. After taking leave of mother, Liongo went into forest and harassed and killed people.—(4) Crafty people were sent to make friends with and then kill him, and they said to him, "Let us entertain one another," and Liongo said, "If I eat of an entertainment, what shall I give in return—I, who am excessively poor?" and they said each should climb into koma-tree in turn and throw down fruit, for they had plotted that when Liongo was in tree to shoot him with arrows; but he saw through it with his intelligence, and when it was his turn, took his bow and arrows and shot so many boughs off that in time whole koma-tree was down. Men wondered what they should do, as he had seen through their plan; they left him, saying, "Liongo the chief, you have not been taken in, you are not a man, you have got out of it like a devil." Men told headman in town they could do nothing.—(5) After wondering who could kill him they thought his nephew might, sent him to ask Liongo what would kill him, promising nephew kingdom

as reward. Liongo said he knew he had come to kill him, and that if he were stabbed with copper needle he would die.—(6) Nephew returned to town, was provided with copper needle, returned to Liongo, and stabbed him one evening while he was asleep. Liongo was awake by pain, took bow and arrows, went near well, knelt down in position for shooting, and died. In morning, people coming to draw water thought he was alive, and ran back into town, not daring to go to well for three days; at last told Liongo's mother to go and send her son away or they would kill her. Mother took hold of him to soothe him with songs where he fell down. She wept, knowing he was dead, and told townspeople. Liongo's grave is to be seen at Ozi now.—(7) Young man did not have kingdom, for he was seized and killed.

### Alphabetical List of Incidents.

**Where published.**—*Swahili Tales*, by Edward Steere. London, 1870. Pp. 439-453.

**Nature of Collection**, whether:—

1. *Original or translation.*—Translated from *Swahili*, by Edward Steere.
2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name.*—Told to Dr. Steere by Hamisi wa Kayi, or Khamis bin Abubekr.

**Special Points noted by the Editor of the above.**—The story of Liongo is the nearest approach to a bit of real history I was able to meet with. It is said that a sister of Liongo came to Zanzibar, and that her descendants are still living there. Sheikh Mohammed bin Ali told me that in his young days he had seen Liongo's spear and some other relics then preserved by his family. There seem, however, to be none such now remaining. No one has any clear notion how long ago it is since Liongo died, but his memory is warmly cherished, and it is wonderful how the mere mention of his name rouses the interest of almost any true Swahili. There is a long poem, of which the tale is an abridgment, which used often to be sung at feasts; and then all would get much excited, and cry like children when his death was related, and particularly at the point where his mother touches him and finds him dead.

**Remarks by the Tabulator.**—Liongo's answer as to what only would kill him suggests comparison with Baldwin's vulnerability through the mistletoe.

(Signed) JANET KEY.

[No. 42.]

**Title of Story.**—Story of the Bird that made Milk, I.**Dramatis Personæ.**—Poor man.—Wife.—Their children.—Bird.—Crocodile.  
—His daughter.—Child.

**Abstract of Story.**—(1) Poor man, wife, children, Gingci and Lonci (boys), and Dumangashe (girl), lived in village; got milk from tree by squeezing. It was not so nice as cows' milk, people were thin and not glossy who drank.—(2) One day woman began to cultivate garden, at night left cut grass in heap; bird came and sang to weeds to disappear, which they did. Next morning woman astonished at this, worked as on previous day, marked places with sticks; went home, told husband, who said it was falsehood and she had been lazy; told her to get out of his sight or he would beat her.—(3) Third day she felt sorrowful when going to work; grass had grown again and sticks were there; she only hoed ground. Whilst there bird came, perched on one of sticks, sang to pick-handle to come off and break and sods to go back to places; these things happened.—(4) Woman told husband; they dug deep hole in ground, covered it with sticks and grass. Man hid in hole and put up hand; woman began to hoe; bird came, perched on hand, sang to pick, to break, and sods to return, and it was so. Man tightened fingers, caught bird, came out of hole, told bird as it spoilt work in garden he would cut off head with sharp stone. Bird said it was not one to be killed, for it could make milk; made some at his request, which he tasted; found very nice; sent wife for milk basket which bird filled. Man said his bird was better than a cow; took it home.—(5) Had milk from it every day for wife and himself (children had milk from tree), and he became fat and skin-shining. Dumangashe wondered to Gingci why father got so fat and they remained thin, who thought he eat in night. They watched and heard him tell bird to make milk, of which he partook. Next day woman went to work in field; husband, before visiting friend, fastened door of house, telling children not to enter.—(6) They disobeyed him, told bird to make milk; it said it must be put by fireplace, and when there made little milk; boy asked for more; it said it must be put by door, when it made little milk; girl asked for some; this time it requested to be put in sunlight, when it made jar full of milk, sang about Dumangashe's father finding fault with it, and that the Umkonanzi could not be crossed except by swallows who had long wings, then flew away. Gingci and Dumangashe followed it, for they feared father would kill them.—(7) They came to tree where were many birds; boy caught one and asked for milk, but it bled like river, so he let it go. In evening man returned; saw door was not shut in way he had left it. Lonci said when he returned from river others had gone. Man searched; found girl under

ashes, boy behind stone; learnt news about bird.—(8) He took a riem (thong of untanned ox-hide) and hung two children on tree that projected over river; left them. Mother vainly besought release. Boy climbed up riem, held on to tree, loosened sister, and ran away.—(9) Had slept on road three times; came to rock; which, on boy's asking to be their house, opened; they went in and lived there on animals which boy hunted. There were no people there till bird came with child; left it, saying it had done so to all the people.—(10) Then crocodile came; asked boy not to kill it, for it would be his friend. Boy went with it to its house, which was deep hole under water, and it gave him ten cows and ten baskets of millet; it had plenty of both, telling him he must bring his sister for it to marry. Boy made cattle fold, which became full, as crocodile sent more. Sister made garden, planting millet. Bird came and circumcised boy.—(11) Crocodile gave one of his daughters to be young man's wife.—(12) Sister went to crocodile's village to be married; they asked her to choose husband, and she chose crocodile, whose face she licked at its request, when it threw off skin and arose fine strong man, saying enemies of his father's house had done that.—(13) Famine. Dumangashe's father and mother came to her village for food; did not recognise their children till young man told his father, who had thought his children were dead. Crocodile gave parents three baskets of corn; bade them build house on mountains, where they died.

### Alphabetical List of Incidents.

Bird, magic, destroys woman's work every day (2, 3, 4),  
 Circumcision of boy by bird (10).  
 Crocodile, marriage of, to heroine (10), transformation of, into man (12).  
 Marriage of heroine to crocodile (10, 12).  
 Milk given by bird to save its life (4).  
 Milk obtained from tree for children's food (1).  
 Transformation of Crocodile (12).  
 Tree, milk squeezed from (1).

**Where published.**—Theal's *Kaffir Folklore*. London, Preface date 1882. Story No. 1, pp. 29-38.

### Nature of Collection, whether :—

1. *Original or translation.*—Translated by G. M. Theal.

**Special Points noted by the Editor of the above.**—Among the Kaffirs the work of cultivating the ground fell entirely upon the women in olden times. The introduction of the plough has caused a change in this respect, but to the present day the planting and weeding is performed by females. There are no crocodiles in the rivers of the present Amarcosa country, but the reptile and its habits are well known to the people by hearsay. According to their traditions, the tribe migrated from the north-east. It is not

unlikely that the Xasa belief in a water-spirit, which has power to charm people and entice them into rivers to their destruction, may have originated in the fact of their having come from a country where these destructive animals were common, as the spirit and the reptile have the same name. In this story it is seemingly a crocodile that appears, but very shortly we learn that it is really a man who has been bewitched and forced to assume that appearance. Up to the point where the girl chooses the crocodile in marriage there is nothing to indicate that the girl knew he was not in reality a crocodile, but here it is evident that she was aware he was a man under the power of a charm, for she uses a proper name when speaking of him. The inference from this is that his enemies had bewitched him and made him assume the appearance of a crocodile, but that the young woman on account of her good qualities and great love for him had power to dispel the charm, and by licking his face had enabled him to resume his proper form as a man.

**Remarks by the Tabulator.**—For inc. 7 (river like blood), comp. Theal's "Story of Tangalimlibo." "Story of the Bird that Made Milk, I." Talking Bird, cf. Miss Roalfe Cox's Remarks, *ante*, pp. 16, 55, 56. Steeres "Sultan Majnún." Inc. 9, cf. Miss Roalfe Cox's Remarks, *ante*, pp. 26, 27.

(Signed)      JANET KEY.

[No. 43.]

**Title of Story.**—The Story of the Bird that made Milk, II.**Dramatis Personæ.**—Masilo and his wife.—Their children.—Town children.—Cannibal.

**Abstract of Story.**—(1) In town many people, lived on grain. One year great famine, poor man Masilo and wife, who had dug garden all day, went home. Bird came to garden, told Masilo's cultivated ground to mix, which it did. Next morning Masilo and wife doubted it was place they had dug; people mocked.—(2) They dug again and returned home. At night bird came, bade ground mix. Following morning Masilo and wife believed they were bewitched, but dug again.—(3) Masilo stayed behind to watch; lay down under house on which bird always perched. It came, and while Masilo was admiring beauty it bade ground mix. He caught it, and was going to cut off head, but it asked him not to, for it would give him milk. Masilo would not free it till it had bade ground be cultivated.—(4) Bird then made thick milk, and Masilo put it (bird) in bag, took it home, telling wife to wash largest beer pots in house, which at Masilo's bidding bird filled full of milk for his children. When they had finished eating, Masilo told them to tell no one about milk. People wondered why Masilo and children became so fat (they lived upon bird).—(5) One day Masilo and wife were working in garden (which was away from house), children from town were playing before his house, asked his children why they got so fat and they remained thin. Children answered that they thought they were all thin; on being pressed told of bird, which the others asked to be shown. They were brought into house, bird was taken from secret place, made milk, town children drank, bird unloosed, allowed to dance first in house, then outside, when it flew away.—(6) All children followed (for Masilo's children feared father would kill them), whenever they got near bird it flew away. At night people returned from digging, town parents cried for children, Masilo found bird gone, regretted loss of food, knew what had become of children.—(5) At night, children determined to return, great storm came, frightened them. Brave boy, Mosemanyamatong, said he could command a house to appear, which he did, and wood came for fire, children entered, roasted wild roots.—(7) Cannibal came, asked Mosemanyamatong for some roots, which were given him, children fled, cannibal pursued them to mountains where were trees. Girls very tired, all climbed tree, which cannibal tried to cut down with his long sharp nail. Brave boy told girls to keep singing "Tree be strong," while he sang how foolish it is to travel with girls.—(8) Great bird came, told children to hold fast to him, took them to their town.—(9) Arrived at midnight, restored children to parents next day.

VOL. 7.—PART 4.

2 H

**Alphabetical List of Incidents.**

Bird, orders ground to mix (1) (2), caught (3), makes milk (4), escape of (5).

Cannibal, appearance of (7).

Children follow bird (6), rescue of, by bird (8), restored to parents (9).

**Where published.**—Theal's *Kaffir Folklore*. London, Preface dated 1882. Story No. 3, pp. 39-46.

**Nature of Collection, whether:—**

1. *Original or translation.*—Translated by G. Theal.
2. *If by word of mouth state narrator's name.*
3. *Other particulars.*

**Special Points noted by the Editor of the above.**—The above is another version of this "Story of the Bird that made Milk," as current among the Barolongs, a tribe speaking the Sechuana language, and residing beyond the Orange River. It was written down for me by an educated grandson of the late chief Moroko.

**Remarks by the Tabulator.**—See "Story of the Bird that made Milk," No. I.

Inc. 5, cf. Miss Roalfe Cox's Remarks, pp. 45, 46.

(Signed)

JANET KEY.



[No. 44.]

**Title of Story.**—The Story of Five Heads.**Dramatis Personæ.**—Chief.—Daughters Mpunzikazi and Mpunzanyana.—Cony.—Mouse.—Frog.—Boy.—Woman.—Man.—Retinue.—Chief's sister.—Snake, afterwards chief Mkanda Mahlanu.

**Abstract of Story.**—(1) Chief with two marriageable daughters learnt that great chief across river wanted wife. Elder daughter, Mpunzikazi, chose to be his wife, preferring to go alone to chief than with retinue, against father's wish.—(2) Mpunzikazi met mouse; refused its offer of showing her way, and he told her she would not succeed if she did like that.—(3) Met frog. She refused similar offer. It told her to go on and see what happened. Whilst resting, hungry boy asked where she was going and for some of her food. She would not give any. He said she would not return if she did that.—(4) Met old woman, who advised her not to laugh at trees when they laughed at her, nor eat thick milk from boy she would see, or take water from man with head under arm; but she disobeyed woman in every particular.—(5) Arrived at chief's village. Mpunzikazi spoke rudely to chief's sister, who was dipping water from river, and vainly advised her not to enter village that side. Told people what she had come for, but they asked whoever saw a girl go without retinue to be a bride? that chief was not in, but she must prepare food for him. Mpunzikazi ground millet coarsely which was given her, and did not make nice bread.—(6) In evening heard sound as of great wind coming; it was a big snake with five heads and large eyes. Mpunzikazi was frightened. Snake did not like her bread; said she should not be his wife; struck her with tail and killed her.—(7) After this, Mpunzanyana (chief's other daughter), wishing to be a chief's wife, started with retinue.—(8) Met mouse, accepted offer of showing way.—(9) Saw old woman by tree; took path she pointed out.—(10) Met cony, who told her to speak nicely to girl by river, grind millet well, and not be afraid when she saw husband. Two first things she did.—(11) Went into hut, stayed in it, though it shook when she heard strong wind. Saw chief Mkanda Mahlanu coming; he was very pleased with prepared food, and married her.

**Alphabetical List of Incidents.**

- Animals, assistance given to heroine by (8).
- Food prepared for intended husband by heroine (5).
- Marriage of heroine with snake (11).
- Snake, chief, marriage of heroine with (11).
- Wind, snake makes noise like strong (6, 11).

Where published.—Theal's *Kaffir Folklore*. London, Preface dated 1882.  
Story No. 3, pp. 47-53.

Nature of Collection, whether :—

1. *Original or translation*.—Translated by G. M. Theal.
2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name*.
3. *Other particulars*.

Special Points noted by the Editor of the above.—In this story some liberty is taken with the Kaffir marriage ceremonies, a description of which will serve as a key to much that is contained in several of these tales. The dance at a marriage is considered of more importance than any of the others, and is consequently frequently practised until skill in its performance is attained. A young Kaffir woman's marriage is generally arranged by her father or guardian, but matches from mutual love are not uncommon. That which makes a Kaffir marriage binding in their estimation is not the performance of a ceremony, but the transfer of a certain number of cattle, as agreed upon, from the husband or his friends to the father or guardian of the woman. This system of transfer of cattle is of great advantage to a Kaffir female, protecting her from gross ill-treatment by her husband, as violence gives a woman's relatives a right to claim her divorce without restoring the cattle. It creates protectors for herself and her children in the persons of all the individuals among whom the cattle are shared; and lastly, it gives her the status of a married woman in the estimation of her people, whereas, if no cattle are transferred, she is not regarded by them as having the rank of a wife. Marriages are absolutely prohibited between people of the same family title. This peculiarity seems to indicate that the tribes and clans of the present day are combinations of others that were dispersed before their traditional history commenced. A man may marry a woman of the same clan that he belongs to provided he is not a blood relative; but he may not marry a woman whose father's family title is the same as his own, even though no relationship can be traced between them, and the one may belong to the Xosa and the other to the Pondo tribe.

Remarks by the Tabulator.—For incs. 6, 11 (great snake making sound like wind), comp. inc. 14, Steere's *Sultan Darai*.

For helpful animals, cf. Tabulator's remarks Steere's *Blessing or Property*.

(Signed) JANET KEY.

[No. 45.]

**Title of Story.**—The Story of the Girl who disregarded the Custom of Ntonjane.

**Dramatis Personæ.**—Chief.—His daughter.—Her companions.—Her brother.  
—Men.—Young chief.—Cattle.

**Abstract of Story.**—(1) A chief's daughter had to observe custom of Ntonjane, so went to hut. One day was persuaded by companions to bathe in stream, against custom. (2) Coming out of water they saw snake with blotches near clothes. They were frightened. One sang after another, "Sinyobolokondwana," bring my mantle. Snake told them to take mantles and pass on. All asked in this manner.—(3) Except chief's daughter, who used contemptible word. Snake very angry and bit her, she became as ugly a colour as it was. Companions ran away, put another girl in hut, pretending she was chief's daughter.—(4) Girl climbed tree. Chief was killing an ox, sent young man to forest for pieces of wood to peg out skin, who when cutting them heard some one cry out twice, "Man cutting sticks, tell my father and mother the snake bit me." He ran and told chief, returned with two men, one was girl's brother; these two hid, man cut sticks, cry repeated, brother knew girl's voice, took her home. Chief astonished at daughter's state, angry with other girls, whom he had killed.—(5) Sent men and forty cattle to take daughter to distant country, where they built huts.—(6) After being there long time, found cows they had brought gave more milk than could be consumed, poured surplus into hole, it rose higher and higher till it stood like great overhanging rock; girl went near precipice, milk ran over her, and ugly skin disappeared.—(7) Young chief passing one day fell in love with and married her, giving father many cattle.

#### Alphabetical List of Incidents.

Customs, tribal, disregard of, by heroine brings misfortune (1).

Milk, disease cured by touching (6).

Snake, heroine bitten by, becomes ugly (3).

**Where published.**—Theal's *Kaffir Folklore*. London, Preface dated 1882. Story No. 5, pp. 64-67.

**Nature of Collection, whether:—**

1. *Original or translation.* Translated by G. M. Theal.
2. *If by word of mouth state narrator's name.*
3. *Other particulars.*

**Special Points noted by the Editor of the above.**—A large proportion of Kaffir tales have a similar termination with many English ones; the heroine gets married to a prince. These show that a desire for worldly rank is as great in the one people as the other. When a Kaffir girl arrives at a marriageable age, she stays with a female friend, and villagers are invited to attend the Ntonjane. An ox is slaughtered by her father's order, and girls are invited to take part in a dance; after they have finished men and women dance.

**Remarks by the Tabulator.**—*Nil.*

(Signed)      JANET KEY.

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[No. 46].

**Title of Story**—Kagsagsuk.**Dramatis Personæ**.—Kagsagsuk (a poor orphan boy).—Foster-mother of Kagsagsuk.—Amarok (a fabulous animal).

**Abstract of Story**.—(1) Kagsagsuk lived among a lot of uncharitable men. He and his foster-mother occupied a shed adjoining the passage to the men's house. Warmed himself among the dogs in the house-passage.—(2) When the men were feasting they lifted him above the threshold by his nostrils.—(3) The nostrils, therefore, enlarged, but he did not otherwise grow at all. He had to eat without a knife. The men pulled out two teeth because he ate too much. His foster-mother procured him boots and beard-spear, so that he might play with the other children.—(4) Children treated him badly and the girls covered him with filth.—(5) At length he went to the mountains by himself.—(6) Taught by his foster-mother, he stood between two high mountains and cried out [prayed] for strength.—(7) A fabulous animal [wolf] appeared to him.—(8) Kagsagsuk tried to escape, but the animal twisted his tail round him and threw him to the ground.—(9) He there saw a number of seals' bones falling from his body. The animal said these bones stopped his growth. It again wound its tail round Kagsagsuk and threw him; more seal-bones fell off. It threw him the third time, and the last bone fell off. The fourth time he did not quite fall; the fifth time he did not fall at all, but jumped along the ground.—(10) The animal told him to come back every day if he wished to get strong. Approaching the house, the girls and boys treated him as usual; but he made no opposition, and slept among the dogs, as usual.—(11) He then met the animal every day, and always underwent the same process. At last, the beast was not able to throw him, and it told him human beings would not be able to conquer him; but he was not to depart from his old habits until winter. He followed this advice.—(12) One day in the autumn the seal-hunters brought home a large piece of drift wood, which they left on the beach, as it was too heavy for them to carry. Kagsagsuk at nightfall carried the timber up to the house, and buried it deep in the ground. The men go to the beach in the morning and find it gone. An old woman discovers it sticking in the ground.—(13) The men declare that they must have some one of great strength among them, and the young men all tried to make believe that it was one of them.—(14) One day during winter three bears are seen climbing an iceberg. No one dares to attack them but Kagsagsuk. On setting out, all deride him, including his foster-mother, who tells him to bring her two skins.—(15) Ascending the iceberg, he first turned round to make himself hard [invulnerable by charm], and then flung two of the animals among the crowd.—(16) The third bear he took hold of by the forepaws, and, swinging it above his head, hurled it at the bystanders, until they all fled before him. He

gave his foster-mother two bearskins.—(17) Kagsagsuk was now invited into the main room.—(18) But he declared he could not get in unless they lifted him over the threshold by his nostrils. None dared to do this but his foster-mother.—(19) All the men were now civil to him. Rejecting all their offers, he sat down as usual on the side ledge. They offered him clothes.—(20) One girl was ordered to fetch water for him. He drew her to him tenderly, but all of a sudden pressed her so hard that blood gushed out of her nostrils. He declared she had burst, but the parents remarked it did not matter.—(21) When the boys came in he crushed some to death, and tore the limbs of others asunder. The parents still kept saying it did not matter.—(22) Then Kagsagsuk put to death every one in the house.—(23) Only the poor people who had been kind to him he spared. He then trained himself to the use of the kayak.—(24) He wandered all over the country, to show off his strength. On many places are marks of his great strength to this day.

### Alphabetical List of Incidents.

- Animal, fabulous, helps hero to his strength (8).
- Bears, slaughter of, by hero (14).
- Bear, body of, used as weapon against enemies (16).
- Charm, frost, (14).
- Foster-mother (1).
- Frost charm (14).
- Murder of oppressors by hero (20-22).
- Nostrils, extended growth caused by being used for lifting (2).
- Oppression of hero (1).
- Seal bones, body of hero covered by, and prevents growth (9).
- Strength, fabulous animal helps hero to (8).
- Wood, carrying of huge block, a feat of hero's strength (12).

Where published.—Rink's *Tales and Traditions of Eskimos*. No. 1, pp. 93-99.

### Nature of Collection, whether:—

1. *Original or translation*.—Original.
2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name*.—This tale was constructed from nine different copies obtained at different places.
3. *Other particulars*.

Special Points noted by the Editor of the above.—Appears to be a moral tale bringing forward the idea of a superior power protecting the helpless and avenging mercilessness and cruelty. Details of native life appear in the narrative.

(Signed) G. L. GOMME.

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*Meeting of the Society.* The next Meeting will be held on May 21st, when Mr. Nutt will read a paper on the "Buddha's Alms Dish and the Holy Grail," and Mr. J. S. Udal, on "Dorsetshire Children's Games."

- (2.) **By the DIRECTOR, Mr. G. L. Gomme, 1, Beverley Villas, Barnes, S.W.**

*Tabulation of Folktales.—Analysis of Customs.* Members or friends willing to aid in these two works should send in their names at once, when every information will be supplied.

*Folklore Journal.* Notes or papers for the next issue should be sent to the Director not later than June 1.

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